The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 8, 1953

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 9d



Cap and Gloves Crochet design page 52

Winter Cookery Feature pages 41-49

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382121

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND IS HER ACTIL...

For baby's comfort, always insist on Actil Terry Nursery Squares. They are:
Extra absorbent.
Super soft through countless washings.
Hygienically packed in 'Cellophane'.
Recommended and used by Maternity Hospitals.

TERRY NURSERY SQUARES

AN ACTIL PRODUCT



BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

Also makers of SHEETS - PILLOW CASES and "FASCO" ALL PURPOSE FABRIC

WE 2/A
AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED

SOUTH AFRICA



STREET SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG.

-PERFECT HOLIDAYLAND



NATIVE LIFE IN NORTHERN TRANSVAAL.

Ask for attractive literature about holidays in South Africa at your Travel Agent.

South African Tourist Corporation, Private Bag 164, Pretoria, South Africa.

THE WOMAN AND THE WHEEL

By T. B. Morris.

Oliver Brett reads a mysterious reference in an old diary of his father's and sets out to investigate it. He finds a twenty-year-old drama of jealousy, intrigue, and murder, of which ravishing Barbara Moore is the central figure, and in the present-day results of which Oliver himself is forced to take a leading part.

London "Daily Sketch" BOOK FIND OF THE MONTH.

13/- From all Booksellers.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 8, 1953 — Vol. 21, No. 6

THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH"

IT is only to be expected that Americans celebrate July 4 with every mark of rejoicing as their "Glorious Fourth."

That British people should wholeheartedly join in their rejoicing is one of the most pleasing aspects of their 20th century partnership.

On the face of it, one could be pardoned for expecting a backwash of rancor on both sides from the commemoration of the successful American overthrow of British dominion.

But those 18th century struggles are very old hat, indeed, to-day.

There's a father-son element in the relationship between Britain and the U.S. now.

The son still rejoices in remembering the day he told the old man where to get off. In joining the celebration, the father rues the parental strictures that caused all the trouble long ago.

The son acknowledges that there's many a move he can learn from his long-sighted father. The father is proud of the boy's ability to "git up and git."

Together they make a formidable team, as they've shown fighting side by side in two world wars.

The free world awaits the postponed Bermuda conference as an advancement of world peace.

The meeting will at least demonstrate that the two nations, despite family differences, are solidly united; and that nowhere is this union better demonstrated than in their resolute will to peace.

Our cover:

● Specially chosen for us in New York were the head-hugging cap and gloves styled by our brunette cover-girl. Instructions for making the cap and gloves will be found on page 52.

For some reason or other a head-hugger that conceals the hair line is anathema to men. You will notice that ours allows quite a lot of your crowning glory to show.

This week:

● On page 13 is a story about the triumphal return home from their round-the-world tour of our Coronation Contest winner, Mrs. Mary Johnson, of West Ryde, N.S.W., and her husband, Barry. The Johnson children, Ken, Dennis, and twin girls Roslyn and Kay, were wildly excited to see Mum and Dad again. Within a few minutes of the plane touching down at Kingsford Smith airport, Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were informed in high childish voices that Roslyn's doll had had her head smashed in, Ken's cold was improving after a course of hot lemon drinks, Dennis had written in ink for the first time at school, and Kay had seen a cow with a broken leg.

Next week:

● We have a section next week devoted to fireside party games, just the thing to amuse you on these cold winter nights. Staff artist Frank Broadhurst has devised a special community entertainment for the family. It's a snakes-and-ladders sort of game, played with counters and dice, and inspired by the coming Royal Tour. There's also an article on how to read the tea-leaves—just for fun—as well as a variety of clever puzzles and quizzes that you will find highly diverting.

● A dress worth looking for is one to wear at your own fireside. Next week's issue brings you four ideas, in color, for stay-at-home fashions. The clothes are in two pieces—that's how numbers of smart winter fashions come.

New historical novel makes absorbing reading

Book review by GEORGINA MORLEY

IN "No Barrier," the third book in her epic series on Australia's earliest days, Eleanor Dark clothes the bare bones of history with a colorful garment of able, descriptive writing, resulting in a story of absorbing interest.

The other two books are "Timeless Land" (published in 1941) and "Storm of Time" (1948).

In "Timeless Land," Mrs. Dark set the stage in the Australia of 1788, peopling its opening pages with the aborigines who gazed with awe upon the entry of Governor Phillip's First Fleet into Sydney Cove in January of that year.

She concluded that book with the year 1799, and carried the story forward in "Storm of Time" to 1808.

"No Barrier" resumes the narrative and brings the reader to 1814, when, following the successful exploration of the Blue Mountains by Blaxland, Lawson, and Wentworth, Governor Macquarie's administration achieved the almost unbelievable feat of carving a road across the mountains in three months.

Like its predecessors, the story is peopled with vibrant portraits of historic characters—governors, convicts, emancipists, officials, and natives.

The fiction ingredient is again supplied by the fortunes of the Mannion family, centred on the eldest son Patrick's confused retirement from community life, his brother Miles' cavalier treatment of his fragile and too-sensitive English wife, and the widowed Conor's happiness in remarriage.

Most attractive personality among the other fictional characters is the orphan Emily. Pretty and spirited, she deftly avoids lighthearted admirers, only to make the mistake of marrying a sadist. Her final discovery of happiness is an enthralling little cameo.

The actual people of history come alive again for the reader.

It is easy to feel the early enthusiasm of Lachlan Macquarie when he began his term as Governor of N.S.W., and to sympathise with his constant battle against minor irritations.

Macquarie the enigma becomes Macquarie the man in "No Barrier." His trials and tribulations, shared by a devoted wife, are those of any genuine public-spirited man.

Under Mrs. Dark's forceful pen the carving of the road through the Blue Mountains is a real adventure shared by the reader.

If she maintains the high standard she has set herself, the next book in the series can be awaited with pleasure.

Based on years of intensive historical research, "No Barrier," like its predecessors, illustrates the author's ability to resurrect from the repositories of history the men and women on whose characters, trials, and successes was founded the Australian nation.

Published by Collins, London and Sydney. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4008WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 431C, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

HOW TO WAKE UP WELL



After a party, take a couple of QUICK-EZE when you go to bed. You'll wake up fit as a fiddle—no acid stomach, no heartburn, no party "hangover." QUICK-EZE neutralise excess acidity in seconds, restore the digestive balance and soothe delicate stomach and intestinal linings. Keep a handy pack of QUICK-EZE by your bed.



take QUICK-EZE for INDIGESTION

AND FEEL FIT AS A FIDDLE

F1.81



15 hairsets for 3/11

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated *Curlypet*—squeeze *Curlypet* into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated *Curlypet* for 3/11 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CN.4

RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS & ACIDS

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefits in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382122

Sundry Creditors

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



"I've come for your explanation," Mr. Pinner said belligerently.

"INDUSTRIAL workers are human beings" was the motto of old GUSTAVUS LANG, head of Lang's big engineering works, but his half-brother WALTER LANG cares more for success than for human lives.

When Gustavus dies, Walter wants to buy out his shares to get more control of the business. He discusses this with a director, HENRY SPELLMAN, whose handsome, philandering son, LAWRENCE, is constantly at loggerheads with Walter, who accuses him of not trying to get steel for the works.

Walter has no time to spare for his daughter, ROSAMUND, who, hungry for companionship, is having a clandestine love-affair with JACK PARTRIDGE, a factory hand, former boy-friend of day-dreaming HILDA PINNER, who also works at Lang's.

Rosamund and Jack are seen at a dance by GEORGE MARTIN, another employee, and his wife, CLARICE, who insists he tell Jack's father. NOW READ ON:

JACK said, "All right.-So I took her out dancing. So what?" Standing there with his father sitting at the table was too like being a defaulter before one's company commander. He turned away and threw himself into a chair defiantly.

Joe Partridge said: "Birdwood Palace. Very nice, too. How did you get there?"

Jack hesitated. "She's got a car."

"Oh," said his father. "She's got a car. Who paid to go in?"

"Who d'you think?"

Joe said: "Well, I should think she did, son. You certainly couldn't afford to go . . ."

"Well, she didn't."

"Then you're a stupid young fool."

Jack said: "I don't ask you how you spend your money, do I?"

Mrs. Partridge came and stood nervously in the kitchen doorway and said: "Jack . . ."

He said: "Oh, for heaven's sake, don't you start, too."

"Don't you speak to your mother like that," said his father quietly. "Have you been out with Miss Lang before?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, then, it's got to stop."

Jack said: "Who says so? If I like it and she likes it, what's it to do with anybody else?"

"The trouble with you is you're crazy," said Partridge. "What d'you think'd happen if Mr. Walter got to hear of it? You'd be out in half an hour."

"Well, what if I was? There's other places besides Lang's, isn't there? You and your 'Mister Walter . . .!' I'm not afraid of him, if you are."

Mrs. Partridge said: "Jack, dear . . ."

Joe Partridge took a deep breath. "Now, listen, son," he said quietly, "there's no call to shout about. And it's not a question of being afraid. A man who does an honest job needn't be afraid of anybody. But you know as well as I do it's not right for you to go running around in cars with a girl like that."

"Why not?"

"Well . . ." Joe spread out his big hands. "Haven't you got any pride at all?"

"I don't see where pride comes into it."

Mrs. Partridge said: "She's not your class, dear. You must know that. We're only working people and . . ."

Jack sat up sharply. "All right. We're only working people. And what's she? Walter Lang's daughter. And what's Walter Lang? His father's son. And his father was just a working man who happened to strike lucky and make money out of other people's work."

"You better get a soap-box and get out on the street corner," said his father dryly. "That's what you sound like. Hot Labor man."

"Well, what d'you expect me to be?" said Jack violently. "You make me sick, some of you old ones. You're worse than the boss class itself. You like licking their boots and saying they're a different class from you."

Joe Partridge rose slowly to his full solid six feet two. "Sonny," he said quietly, "I

To page 53

Second instalment of our three-part serial by NIGEL BALCHIN

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382123



Be gloriously blonde... win instant admiration

Let Napro Blonding Emulsion give you the glamorous blonde hair you've always envied. No other preparation is so pleasant and easy to use . . . leaves hair so naturally fair, soft and shining. Napro's gentle action cannot harm your hair—even protects its suppleness.

Lovely model, Shirley Reiger, uses and recommends Napro Blonding Emulsion.

NAPRO lets you control the exact shade of blondness you desire!



NAPRO

BLONDING EMULSION

By the makers of Napro Hi-Liter, Hair Dye, Blonding Emulsion and other exclusive products

AT ALL STORES, CHEMISTS AND BEAUTY SALONS

Black Lance

Regal designs and colours to make you look lovely this Coronation year

This season, Black Lance have produced the most exciting collection of soft-spun, pure-wool cardigans, sweaters and suits that have ever graced the female form. The best stores everywhere stock Black Lance dream knitteds of finest wool.

Beautifully designed with sloon-cut appealing lines, darted waist, patch pockets and large harmonising buttons, this delightfully soft and cosy all-wool jacket holds lots of feminine charm and assures you of long, comfortable wear.



Black Lance

DREAM KNITTEDS OF FINEST WOOL

Ever since she was young she had made them her escape, these fantastic, lonely journeys to . . .

Far Away Places

BY ARTHUR GORDON

LATE in the afternoons sometimes, as summer advanced and his room grew almost too hot to bear, he would take his textbooks and climb up on the roof of the boarding-house.

It was sooty there among the fanlights, and uncomfortable, but it was cooler and he could see the ships in the river, and the gulls. And sometimes, as the sun slid down behind the rooftops, the whole sky flamed with an incredible splendor.

He found that he did less work up there than he intended. He spent a lot of time with the book lying open on the parapet in front of him, but he did not turn many pages. After he met Julie, he did not turn any at all.

He first saw her the night the trapdoor jammed behind him and he had to go down the service stairs.

She was sitting alone, propped against a chimney-stack, eyes closed, head tilted back.

She was not beautiful, but there was a dreamy look about her that made him glance at her twice. She was a few years younger than he—eighteen, perhaps.

"Excuse me." He started to squeeze past her and dropped one of his books. She picked it up and handed it to him.

"Oh," he said, "thanks." He felt some further pleasantry was indicated. "Trying to get cool?"

"Cool?" She sounded surprised. "No, not exactly."

"What doing, then?"

She hesitated. "Just travelling."

He stared at her. "Travelling. Where to?"

She smiled a little. "Just then I was nearly in Samarkand."

He glanced down at the shadowy street, the sagging lines of laundry, the reeling dustbins. Somewhere below onions were being cooked—violently. He said, with gentle sarcasm, "Did you go by sea or air?"

"Neither," she said. "By caravan."

At this point she began to interest him medically. Perhaps, he thought, the heat . . . He squatted down on his heels beside her and touched her forehead. It was cool and rather pleasant to touch. He said, "What sort of caravan?"

"The usual sort." She was still smiling. "Forty camels; perhaps fifty. Carrying spices and gold and ivory. And a few parrots and peacocks. And some slaves."

"Where were you?" he asked her. "On one of the camels?"

"Of course," she said. "It's not uncomfortable once you get used to the motion."

He ran one hand through his tan-colored hair in a harassed gesture. "Look," he said earnestly, "do you do this every night?"

"Oh, no," she told him. "Sometimes I have to do homework. I'm at secretarial college. And sometimes I go to the pictures."

"Well, that's good," he said with relief. "You had me worried for a minute."

"Worried? Why?"

Her question made him feel foolish. "This—ah—travelling of yours. It's a bit unusual."

"Is it?" she said. "I don't see why. Anyone can do it."

"Really?" He tucked the heavy books more firmly under his arm and obeyed a sudden impulse.

"Why don't you come up on the roof to-morrow evening and teach me?"

She looked at him doubtfully. "I don't know you, do I?"

He held out a big hand. "Bob Shaw. Medical student. I live down there." He pointed. "Near the bottom. So we're really neighbors. Vertically, that is." He grinned at her. "Will you come?"

She shook hands with him gravely. "I'll ask my aunt."

"Good. I'll be looking for you."

He started off down the stairs. Then a thought struck him. "Hey," he called. "What's your name?"

"Julie. Julie Madden."

He hesitated, looking up through the purple twilight. "Tell me something, Julie. Where is Samarkand?"

She did not answer for a moment. Finally she said slowly: "It's wherever you want it to be."

He pondered that for a while, rubbing his chin, his eyes thoughtful. Then he shook his head, went down to his room, and made himself the sandwiches and glass of milk he usually had for supper. He studied for as long as he could stay awake. Then he went to bed.

She came the next evening—he had a feeling she would. She climbed on to the roof and sat down carefully beside him. She was too thin, he decided, but she was prettier than he had thought. Well, not pretty exactly. Eager, that was it. There was something intense and eager about her, like a child opening an unexpected gift.

They talked trivialities for a while, watching the molten sun slide down the western sky. She lived with an aunt, it seemed; her parents were dead. She would finish her secretarial course in late August.

"And then?" Bob asked her.

Then she would look for a job. But first—her voice grew hushed when she told him this—she was going on a cruise. A real, honest-to-goodness cruise to the Mediterranean.

Her aunt had given her the choice of a trip or the money it would cost. To her the choice was easy. Her passage had already been booked.

She put her elbows on the parapet, her face rapt and luminous. "Think of it," she said softly. "The Mediterranean! The sea where Mark Antony sailed, and Julius Caesar, and Nelson. It's still there; it hasn't changed a bit! I can see it already—all jade and aquamarine. And the places with the wonderful names—Barcelona, and Naples, and Corsica, and the Aegean Sea . . ."

She closed her eyes and said it again slowly, almost as if she could taste it. "The Aegean Sea!"

He smiled at her intensity. "How did you start—I mean, where did you get this interest in far-off places? Were you born with it?"

"Not exactly," she said. "I had rheumatic fever when I was younger. Spent most of my time in bed and read all the travel books I could get hold of—so many that they finally turned into a blur in my mind. But I still love to think about going to those places."

He looked at her gravely. "How did the rheumatic fever leave your heart?"

"Oh, a little foolish, I think. I'm not supposed to do anything very active."

"Good," he said, but he knew that it was not so good. "You'll probably live to be a hundred."

She gave a little shrug. "Nobody lives forever. And, anyway, that last journey must be the most exciting of all, don't you think?"

He laughed. "If I ever become a doctor, my job will be to postpone it for people as long as possible."

"It's a good profession," she said thoughtfully. "Probably the best."

She opened one of his books at random. "But the names of the things you have to study . . ." She wrinkled her nose.

"What's wrong with 'em?"

"Dull," she said. "Very dull. No music. No chimes."

"Chimes?"

"Yes. Some words have chimes in them. Place names, usually." She closed her eyes. "Mandalay, Rome, Archangel." She opened her eyes, and again he saw the dreamy, far-off look. "Chichicastenango."

"Chichi—what?"

"Chichicastenango."

"Where's that?" he asked, bewildered.

"I don't know exactly. Mexico, perhaps. Central America. It doesn't matter. You can always go there."

"You can?"

"Of course. Close your eyes. Give me your hand." Her fingers were cool, even on that stifling evening. "Now! We're on our way to Chichicastenango. You must believe that. Believe it hard, with all your might. We're going by mule train—through a deep ravine. It's cool down there, and quiet. Around us banana trees are growing, and giant ferns, and a lot of feathery bamboo.

"The sun can't get through the vegetation; it just makes a sort of greenish twilight. The bells on the mules tinkle. Silver bells, very old—probably the Aztecs made them. An Indian is leading us.

"He has straight black hair with a piece of cloth round it. He's wearing a cape woven from some coarse stuff, full of bright colors and designs. He . . ." Her voice stopped, the pressure of her fingers slackened. She looked at him sorrowfully. "You weren't with me, were you?"

He drew his shirt sleeve across his forehead; it came away wet. "Well, no," he said apologetically. "Not exactly."

"Never mind," she encouraged him. "It takes practice, I suppose."

He felt a queer little shiver snake up his spine. "You mean, you really think you were there?"

"I think I'm wherever I think I am."

"Oh." He leaned over the parapet and stared down at the hot, clamorous street. "Tell me," he said finally, "what do you do when you get to Chichicastenango? Or anywhere else for that matter?"

"That's not very important," she said. "It's the getting there that counts."

He gave a great sudden shout of laughter that sent some placid pigeons flying. "You know, you're crazy. Really quite mad! But somehow you make me wish I were crazy, too."

She smiled at him shyly, and he almost decided that she was pretty, after all. "Well, perhaps we can do something about it," she said.

So every evening after that, or almost every evening, they met there on the sooty roof and she tried to teach him. It was slow going at first.

She would ask him for a place name. Not just any name. It had to be right; it had to chime. He would search frantically in the dusty corners of his mind.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382124



"Samarkand," said Julie, her eyes lost in a dream, "is wherever you want it to be."

"Kilimanjaro!" he would say in desperation, clinging to her hand.

"All right," Julie would say. "That's a great mountain in Africa, isn't it? So we're on safari, on our way to the top. Fifty porters. We're looking for orchids and—and baby gorillas.

"It's night; we've made camp beside a river. The fire is yellow against the shadows. Somewhere off in the darkness a lion coughs . . ." She stopped, her fingers tense. "Go on."

He would try. He would pick it up for a few faltering phrases, perhaps. But his words sounded so preposterous in his own ears that almost at once he would stop, groaning. "I can't do it, Julie. I just can't. I haven't got the imagination, or whatever it is. I just haven't!"

"But you have," she would say positively. "It's just rusty, that's all."

Then, for two or three evenings, she would do the leading. All he had to do was shut his eyes and listen. They had a houseboat in the Vale of Kashmir, with lotus in the quiet water, and the Himalayas towering against an indigo sky.

They went to Easter Island and stood abashed before the great stone faces, timeless monuments to a vanished race.

They climbed the dusty hill outside Granada and walked through the massive gates of the Alhambra and sat in the Court of Lions.

And the funny part was that each evening when he climbed down to his stuffy room Bob Shaw began to take with him a curious conviction that he had not merely stood on a sooty rooftop with a fanciful girl. He felt, weirdly, that he had been somewhere.

His practical mind scoffed at such notions. He was a man of science, after all. He knew all about the power of auto-suggestion.

But for all his knowledge he could never clothe these distant places with reality as Julie could.

And, in a way, this irked him. Once, full of determination, he went to the library and read everything he could find about Zimbabwe, those mysterious ruins in South Africa that some men think were the last outpost of King Solomon's empire. But, when he began to describe it, Julie stopped him.

"Oh, no, Bob," she cried. "It's not like that at all!"

"I should know," he said irritably. "I wasted two hours reading it up."

"You mustn't do that," she told him quite seriously. "It spoils it."

"How can it spoil it?" he demanded, outraged. "That's what it's really like!"

She shook her head. "That's as other people say it is."

After that, he did no more research.

It was just as well, he told himself, because his studies were beginning to suffer. More than once he decided, firmly, to stop seeing Julie.

But he never quite succeeded in sticking to his decision. Truth was, those sunsets on the roof were beginning to be the high spot of his whole day. It was a distraction, clearly. He consoled himself with the thought that time was passing quickly.

Before long the end of August would be at hand and Julie's cruise would become a reality. Twice already, from their rooftop, they had watched the gleaming ship come and go. Next time, when it left, it would take Julie with it.

He found he had a curious distaste for this thought. He told himself that he should be glad, for Julie's sake. A real cruise, after all this imaginary stuff, would be the best thing in the world for her.

Reality was better than too many dreams, wasn't it? After all, a psychiatrist might actually consider these fantasies of hers morbid, dangerous. And yet he did not want to see her go.

The reasons, he told himself briskly, were purely selfish. It was strange, but the sessions with Julie seemed to be unlocking all sorts of new compartments in his mind.

He had never felt so stimulated, so alive. He found himself growing more interested in everything: poetry, astronomy, cricket, politics, world affairs.

He did not talk much to Julie about the future. What was the use? In these troubled times he might really find himself a world traveller. Not the rooftop kind, either. The old-fashioned kind!

Anyway, he said to himself, by the time she gets back from this cruise everything may be changed. You may have moved away. She may have met somebody she wants to marry . . .

He found that this thought disturbed him most of all. Suppose she fell in love with some prosaic fellow who laughed at her dreams?

Suppose—worse—she married a man who knew nothing of the hidden dangers that surround the possessor of a rheumatic heart?

He kept these thoughts at bay until the night the cruise ship slipped back into the harbor, gay and graceful. They watched her from the roof without speaking. In forty-eight hours she would sail again, heading for the magic islands, for the jade and turquoise sea.

"Well," he said finally, "there she is. There's your dream boat."

"I know," said Julie.

"I don't think I'll be able to come down to the dock after all. I've fallen behind in some work I've simply got to do."

As a matter of fact, this was true, but it was not the real reason. The reason was he could not bear the thought of watching her go. He looked down at his hands. "Anyway, you'll be so excited you won't miss me."

"That's not true."

"Well," he said roughly, "I'm glad you're going. It's what you want more than anything, isn't it?"

She did not answer.

"Now, then," Bob said with an effort, "where do we go to-night?"

"Let's not go anywhere," she said. "Let's stay here."

So they stayed there, bleak and silent, and listened to the street sounds below.

He did not see her the next night. He wanted to go to the roof, but he couldn't. He could not face saying good-bye. He stayed at the hospital until darkness came, then he went home to bed.

He did not sleep much. At dawn he got up and walked the empty streets until he came to the park. He stayed there, staring at the lake, until it was time for his first class.

That afternoon he waited until six. Then, unable to sit in his room any longer, he went up to the roof. He put his elbows on the parapet and stared through the haze at the sluggish river.

In his mind's eye he could see Julie standing on the deck of the ship, watching the strip of water widen. You're in love with her, he said accusingly to himself. You should have told her so—never have let her go.

The trapdoor creaked behind him and he turned round. His heart gave a great convulsive leap and then was still. It was minutes before he could speak. "So you decided to be mercenary, eh?" he said at last. "Decided you wanted the money more than you wanted the cruise."

She smiled a little uncertainly. "Perhaps that was it." She stood beside him. "Or perhaps it was because of my foolish heart."

He put his arm round her thin shoulders. He could feel her trembling. "Anyway," she said, "I'm not used to going to places alone any more."

A great shower of golden sparks seemed to explode in his brain. He wanted to shout, to sing, to caper and dance there on the sooty roof.

But he was a practical young man, a scientific young man, so he did none of these things. All he did was kiss her.

Below them, in the quivering silence, the radio spoke harshly of things too ugly to ignore. She felt his arm tighten. "I may have to go, you know, Julie."

"I know. But space and distances aren't the barriers to us that they are to other people."

He turned and looked at her in the fading light. "That's right," he said, "That's right." With one finger he gently closed her eyes. "Are you ready?"

"Where are we going?"

"To the moon," he said. "By rocket to the moon. To look for cosmic rays. The rare, fork-tailed variety. And, if we're back by dawn, we'll take a barge up the Nile to Thebes, and when the sun comes up we'll listen to the singing statues of Memnon. We'll even sing with them. Are you ready?"

"Of course," she said, the happiness bright on her face. "I'm ready, Bob. Let's go."

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382125



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382126

She'll Never Wait

BY LORENZO SEMPLE, JUN.

WHEN the office clock said five minutes to five, Arthur began tidying his desk just as though to-day were like any other day.

But the pretence was only for other people, for in his heart Arthur knew that to-day was in no way like other days.

All day long the sound of typewriters had beaten out one name to his ears—Mary. The tick of the clock had whispered "Mary," the noise of traffic had sung her thousand beauties.

To-day had been a dream in slow motion, and even now, with the moment nearly at hand, Arthur couldn't quite believe that such incredible fortune was really his.

Each time he remembered how they'd met, Arthur was more struck by the miracle of it. He'd been walking along the beach when a big, striped ball rolled to a stop at his feet. He looked around and saw the picnickers.

Before he knew it, somebody had waved at him to come along and join in. Then he was suddenly part of the group, and then there was Mary. They'd seen each other right away, and he had roasted two hot dogs for her, and for one instant — only one — their hands had touched.

That moment had been enough. "I have to see you again," Arthur had said in a not-quite-steady voice, when is was time for her to go.

"Yes," Mary nodded. "When?"

"Monday at ten past five," Arthur answered.

"And where?" Mary asked, rather breathlessly.

"At the town hall corner," Arthur said.

"Yes. Fine." Mary nodded again.

They hadn't said anything more than that, but it had been enough. Even afterward, when it occurred to him that he didn't know her last name or where she lived or any of the other things that people usually know, Arthur didn't find that a bit strange; it was simply another part of the miracle which had hit him.

The hands of the office clock touched five. It seemed monstrous to Arthur that no bells pealed, no trumpets sounded. He closed his desk and stepped outside to the coat rack. In less than ten minutes he'd be with her, in less than six hundred seconds. . . .

"Hello, Arthur," a voice said. "I've been looking for you."

"What?" Arthur mumbled. Then he turned and saw Mr. Davidson, the boss. "Oh, hello," he said vaguely.

"Have a minute? I'd like to talk with you," Davidson said. Before Arthur had a chance to find words, Davidson had turned and pushed open the door to his office. It loomed like a yawning, baited trap. Arthur opened his mouth to protest, but no words came out.

Dazed, he felt himself sucked in through Davidson's panelled door. Then he was in the big chair, holding a thick sheaf of papers.

"Look over these reports," Davidson said. "Take your time, Arthur. Then let me know what you think of them."

Like an automaton who has no will, Arthur turned the pages. Names and figures swirled crazily before his eyes. He had no idea how long it took him, but it must have been quite a long time. There were a lot of pages.

"They're very interesting," Arthur said finally, scarcely recognising his own voice. "It seems to me that the trouble is with distribution. It's costing us too much in marginal markets."

"You're right," Davidson said. He picked up a sharp letter knife and turned it slowly between his fingers.

All Arthur could see was Mary, still waiting for him. It was a miracle he never thought would happen.

"I'd like to do something for you," he declared finally.

Then let me go! Arthur wanted to cry out. He could see only one corner of the onyx-mounted clock on Davidson's desk, but imagination did the rest. He fancied the minute hand whirring around the dial like the blade of a scythe, mowing down time.

The letter knife in Davidson's hand was suddenly a dagger pointed at his heart, and Arthur felt tiny beads of perspiration break out on his temples. "That's—that's extremely kind of you, sir. I appreciate your feeling that way."

"Of course, I can't promise anything immediate."

"Naturally. I quite understand," Arthur said, and it took all his self-control to avoid laughing. Nothing immediate—when each second, each syllable was making Mary more remote!

Something very like physical sickness struck Arthur then, for he suddenly knew with absolute certainty that Mary would not wait for him any longer. How could she? he thought. Mary was beautiful; Mary hardly knew him. . . . Mary undoubtedly had a dozen other men begging for a chance to see her.

"If things don't blow up first, we'll be opening up the new plant next spring," Davidson was saying. "That'll mean openings for the right men. I'll finally be in a position to do something for the men I've had my eyes on."

"Honestly, I had no idea," Arthur murmured.

"Oh, you'd be surprised how I keep my eyes open," Davidson said complacently. She'll never wait! Arthur thought. She's too beautiful to wait on street corners for me!

The silence stretched between them like a growing, living thing; then Davidson was on his feet. "Well, this has been very pleasant," he said.

"The pleasure's been all mine," Arthur answered.

"Always like to know what's going on inside my men," Davidson said. He gave Arthur a heavy wink.

"I'm only sorry we can't talk longer, Arthur. I'd like to, but I have a feeling my wife's waiting for me. Not being married, you don't know how women hate to be kept waiting."

At quarter to six the traffic stretched ahead like a thrashing steel monster which held the city in its coils, but Arthur was almost past caring.

It was suddenly a city of clocks that he saw outside the cab window. Big lighted clocks high up on marble buildings, the bright sparkle of little diamond clocks on the wrists of passing women, the crazy chaos of clocks in jewellers' windows.

Mary will never wait, he thought. She's gone! She's too beautiful to wait.

He looked at the impassive back of the driver. "Listen, hurry a bit, can't we?" he pleaded.

"Just sit back and relax," said the driver, whose name was Max.

Life was like this, Arthur thought, with a strange combination of bitterness and futility. Thirty-five minutes too late—a lifetime lost.

It required the most miraculous fortune for two people to meet, a chance that no gambler would dream of giving odds on—and then the merest luck could sweep it all away forever.

Again Mary loomed up in his mind's eye: her eyes, her nose, the wonderful way she dressed. Then Arthur remembered that he didn't even know her last name or where she lived. He stopped thinking altogether after that.

The traffic kept thrashing aimlessly; the clocks of the city swept inexorably towards to-morrow . . .

"Here we are," Max said.

Arthur opened his eyes and blinked.

It wasn't possible, he thought. It was the last taunting climax of the dream. This wasn't himself—and that wasn't Mary. That couldn't be his Mary he saw on the street corner. It couldn't be five minutes after six and she still there, so beautiful, still waiting for him.

He leaped from the cab. He fought his way through the people on the footpath, but he neither saw nor felt them. All Arthur saw was Mary, the sudden illumination flaring in her eyes and the little stretching motion of her hands.

Max stared out of the cab window in growing bewilderment.

He looked at his recent passenger, the thin little man of thirty-five with heels that needed mending and the rimless eyeglasses.

He looked at the rather plain girl whom you wouldn't notice in a million years, the girl with last year's hair-do and the unfashionable clothes.

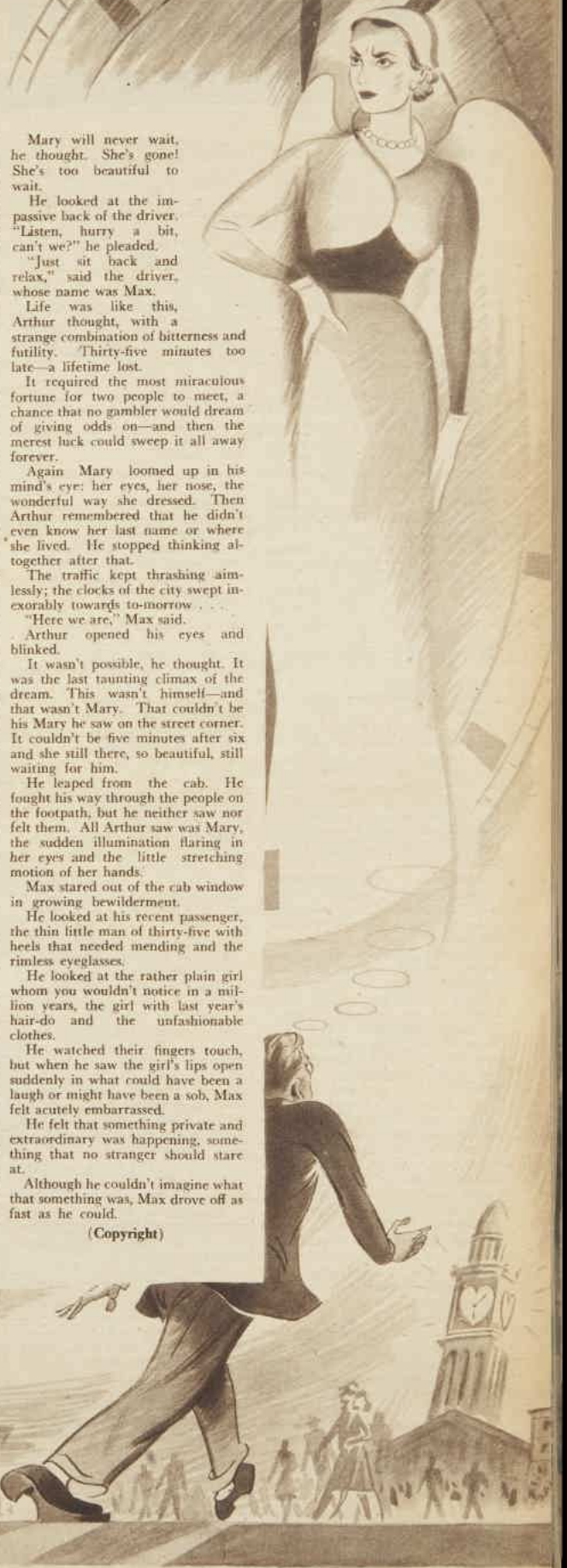
He watched their fingers touch, but when he saw the girl's lips open suddenly in what could have been a laugh or might have been a sob, Max felt acutely embarrassed.

He felt that something private and extraordinary was happening, something that no stranger should stare at.

Although he couldn't imagine what that something was, Max drove off as fast as he could.

(Copyright)





Illustrated by HEDSTROM

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382127

The Birthday

A complete short story by YVONNE SEAGER



THE alarm went off as usual at a quarter-past seven, and Cathy knew that the end of the world had come. This was the end of laughter and hope and excitement. This was the day life went out like a blown candle.

She had known about it for years, disbelieved it, dreaded it, felt up to the last moment that something miraculous might even happen to postpone it.

But nothing had happened, and it looked just a week-day like any other. Sunshine slanted across her dressing-table to the chintz armchair, which had faded in the first year of her marriage, then settled down to a lifetime of service.

There were ragged white clouds in the sky, and a red milk van in the street below, and her own lilac, and all the neighbors' lilac, was in flower. The calendar said April 29, but it might as well have said Doomsday.

It was Cathy's fortieth birthday.

For a while she lay with her eyes tight shut, hardly breathing, as if sheer will-power could force the day back into the limbo of unborn things. It didn't work.

Opening them again, defeated, she saw flecks of dust on the mirror she dare not face, and heard the careless, fifteen-year-old footsteps of the milkman's boy under her window.

For a while she thought angrily about the injustice of life, sweeping you aside when you were happy and useful and the husband you adored was on the high seas; then a warm tide of self-pity flooded her, so that she had to blink and remember that crying before breakfast was a luxury women of her age couldn't risk.

There was a bang, and the door opened. Ann, her younger daughter, resplendent in blue-striped pyjamas, took a flying leap on to the bed.

"Morning, Mummy. Many happy returns, and lots of them." A smacking kiss confirmed the greeting. "Aren't you going to get up? Your clock says twenty-five past seven. Do hunch your knees so that I can sit on them. Oh, look, Daddy's got dust inside his glass." She blew on her father's photograph, wiped it with her sleeve, and put it down. "Have I got any clean socks?"

There was nothing for it but to get up and face the day. Cathy scooped Ann off the bed, took a quick bath, and put on her slacks and an old check shirt of her husband's which came to hand. She ran a comb through her hair without looking in the mirror.

Noises off told her it was unnecessary to call her son and elder daughter. Ann had been before her, and seemed to have done the job thoroughly.

"On the top shelf of your cupboard, darling," she called out, remembering the socks again. "Left-hand corner."

"Oh, I found them ages ago!" retorted the child who had so recently been her baby, then graduated from pram to schoolroom in no time at all, telescoping precious years. "And I've called everyone and turned the dog out and put the kettle on. You can take it easy!"

There it was, already. Even Ann didn't need her any more. She was sturdily independent, the way Catherine had wanted all her children to be before they reached an age to put her to the test.

And as for Meg and Dugald—but who knew what went on in the hearts of seventeen and nineteen? And Peter? Peter would remember her birthday, of course. He always did.

Cathy would have given anything in the world to be with him, just for this one day, to take the sting out of it. But she'd never been farther afield than Malta since the children were young.

Six months in Hongkong, eighteen in Alexandria, the West Indies for nearly two years, then China again—what was to become of their education if she followed Peter around?

It was all right for him, he didn't have to worry about shore quarters and native servants and childish epidemics. He could always think of her safe in England. It left him free to concentrate on his job. Peter, wedded to a ship as well as to Catherine, possibly hadn't realised another word for "safe" is sometimes "lonely."

Well, it wouldn't do to mope, just because she was forty. Cathy stamped downstairs loudly, out of bravado, laid the table, called Ann in from the garden, sent her out again to wipe her shoes, and laid bacon to fry in a hot pan.

There was the post to look forward to—there was sure to be something from Peter in the post. Or it would be nice to have a long, chatty letter from Marguerite, the only school friend she kept in touch with.

Marguerite lived in London (when she wasn't in Paris, or America) and just to read of her activities made Cathy feel like a country cousin. It was the big world she sometimes dreamed about, in the unlikely event of Peter being knighted or made an admiral.

But there were only a few cards, a cable from Peter (promising a "surprise," which was sure to be something he couldn't afford), and no letter from Marguerite at all.

Meg came down first. Lovely and secret with all the bloom of seventeen on her, and wise in the manner of her generation.

"Hello, Mummy darling. Many, many happy returns." Meg hugged her, pressing her silky hair against Cathy's head. "How's the birthday girl?"

"Not much girl about me," retorted Cathy. "Mrs. Carpenter's still nursing her daughter-in-law, so I'll spend the day doing housework, I expect. When you get to my age, you don't bother about birthdays!"

"You've been saying that for years," reproved Meg. "It's a cliche you heard from your own mother. You know perfectly well you adore birthdays—everybody does. If Daddy were here, he'd call you an awful liar and make you touch the ceiling!"

It was two years since Peter had been home for her birthday. She could remember him swinging her into the air, while she squealed to be put down. It had been a joyous day. After all, being thirty-eight wasn't very serious . . .

"Morning, Mother. Happy birthday to you!" A tall young man behind her, and for a moment she thought it was Peter. The same voice, the same set of the shoulders, the same grin. And the same appetite. Dugald . . . "Sorry I'm a bit late down. Cut myself shaving!"

That's right, thought Cathy. Rub it in. Rub in how old I am. It's as ageing to have a son who shaves as a son with a long black beard! Aloud she said, "Come on, everyone. Sit down if you want breakfast."

When she turned to the table, there were three packages on her plate. A wonderful cigarette lighter from Dugald (now I'll have to ditch the one Peter sent me from Suez with a camel on the back, and it worked, too). There were pastel gloves from Meg. A rather knotty shoe bag from Ann.

"We had to make them at school, but I said it was your birthday, and Miss Ellswood let me bring it home. You do like purple and green best, don't you?" Ann explained her gift anxiously, and Cathy reassured her.

"And blue suede gloves—I shall have to go out somewhere just to wear them! And a lighter, a silver one. Dugald—you shouldn't."

The bacon got cold while she thanked them and they exclaimed over one another's presents, which had been secrets.

Soon it was time for them to go. The moment Cathy had dreaded. Being alone till evening reassembled them around the cake she'd make herself. With disappointment she saw them out of the house—as if this day, which she'd dreaded, could disappoint her further. It was unreasonable. Silly. It was middle-aged . . .

ALREADY she felt guilty. She hadn't been enthusiastic enough over the presents, which must have involved much work and saving. She came down in her old slacks with hair like a scarecrow, and expected her family to exclaim that she looked younger and lovelier than ever.

If only Peter were here: it was too bad for him to be somewhere off Gibraltar, and condemn her to a lonely day, when she was forty, of all awful ages to be.

Probably they had arrived in Gib by now, and Peter was taking a pretty young Wren to the Rock Hotel, where he'd once taken her, just before she came back to England for Ann's birth.

Alone in the house, she gave in to her depression. She dropped the broom with which she was sweeping the hall, sat down on the stairs, and howled. The dog barked, and she let it. Someone was knocking, but Cathy was too busy being sorry for herself to care.

Getting no answer, the visitor tried the back door cautiously, skirted the wreckage of the breakfast table, picked up a piece of tissue paper the sudden draught blew against her ankle, and came upon the sobbing Catherine.

"What on earth——?" she began.

"Marguerite!" Cathy was astounded. "What are you doing here? Aren't you in London?" she finished, idiotically.

Marguerite Patron laid her coat and attache case on a chair and peeled off her thin black gloves.

"I was—but I'm not. As a matter of fact, I walked out on Frederick. This morning . . . but if I'm in the way at all . . ." she paused, looking amused, waiting for Cathy's decision.

Cathy mopped her face and remembered her duties as hostess. "Delighted to see you. Always imagined you two so happy. Don't mind me, it's only my birthday."

Marguerite refrained from making the usual empty wishes. She said, "I wouldn't mind dropping four years. I'm forty-four."

"At least, you've got it over. The actual birthday, I mean. Till you're really and truly forty, there's hope . . ."

"Hope never dies," remarked Marguerite cheerfully. "Not even in the breast of dowagers of seventy-five! And stop feeling useless. Get out of the idea that nobody needs you any more. Try saying 'Life begins at forty!' After all, we all have to face it some time."

"If you came here just to give me a pep talk—"

"I didn't, really. How are all your family?"

Cathy mumbled that they were fine.

"And the handsome husband?"

"At sea."

"I wish Frederick would go to sea, sometimes. Or just go away. Or that we'd had seven children. I've had Frederick on my hands since the day I married him. Undiluted Frederick, dancing round my heels like a puppy waiting for me to throw sticks."

Cathy tried to recall Frederick Patron, whom she met very seldom. A large, kindly, harmless man. Born wealthy. Adoring Marguerite. A bit aimless, possibly. "It's a pity Frederick has nothing definite to do," she began.

"If Frederick had to get a job, you mean? My dear, we'd have both starved. Now get off the stairs, or make room for me. I thought you might be unprepared for guests. I brought a chicken. It's in the car." They went to get it.

"A day like this in the country does one good!" exclaimed Marguerite, touching the lilac gently.

"Suburb," corrected Cathy. She wasn't going to be comforted as easily as that.

Marguerite laughed. "By the way, I met your son. At Clinton Park."

"Dugald?" Dugald didn't mix in Marguerite's world. Couldn't afford to.

"Certainly. We chatted quite a while. Isn't he handsome? He bought us champagne out of his winnings!"

"Dugald . . . champagne . . . Dugald at a race meeting? Not my Dugald?"

"But of course. He backed Larkspur at eight to one. Had about a fiver on, I imagine. Don't tell me he goes racing with the bank funds!" Dugald was a bank clerk.

Cathy's face was such a study that Marguerite stared, perplexed. "I don't tell tales out of school, Cathy. Forget it."

Cathy cleared away the breakfast things while Marguerite backed her car into the corner house agents optimistically call "space for garage."

Her head was in a whirl. Marguerite Patron—the glamorous Marguerite of whom she sometimes boasted to her friends when she wore one of Marguerite's cast-off suits or coats. (An old school friend . . . rolling in money. So amusing, too . . . She's at Cannes just now.) Marguerite with some grievance, real or fancied, against Frederick . . . meeting Dugald at the races.

Cathy's heart bounced uncomfortably under the check shirt. The expensive lighter—the odds and

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382128

The day she had dreaded for so long was finally here but to her surprise it turned out to be the best one in her life.....



Illustrated by Ron Jackie

Cathy gave in to her depression, dropped the broom, and flopped on to the stair to have a good cry.

ends he'd given Meg just lately. Hardly had she prepared coffee for her guest and herself when the phone rang. A woman's voice. Unknown.

"I'd like to talk to Meg McPherson." Just like that. No asking for Miss anyone. No indication who the caller was.

"To Meg? I'm afraid she's at—well, she's out. This is Mrs. McPherson speaking. Who is it?"

"A friend of hers." The voice sounded anything but friendly. It sounded metallic, and far too old for Meg. Cathy had a vision of a red-tipped claw holding the telephone, and a cigarette wasting while she talked.

Meg was in her last term at school, but Cathy was unwilling to interfere in her friendships.

"Meg's out," she repeated. "If it's of any importance, you can talk to me. But not anonymously, please."

There was a laugh at the other end of the line. "If your daughter wants the handbag she left in my husband's car, she can come and fetch it. From me. Just tell her that."

The caller rang off, and Cathy had no choice but to replace the instrument.

"Something wrong?" Marguerite strolled in, pausing to light another of her Turkish cigarettes. She seated herself gracefully, watching Cathy with her shrewd, well-groomed face, drawing deeply on her cigarette, and tapping a black suede shoe. She repeated the question with her eyebrows, "M'm?"

"Some woman says Meg left a handbag in her husband's car," Cathy reported, dully. "I can't believe it, though. I can't."

"Some trouble maker. Probably it's a try-on."

"I wish I could really think so."

"Don't you trust your daughter?"

"Yes. But I don't trust what other people might do to her."

Marguerite blew smoke rings. "It's always easy to solve other people's problems," she remarked. "It's only your own that seem insoluble!"

"Well? What would you do in my place?"

"About the boy? Simple. Ring him up in a matey way and ask him for the name of his bookmaker. Tell him you've got a dead cert. That should pave the way to a nice, explanatory chat."

"And Meg? If you think I'm going to ring her up at school . . ."

"Heaven forbid. I should go and interview the woman yourself. That's the last thing she expects."

"But I don't even know her name."

"Ask the exchange to trace the call. It's her home number. That type doesn't go out to call-boxes clutching pennies."

"You really think I should do that?"

"I would. If it were my daughter."

"This is the most awful birthday I ever had," Cathy protested miserably. "Of course, I knew it would be awful."

"Stuff and nonsense! Oh, by the way, I bought you a present—it's in my case. Let's sort this tiresome woman out first." Marguerite picked up the telephone and talked to the exchange. "Yes . . . only ten minutes ago. Local? Yes, I expect so." Her pencilled brows sought confirmation from Cathy. "Hedley! Yes, connect me, will you?"

"No," flustered Cathy. "No. I don't know what to say."

"Then I'll talk." Marguerite lit another cigarette and considered her crimson finger-tips while she waited. Cathy, vaguely, was aware of Greek meeting Greek.

She sat down to listen, watching the baker trudge up the path with his basket on one arm and down with it on the other.

"Hello. Mrs. Hedley? Good. Now about Miss McPherson . . . No, it isn't her mother speaking; it's a friend. Now look, Mrs. Hedley, I don't believe you found Miss McPherson's handbag in your husband's car—or there's an innocent explanation if you did. But you'll return that handbag this afternoon, or I'll go to the police and tell them it's stealing by finding. Yes, the police! Please don't argue; I shan't listen. This afternoon, Mrs. Hedley. Yes. Good-bye."

Marguerite put the receiver down. Cathy sat speechless with relief and admiration.

"I enjoyed that," said Marguerite simply. "Child's play, my dear. She took fright at once."

"Just like the time you stopped Fatty Garside bullying a new girl with long hair," Cathy reminded her.

"Fancy remembering that. You'll remember the battle of Waterloo next. Come back to the present, do. The coffee's cold."

Cathy had forgotten for a moment what day it was, and that she mustn't grin, because it would deepen the lines around her mouth.

"You think I ought to ring up Dugald?"

"Why not? Or shall I?"

"N-no. I will." Cathy got on to the bank. "Dugald?" She was out of breath by the time he answered, and she sounded unconvincing even to herself.

"Dugald, do—do you know a good bookmaker? I mean, I've got a cert in the race to-day."

"Which race?" Dugald's voice came after the slightest pause.

"Which race?" Cathy mouthed at Marguerite helplessly.

"The three-thirty," Marguerite replied firmly. "They say pastels are going to be the rage this summer. I hate them—not dramatic enough." She opened the "Vogue" she'd brought with her.

"The three-thirty," Cathy repeated, crossing her fingers.

"Look, Mother," her son's voice was unhappy but determined. "Don't touch it—really I shouldn't. I tried it just once with the money Dad sent for my birthday, and I had some luck, but it's a mug's game. I gave it up. Oh, the cashier wants me. Well, good-bye." He rang off.

"Satisfied?" Marguerite looked across at her. "Good heavens, Cathy, you're shaking. Dress yourself properly, and do something with your face. And come out to lunch. You need a drink. We can have the chicken to-night."

Cathy changed into the only suit which had not previously belonged to her friend.

When she got into the car beside Margeurite, her friend said, "I wish I had your coloring. We blondes look so synthetic, after a while. And your waistline. What are you, twenty-six? Have you been slimming?"

"No." Cathy remembered that it was fashionable to slim. That she ought to have slimmed. Ought to

To page 10

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382129

Australian climate dries, ages your skin!



Don't let drying skin give you that "getting-older" look

Harsh winds . . . burning sun . . . "sticky" humidity can play havoc with your skin!

Almost every woman after 25 knows that dismaying little shock of finding dry skin signs — flaky patches, tiny criss-cross lines that say: *you are getting older.* At about 25, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh, starts decreasing.

But many, many Australian women show these dry skin signs even earlier.

It's our severe climate — drying, roughening winter winds; a burning summer sun; often a humid "sticky" atmosphere — that can make you look as many as *10 years older* than your real age.

Yet — you *can* offset this loss of natural softening oil. You can use the special replacer known and loved by so many women for its really remarkable help. You can use Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Three features make this rich cream extra effective for drying skin. It is very rich in *lanolin* — most like the skin's own precious oil. It is homogenized — to soak in better. And it has a *special emulsifier* for extra softening.

Smooth away dryness — this way

Soften by night. Cleanse skin thoroughly. Then work in plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face, and throat. Leave cream on a few minutes — then tissue off lightly, leaving a thin veil of cream to coddle your skin while you sleep.

Protect and soften by day. Be sure to smooth in a softening touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make-up. You'll find that this rich cream guards your skin from parching winds and dehydrating sun.

Use this remarkable cream for a week. See if it isn't the finest help for dry skin you've ever used. Get a jar or tube of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today.

3 features make it extra effective for dry skin

1. Rich in lanolin.
2. Homogenized to soak in better.
3. Special emulsifier for extra softening.





That Matronly-Looking Sagging starts to show so unpleasantly along your chin-line. **To Tone Up Chin-Line** — "pinch along" from point of chin to ears, with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This treatment gives dry skin the lift and *rich lubrication* it needs.



Crêpy-Dry Eyelids make your skin look darkened, fade out your eyes. **To Lighten and Soften** — *nightly*, touch Pond's Dry Skin Cream to *inner* corners of eyes — tap *gently out* over lids. Leave a little of this lanolin-rich cream on all night. A *special emulsifier* makes it extra-softening.



Dry Skin "Down-Lines" by your nose and mouth harden your expression. **To Help Soften Lines** — "knuckle in" softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream out and *up* from nostrils, mouth. See this lanolin-rich cream smooth that "dry skin" tense look. It's *homogenized* to soak in better.



Little Creases Settle by Earlobes when your skin begins to get dry and inelastic. **To Flatten Out** — make "U-Turns" with Pond's Dry Skin Cream back and forth under your ears. Cream from front of ears, under, then up in back. This helps keep your skin soft, resilient.

THE VISCOUNTESS BOYLE
"I'm so pleased with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. It's wonderfully rich; you can feel it help dry skin right away."

THE PRINCESS MURAT
"My skin roughs up easily. But Pond's Dry Skin Cream corrects dryness so quickly, it's a delight to use."

PD31

Continuing The Birthday

from page 9

"Hallo, Peter!" Cathy buried herself on her husband's shoulder, and found nothing at all to say.

"I promised you a surprise in my cable, and here I am! I flew from Gib. this morning. Eight days' leave. Well, say something, Cathy. Aren't you pleased?"

"Yes. But it's such a surprise. I'm winded."

"That's blowing out the candles. What a puff the woman's got! Like the sun blowing out of the corner of that map I sent you, isn't it, Ann?"

Ann nodded, her mouth full of cake.

Later that night they unpacked the presents — some lovely, some absurd — which Peter had brought from his various ports of call.

The sherry in their glasses tasted all the better for having been stored. Dugald and Meg chatted comfortably together. Peter sat on the arm of Cathy's chair and she held on to him as if she feared he would put to sea again that night.

Marguerite Patron, in her elegant clothes, sat in an armchair opposite them and smiled her tired, worldly smile, and toyed with her bracelet.

"Well, Cathy, have a good birthday?"

"It's been wonderful, darling."

"Darling Cathy."

"I love you, Peter."

"Please may I go home?" Marguerite interrupted. She stood up. "I hope my car starts. It acknowledges one master — Frederick."

She followed, or rather steered, a surprised Cathy out of the room and collected her things. "It's done me good to watch you all. Your ups and downs. I can probably stand at least another twenty years of Frederick, now."

"But . . . didn't you leave Frederick? What did he do?"

"He was unfeeling about a hat," said Marguerite composedly. "He expressed levity instead of admiration. It was a spring morning, and all he wanted to do was to hang about his club. Then I remembered it was your birthday, so I thought I'd drive over and see you."

"You told me you'd left Frederick!" protested Cathy, relieved yet disappointed. (Just when she'd been all set to sympathise with the clever Marguerite, come a domestic cropper, from the bulwarks of her own marriage.) "Oh, Marguerite, you cheat!"

"And I remembered my own fortieth birthday when I felt simply dreadful, so I decided you might need company. I didn't know Peter was coming. It was rather sweet of me, if I may say so!"

Cathy burst out laughing. "You haven't changed since I was the new girl with the long hair and you rescued me from that dreadful, overweight, pig-eyed, peppermint-smelling——"

"Language, girls!" Peter had joined them in the hall. He kissed Marguerite good-bye and saw her to her car.

Then he tucked an arm through Cathy's, and they watched her tail-light down the road.

"How long have you really got, Peter?"

"Till to-morrow week. I told you, darling."

"I'm such a fool, Peter. I die a small death every time I have to let you go."

"The last parting, Cathy. I've been promised a shore job in the autumn. The dividends of long service!"

"Oh, Peter! Don't tell me life begins at forty, too!"

"I won't do that, but I do think—at our age and in a marriage like ours—a new phase might begin. We've worked hard, we've brought up our children, we've held on to each other through a dozen separations. Dugald has his job now, and Meg her scholarship. I can afford to send Ann to boarding school. I want to enjoy life with my wife beside me, before love is only companionship, and I have to find the right glasses to read the evening paper."

There was stardust on the lawn and nightingales in the lilac. "This is the best birthday ever," Cathy tried to say, and lost the words against her husband's lips.

(Copyright)

Notice to Contributors

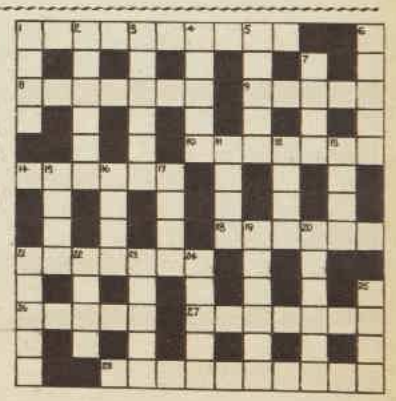
PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. They are artificial and biting (5, 5).
8. Originated (7).
9. Change tea inside a real mix-up (5).
10. It's remarkable, but it's certainly no furniture (7).
14. Grow weary round a short announcement with a vehement, long speech (6).
18. Deny the existence of the north-east portal (6).
21. Employ not so much and then no one can employ it (7).
26. Look in a house for very cold climate (5).
27. Exercise influence mainly with a musical drama (7).
28. No, it is not made in the mint; it grows in the garden (10).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution to last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Wither though it starts with a pet notion (4).
2. Place for keeping meat yet mainly consisting of fat (6).
3. Carry on rivalry in the finish when grudged (6).
4. Sydney caused its decline (5).
5. Piece of bread you can drink (5).
6. Mockery showing that this French is distant (5).
7. Pierce turned flying quadrupeds (4).
11. Presage of no human beings (4).
12. A statue on the Guildhall in London is on the move (4).
13. Departed but it isn't right (4).
15. I am followed by politicians and they are the very devils (4).
16. Russian inland sea (4).
17. Listens without aspiration. They can do it (4).
19. Render beloved a broken den in an organ (6).
20. Capital city of an American State which is shown at the end (6).
21. Onetless the centre of which is the origin of a parasitic insect (5).
22. One of them is 45 inches long (4).
23. Gnaw away something in case which is often kept in pickle (5).
24. Behave amorously with a table utensil (5).
25. Stagger with a turned malign glance (4).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382130

Sun-enriched
SULTANAS
SEEDED RAISINS
CURRANTS
– use them in so many ways!

Follow the grapevine for flavor-right fare!



RAISIN MERINGUE PIE

¾ cup seeded raisins, 2 eggs, ½ cup water, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ tablespoons corn-flour, 6 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Put the raisins through a food-mincer. Add water and the flour mixed with one tablespoon of sugar and cook until thickened. Put into a baked crust. Scald one and one half cups of milk. Mix beaten yolks, three tablespoons sugar, the corn-flour and the remaining half cup of cold milk. Add hot milk gradually and return to double boiler. Cook fifteen minutes. Pour the mixture over the raisins, adding vanilla at the last, and cover with meringue made from the stiffly beaten whites and two tablespoons of sugar. Brown lightly in a slow oven (300°–350° F.)

Natural sugar – Vital energy!

Luscious *Sultanas, Seeded Raisins and Currants* give you quick, healthy energy . . . give you vital Vitamins C and D . . . give you essential iron and over 1200 calories per lb.—far more than any other fruit! Eat them regularly—be sure the children get the benefits of pure, sun-enriched grape sugar.



SULTANA COCONUT ICE

1 cup sultanas, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup coconut, ¼ cup cherries (if liked).

Dissolve sugar in milk. Boil to 240° F. Cool slightly — add coconut, sultanas and cherries. Beat until stiff. Colour half pink and place in greased tin till set. Mark and cut into squares. Wrap in coloured paper. Store in airtight jar.

CURRANT SPICED SCROLL

1 lb. sweet scone dough, 1 lb. S.R. Flour, 2 ozs. sugar, 1 oz. butter or margarine, ¼ pint milk & salt.

Rub butter into flour and sugar. Mix to stiff dough with milk.

***Filling*— ½ lb. currants, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 2 oz. sugar, 2 apples — grated, 1 tablespoon melted butter.**

Mix together grated apple, currants, cinnamon and sugar. Make scone dough. Roll out in a square approximately ¼" thickness. Brush with melted butter and spread with currant mixture. Roll up. Join ends together in a circle. Cut in to within ½" of centre, making cuts approximately ½" apart. Place on floured oven tray and turn cut pieces to the side. Glaze with sugar and milk. Bake 30—40 minutes in moderately hot oven. When cold, ice with lemon or orange icing and decorate with cherries or chopped nuts. Delicious for lunches or teas — cut and spread with butter.





'PEP-UP' IDEAS FOR EVERYDAY!

★ Sprinkle Sultanas on your breakfast food — it adds a new succulent flavor to start the day!

★ Give the kiddies Raisin sandwiches for their school lunches. They'll love 'em and get quick natural energy!

Sun-enriched
SULTANAS
SEEDED RAISINS
CURRANTS
Good Health in the best of taste

Send for more simple recipes, FREE!

To The A.D.F.A., 46 Queen St., Melb., C.1.
Tell me more uses for healthful Sultanas, Seeded Raisins and Currants.

NAME

ADDRESS

A.D.F.A.

THE AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382131

Fascinating flavour . . .
melting smoothness
—thanks to pure
FRESH MILK



There's a glass and
a half of fresh, full-cream
milk in every half pound of
Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate
That's why it's so smooth, so delicious.

. . . that's why everyone is saying . . .

I want Cadbury's

MD34/16/3

New
finer
MUM
Stops odour longer!

New contains amazing new ingredient M-3 to protect underarms against odour-causing bacteria.

Safer for Charm — Safer for Skin — Safer for Clothes

Purse Size, 1/9
Medium Size, 2/7
Large Size, 4/2



New **MUM** KEEPS YOU NICE TO BE NEAR

M4 A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

HOW DOES HE STAND IT!

"Find it risky up there?" we asked Charlie Stevenson, dogman.

"Biggest risk is a chill", said Charlie. "That's why I drink plenty of good hot Bonox . . . keeps 'flu at bay."

Delicious Bonox pours concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef straight into your bloodstream. Gives you a "lift" and keeps your head above the 'flu line. So drink Bonox at home, at work, at the cafe, hotel or milk bar. And, remember, Bonox now costs much less! New low prices!



KB41



NOEL MONKMAN (left), who will direct the film "Deep Down Down Under," on the ketch Vonnick, to be used in the picture. With him are male lead Wally Gibbins, Mrs. Monkman, and Pam McGee.



FILM WARDROBE. Pam visits a dress salon for a fitting for a dress she will wear in the film. She is looking forward to outdoor life on location.

Sydney girl to star in film on Barrier Reef

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

A blue-eyed 17-year-old Sydney office girl may become a second Esther Williams. She is Pam McGee, of Hurstville, N.S.W., selected from 55 applicants to star in an underwater color film to be made on the Barrier Reef.

THE film "Deep Down Down Under" will be a silent full-length feature with spoken commentary, the record of an expedition to uncharted sections of the Barrier Reef.

The unit expects to be away six months, sometimes camped on islands, sometimes living aboard a ketch. The first location will be off Gladstone, in the Capricorn Group.

Pam, an only child, has never been away from home alone before except to camp during the holidays with a group of schoolmates.

"This is definitely the biggest thrill in my life so far," she said.

"On the way to work one morning I read that a girl was being sought for a part in a film to be made at the Barrier Reef, and I thought what a wonderful chance it would be.

"So I decided to try my luck."

Pam's ability as a swimmer, not far behind Esther Williams' accomplishments, got her the job as much as her pocket Venus measurements did.

Here they are:

Height, five feet two and a half inches; bust, 33 inches; waist, 23 inches; hips, 33 inches.

Plucky, cheery as a cricket, and modest, Pam wouldn't have tried for the job at all, she said, if she'd known so many well-known models were going in for it.

But some of the much-photographed beauties who applied for the job proved hopeless in the water. One had to be rescued.

Pam leaped like a fish into the cold, still water of the pool where the tests were made in the autumn, and proceeded to astound members of the Underwater Explorers' Club, who are making the film, with her ability as a swimmer.

The first time Pam went down in an aqua-lung (which is special equipment for underwater breathing), she was so interested that she stayed down for half an hour.

To keep in training, she has been going in the water with her flippers and mask every week-end since.

"I didn't tell a single soul that I'd tried for the job until I had my first interview," she said.

"When I got the job all my friends and relatives sent telegrams, and I've even been asked for autographs!"

She will co-star with spear-fishing champion Wally Gibbins in the film.

Pam was a swimming and diving star at St. George Girls' High School, Sydney. She has won district dancing contests, and her favorite film stars are Orson Welles and Esther Williams.

If Pam hadn't been such an Esther Williams fan she wouldn't now be being glamorised to star in an Australian underwater film.

"A girl friend and I used to go to Ramsgate Baths and spend hours and hours practising what we had seen Esther Williams do in the water," Pam told me.

"Then we'd go back to the film again to see if we'd got it right. People used to think we were mad."

Pam's ambition then was to become a member of a water ballet.

Asked now what she wants to do with her life, Pam's first reaction is to say stoutly, "Not to marry till I'm at least 23—or more."

One of her most surprising accomplishments is a knowledge of judo.

"It's terrific," she said enthusiastically. "My girl friend and I learn together. We have a ton of fun."

Before she leaves for Queensland Pam will have a course of violet-ray treatments to protect her from the burning northern sun.

With strict limitations imposed on shooting time by tide, wind, and light, the company can't afford to have its underwater star unable to work because of sunburn.

Her first sacrifice in the cause of stardom was to have her fair hair tinted chestnut so that it will photograph in a more interesting way under water.

She has also had a "waterproof" cut and perm that looks just as attractive wet as it does dry.

On location Pam will be chaperoned and mothered by spritely, grey-haired little Kitty Monkman, wife of veteran cameraman and producer Noel Monkman.

Monkman produced the first underwater adventure picture to be made in Australia. Made in 1937, and entitled "Typhoon Treasures," it also was shot on the Barrier Reef. Retitled "Pakema Reef," it is now having a second screening in America. The stars were Gwen Munro and Campbell Copeland.

Formerly a cellist, Monkman played with the orchestra that was formed for Pavlova's first Australian appearance.

Kitty, who always goes along and helps her husband on location, used to be a pianist.

The "Deep Down Down Under" shooting script is sufficiently fluid to allow the inclusion of any spectacular or dramatic unrehearsed incidents.

"I hope there'll be some," says its 17-year-old star, her blue eyes taking on a greenish light under her new chestnut hair.



PAM McGEE before the glamor experts took over. For the film her hair has been tinted a chestnut shade.



PAM in one of her special tailored-to-measure swimsuits. Discussing new styles with her is Mrs. J. Cunningham.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382132

Coronation Contest winner home

Rocket signal told neighbors that travellers had returned

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Swishing high into the air over James Street, West Ryde, N.S.W., a skyrocket announced to the neighbors that Mary and Barry Johnson were home from their Coronation trip to London, which Mrs. Johnson won in our Coronation Contest.

TEENAGER Patsy Eddowes, who had saved the rocket from cracker night on May 24 last, put a match to the fuse just as Mrs. Johnson stepped from the car to the pavement outside her home.

It was the signal for welcoming hugs and kisses, which knocked Mary Johnson's aqua-blue feathered hat askew, disturbing the arrangement of her hair, styled in London by the famous Antoine and featuring the "romantic line" —with soft curls at the back of the head.

Both at Kingsford Smith Airport and at Ryde, the Johnsons found a warm welcome on a cold night, and answered scores of questions on their trip.

But during the car ride out they heard the local news from their boys Ken and Dennis and twin girls Roslyn and Kay.

The children snuggled close to tell their mother and father that they had "been good" during the past month.

After the "lovely homely comfort" of the Green Park Hotel in London, the Johnsons had found that the Roosevelt Hotel, Manhattan, New York, where they stayed on their way home, had an altogether different atmosphere.

"It was too colossal to have a personal feeling about it," said Mary. "There are 1100 rooms and it is 17 stories high."

During her month away Mary Johnson filled 70 large pages in a diary.

"San Francisco looked marvellous from the air with its Golden Gate Bridge," she wrote in her diary. "Everyone was pointing to it, saying it was the most wonderful bridge in the world. I tried to cut in about Sydney Harbor Bridge, but no one paid any attention!

"But when the lights of Sydney came out of the night," said Mary, "all the passengers crowded to one side of the plane, and we found ourselves telling the Americans on board, 'Look at it. Look at Sydney.'

"For there's no doubt about it. It's one of the most beautiful cities in the world, even if it is my home."

And home looked good to Mary Johnson—for friends had filled vases with poinsettias and roses, dusted and polished, and stocked up for the week-end with chops and vegetables.

Presents all round

HARDLY had Mary and Barry entered before Mrs. Dan Close and Mrs. Alma Eddowes were whisking the children into pyjamas and setting freshly brewed tea on the table.

"Everything looks wonderful," cried Mrs. Johnson as she unzipped overnight bags, hauling out presents for the children and the friends who were there.

To bed with them the twins took emerald-green grass skirts from Fiji, while Ken and Dennis clutched outrigger canoes.

"Mary hasn't forgotten a soul," said Barry Johnson — explaining that an extra suitcase had been bought in London to hold all the gifts.

The shopping hadn't been done heedlessly but with great thought. For her mother, Mrs. Marion Close, Mary had brought special chocolates and toffees from Glasgow, as well as a filigree brooch acquired at Beirut.

Easily packed, too, were white nylon gloves and rhinestone brooches. "My sister and three sisters-in-law should like these," said Mary.

Then for nephews and nieces came mosaic bracelets (Rome) and models of the Coronation coach (London). For Ken the Johnsons bought a souvenir propelling pencil with a crown on top, and also "Viewmasters"—which show colored three-dimensional photographs of famous cities.

"Dennis has a cowboy suit from Canada," said his father, "and besides that there are more presents coming which we simply couldn't carry."

To help the children with history and geography the Johnsons collected pamphlets from each country and colored booklets at most airports. They also returned home with coins from places visited, with souvenir paper dolls (from the Coronation Ball at the Savoy), and with theatre programmes.

As soon as the children were in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson set out to a welcome-home party thrown by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gill, who live in the next street.

Forty friends chanted "The More We Are Together the Happier We'll Be," "Here We Are Again," and "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" as the couple arrived.

"Oh, they're all wonderful," said Mary Johnson, overcome by it all.

"This how you danced at the Savoy, Mary?" called couples as they danced by to the music of the radiogram.

"It certainly was," said Mary, and from Barry came: "You should see her curtsy!"

At which Mrs. Mary Johnson, wearing a black suit and white blouse, demonstrated just how it was done.

Then everyone crowded into the dining-room, where a welcome-home cake, made by Mrs. Dan Close and iced by Mrs. Nell Baldwin, waited to be cut with a knife, the handle tied with white satin ribbons.

"You'll be cutting sandwiches for the children on Monday morning," women friends warned. "You'll have to come down to earth soon."

"I expect so," said Mary, "but I'm still in a dream at the moment.

"You should have seen the Queen go by in the golden coach. You should have seen the evening dresses and mink at the Savoy. I wish you all could have come."

TAILPIECE: I rang Mrs. Johnson the following day, and found her voice had dwindled to a whisper. "Too much talking," she said faintly. "We didn't stop all the week-end. Barry went back to his job to-day. When I woke him at a quarter-past five in the morning he didn't know where he was. He thought he had another plane to catch.

"Then I dressed myself and the children, prepared breakfast, and cut their lunches. There's so much more to say to friends, but at this rate I'll have no voice left to say it."



A KISS FOR MUM AND A HANDSHAKE FOR DAD from Ken Johnson when his parents, Mary and Barry Johnson, returned from their Coronation trip to London.



TWINS ROSLYN AND KAY could not be parted from the green grass skirts their parents brought them from Fiji, even when they went to bed. Ken and Dennis were thrilled with their presents of outrigger canoes.



THE WELCOME-HOME CAKE at the party given by friends in the district on the night of the Johnsons' return was cut by Mrs. Johnson after a toast to her had been drunk.



MRS. JOHNSON shows that she hasn't forgotten how to wash teacups. On request she also demonstrated a Court curtsy at the party.

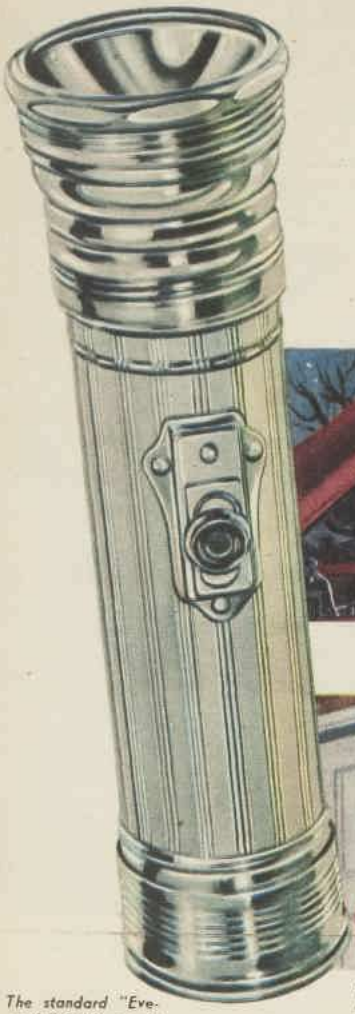
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382133

HOW USEFUL CAN A FLASHLIGHT BE?

It can be more than useful!

It can save your family from serious injury in the dark...

Your "Eveready" flashlight deserves its own special hook in the kitchen! Don't let Dad take it away in the car—every car should have its own "Eveready". Every handbag, too—for those dark streets or garden paths. You'll fumble no more through your handbag in the dark looking for keys or anything if you keep an "Eveready" brand flashlight in it and keep it powered with "Eveready" brand batteries.





Have you ever tried to change a tyre in the dark? Keep an "Eveready" flashlight as standard car equipment, for finding house numbers, backing up.



An "Eveready" Candlelite should come into your home with the stork! A great help in changing nappies—or looking at baby without harsh lights.



Have you ever tried to change a fuse by flickering candle or match light? Your "Eveready" flashlight makes this finicky job easy.



Candles and matches are dangerous where there's paint or spirits. No fear of spiders or breakages in dark pantries with an "Eveready" flashlight.



Streamlined "Black Beauty" in gleaming black and silver finish. "Eveready" 3751.

The standard "Eveready" 3773—ready for a lifetime of service.

Brighter Light! Longer Life! Always Fresh!



On almost every counter! This every night need has become an everyday purchase. Electrical shops, chemists, garages, hardware shops keep cartons of "Eveready" batteries on their counters for easy buying.

You're safe only when your flashlight works. Do make sure that your flashlight—and the batteries inside it—are the most reliable you can buy!

INSIST ON

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

FLASHLIGHTS and BATTERIES

The trademark "Eveready" distinguishes products of Eveready (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Rosebery, N.S.W.



Wondering what to give your son for his birthday? A gleaming "Eveready" bicycle lamp with matching tail-light. Five colors! Borrow it back as an extra light in blackouts.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382134

Soprano likes Dior clothes, diamonds

Enjoys concert tours abroad but loves Canadian home

Husband-wife partnership is behind the success of famous coloratura soprano Erna Sack, who is touring Australia and will later go to New Zealand.

HERMAN SACK is at his wife's side through all her tours — he is her business manager, stage manager, critic, and press agent.

He sees that she gets sufficient rest, makes sure she sees everything likely to interest her in a strange city, and generally makes things run smoothly for his famous wife.

"I would not go a step without my husband," Erna Sack has said many times.

Madame Sack wears her flaxen blond hair in a simple, becoming style, and does not use much more make-up than a bright red lipstick in the daytime.

She likes to wear tailored suits with plain accessories—in the mornings fresh, crisp frocks.

"But for my recitals I always feel best in soft, billowy gowns," she said.

Loves shopping

"OH, clothes—I can tell you," burst in Mr. Sack. "My wife, she goes shopping everywhere—in every city we pass through she buys dresses."

Dior models are favorites of Madame Sack.

"I can tell you, too, something else about her," Mr. Sack went on; "it is diamonds, diamonds, diamonds she likes."

Mr. Sack was impeccably dressed in a light grey suit, fashionable tan shoes, an emerald-green tie, with a single pearl tie-pin.

His thick, greying hair is brushed back, and his big brown eyes are always smiling.

"We are not a good pair for you to interview," he said. "We are not interesting, because we have not been divorced, even once, and we have not 21 children."

"There is no time for us to have a family," put in Madame Sack.

Born in Berlin (Madame discreetly evades questions on age), her childhood dream was to become a great singer.

Hit high note

WHEN she was studying in Vienna she was pronounced a mezzo-soprano, and was trained accordingly. Later she became a lyric soprano, but no one thought of coloratura until she sang for Dr. Bruno Walter at the Berlin Opera House.

She was as surprised as everyone else when, during a rehearsal of "Don Pasquale,"

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

while singing a cadenza, she found that she was suddenly able to go up and up until she sang C above high C.

Then she was engaged as a coloratura.

From that point her career has been a succession of thrilling performances and wild applause, all over the world.

Asked about his own talents at music, Mr. Sack replied: "No, I do not sing. I am quite normal, thank you. Would you not think one in the family is enough?"

Erna has no set routine during tours. "We just take each day as it comes," she said smiling. "I love looking at houses, and would like to go into every one I pass."

Their own 14-roomed home is in Westmount, Montreal, Canada, where they have lived since 1948, when they moved there from Brazil.

When they are at home they speak French all the time.

Madame Sack's deep blue eyes light up when she speaks of home, their three Alsatian dogs, and her chickens.

It is obvious that they are a thoroughly domestic couple.

"I am a wonderful cook," Erna beamed. "That is one thing I am really good at." Her husband was quick to endorse this, but added a word in praise of his own skill in the kitchen.

"I cook for her and she cooks for me," he said.

"When we have visitors I go into the kitchen and fix the food with the cook, but my wife—she will not go there when the cook is there, too."

"No, I say too many cooks spoil the—what is it they spoil?"

"The broth," her husband said, laughing.

"Yes," she said, "but I work in the reception-rooms, arranging flowers for hours when we have a party."

"Our visitors are always surprised," Mr. Sack said. "We always produce some tasty, new concoction—the last time they came they probably ate some new Norwegian dish. This time it is a new South African one, and next visit it may be something we have picked up in Turkey."

"I collect recipes like I collect antiques," Madame said.

"The house is filled with things I have bought in every country in the world."

"Yes, from top to bottom," mused her husband. "We cannot buy any more because we have not any more places to put them."



MADAME ERNA SACK and her husband. Madame Sack, coloratura soprano now touring Australia, takes a keen interest in every country she visits, and is a clever mimic of accents. She enjoys singing in foreign accents too, but her husband does not approve.

Gardening is their second love.

Tulips and African violets are favorites. Madame belongs to an African violet club back home in Montreal.

"There we learn how to grow, protect, and arrange them inside the house," she explained. "We have them in lilac, white, and pink."

"But she keeps chickens," sighed Mr. Sack, "and they run everywhere."

When the Sacks return to Montreal, Mr. Sack is going to name the house "Nightingale" after his wife.

Madame Sack is said to be the 20th century's Jenny Lind. During this tour she will present an old Swedish song made famous by Jenny Lind in the last century. It is "Fjorton Or Tro Jag Va," meaning "Fourteen Years I Was Old."

Mr. Gilbert Hill, Madame Sack's accompanist, says that Madame is wonderful to work with.

"She has no traditional singer's temperament.

"I am sure there is no other singer quite so generous to her accompanist as Madame is," he assured me. "Every time she bows, she insists that I bow, too. It can even become a little embarrassing.

"We work everything out on paper before a concert, even to when she will take a breath. Then we each know what the other will do. Madame never departs from these plans."

Mr. Hill has accompanied Madame for five years now. He was born in England, but has lived in Canada for 30 years.

Recently he was appointed official accompanist at the French Provincial Conservatory in Quebec.

He is proud of a gold medal awarded for his playing of the pipe organ by Dr. Wilfred Pellertier, head of Quebec Provincial Conservatory.

At the time of the award he was playing in a temperature 20 degrees below zero.

Mr. Hill is also much travelled, and treasures the memory of visiting Grieg's home in Norway, where he played on the famous composer's piano, which has been carefully preserved in Grieg's own home.

JOAN HAMMOND WARNS YOUNG SINGERS

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

Joan Hammond, noted Australian soprano, who is making an all-States tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, advises young singers to remember that every singer, however successful, can always improve.



AUSTRALIAN SOPRANO Joan Hammond with Walter Susskind, her accompanist. Miss Hammond is founding a scholarship to provide tuition at the Opera School, London, for Australian professional singers.

"STRONG character and the ability to take hard knocks and continuous heartbreaks are indispensable attributes of a successful singer," Miss Hammond said.

"All the talent in the world is not enough without these.

"For a singing career one must be prepared to give up many things that one loves," she added.

"For 10 years after I left Australia I didn't play a round of golf, because I had neither the money nor the time."

(Miss Hammond was a champion golfer and still has a handicap of 4.)

Swimming and tennis, her other two favorite sports, had to be abandoned, too—they are not good for the throat muscles.

Before leaving England Miss Hammond founded a scholarship to help young singers.

To establish it she gave a concert at the Festival Hall in London and raised £650.

This amount will provide for seven years' tuition at the Opera School, London.

"I am hoping for entries from all States, and, although the final arrangements have not yet been made for the preliminary auditions, I do want to do the final judging at the end of my Australian tour in October," she explained.

The scholarship does not provide for singing lessons, living expenses, or fares to and from England.

Miss Hammond still keeps to a rigid schedule, especially when she is on tour.

She practises for two or three hours every morning unless she has a recital that evening.

Each afternoon she rests completely to relax her throat.

"This routine is one result of a very big lesson I learned when I was in Australia in 1946," she said.

"I was not at all ready for the amazing reception I received from my own country."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382135

FAMILY REUNION

Members of the Archer family met at "Gracemere," Central Queensland, recently to celebrate the centenary of their kinsmen's arrival there.



PICNIC was part of two-day celebrations at "Gracemere," Queensland, when members of the Archer family met to commemorate the arrival of their kinsmen Charles and William Archer on the site of the station 100 years ago. Mr. Harry Mort, a family friend, carves the ham for the picnickers while the billy boils.

CHARLES and William Archer discovered the Fitzroy River and the land where the city of Rockhampton now stands. On May 7, 1853, they stood on the top of a range of hills and looked down on the land which their kinsmen have owned till the present day.

During the celebrations arranged by the present owners of "Gracemere," Mr. and Mrs. Alister Archer, descendants of the pioneers and family friends retraced the steps of the two brothers. Mr. and Mrs. Archer entertained their guests, also, at a garden-party in the lovely grounds of the old homestead, and at a dinner-party.

Charles and William were two of nine Archer brothers. Their parents, William and Julia, moved from their native Scotland to Norway in their own schooner in 1825, after the depression following the Napoleonic Wars hit their importing business. From Norway, all nine brothers emigrated to Australia.

After the two brothers settled at "Gracemere" they were joined by another, Tom, and his wife, Grace. Grace, a Scotswoman, won the devotion of the brothers for her fortitude and quiet acceptance of the hardships of bush life.

The lake in front of their home had reminded the Archers of Lake Farris, near their home in Norway, and Farris was the first name of the property. But it soon became "Grace's mere," and the new name was adopted as a tribute to Grace.

"She is a sort of standard for the family to rally round," Charles Archer wrote to his brother David, telling of evenings spent round Grace's piano singing Norwegian songs.

Hardships of those early days almost cost Grace her life, and her first-born died at birth. Soon after she and Tom returned to Scotland for the sake of her health, but later returned to Australia.

The first surviving child of their large family, William, was born in Scotland. William, a friend of Bernard Shaw, became a gifted author, playwright, and dramatic critic.

After their return Tom managed several properties, including "Gracemere," and in 1881 he was appointed Agent-General for Queensland in London.

A letter written by Charles Archer to his mother in Norway describes Grace's journey to a station at Eidsvold, where the brothers were before going to Central Queensland:—

"Our means of travelling consisted of a spring cart covered by a canvas tilt to keep off sun and



RETRACING the steps of their ancestors, men of the party stand near the spot where the Archers first saw the site of Gracemere 100 years ago. They look across a grassy slope to the Berserker Range and the Fitzroy River, with "Gracemere" in the middle distance.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382136

FOR CENTENARY

rain, three saddle horses for myself and black boys, and a horse with Grace's sidesaddle for her use where the road was bad, or whenever she preferred riding to being driven in the cart.

"Grace and I usually rode on ahead of the cart in the morning and camped in about eight or 10 miles, lit a fire, and awaited the coming of the cart, which was drawn by two horses driven by Tom.

"On his arrival, we turned out the horses, put down the quart-pots to boil water for tea, laid out the bread, butter, eggs, etc., upon a towel spread on the grass under a shady tree, then threw a mattress on the ground for Grace to recline upon. When all was prepared we ate our luncheon.

"After a couple of hours' rest, we again harnessed the horses, and Grace generally did the afternoon journey in the cart, which we had arranged so that she could either sit up or lie down in it at pleasure.

"At the approach of sunset, we kept a lookout for a convenient camping place—that is, a spot where wood, water, and grass were plentiful. The horses were here unharnessed, hobbled, and turned out for the night.

"Trunks, etc., were taken out of the cart, which was converted into a nice bedroom for Grace.

"After supper, we had long yarns lying before the fire. When we got sleepy, Grace and Tom retired to the cart and I wrapped my plaid around me, took my saddle for a pillow, and threw myself upon the ground before a blazing log, where I slept like a top till day dawn.

"After three days of this sort of travelling, we got among the stations, where we were, of course, housed at night; but I question whether Grace did not prefer our snug bush camps to the station accommodation."

By

SARA STRAMBERG,

staff reporter

The first Archer brother to come to Australia was David, who worked on properties owned by his mother's relatives in New South Wales. One of these was "Wallerowang" and he became manager of it in 1837.

His son was Robert Archer, father of Mrs. Alister Archer and cousin of her husband, Mr. Alister Archer, the present owners of "Gracemere."

A son of Robert Archer is Mr. David Archer, of "Strathdarr," Longreach, Queensland, president of the Queensland Merino Sheep Breeders' Association.

"Gracemere" is now widely known as a Hereford stud, but in the early days the family pinned its faith on sheep.

When they discovered that the growth of spear grass could spell disaster they moved the best of their flock to "Minnie Downs," near Tambo, a property then managed by Sandy Archer. This was the first merino stud in Queensland.

Sandy had named the property after his wife, Minnie. Both of them were drowned in the wreck of the Quetta off the North Queensland coast.

Originally "Gracemere" covered 500 square miles. Land resumptions gradually reduced the area and today it comprises 5000 acres.

In the living-room of the homestead hangs a painting of the old Norwegian home, "Tolderodden," painted by a daughter of Colin Archer. Several of her paintings hang in Norway's National Art Gallery.

Colin, one of the original nine brothers, sailed the first white man's craft, the Elida, down the Fitzroy. It is likely that he built the boat himself, for in Norway, years later, he won fame for constructing ships to withstand successfully the pressure of ice. One of them was the Polar vessel Fram, which carried Nansen and Amundsen on Polar explorations.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD at "Gracemere" is set in a beautiful garden made by generations of Archers. The property was first called "Farris," after a lake in Norway. When Tom Archer joined his brothers there later with his wife, Grace, the lake in front of the house became "Grace's mere" and the name was adopted.





TRACK of pioneers was followed by Archer descendants and friends (above) led by Mr. R. S. Archer, of "Morongo," Merrygoen, N.S.W.

RAISING of Union Jack (left) began the centenary celebrations, which included a garden party in the homestead grounds and a dinner party.



HOST and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Alister Archer (right), present owners of "Gracemere," in the garden, with Mrs. Archer's Great Dane, Dan.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382137



AT THE OPERA. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oliver, of Mosman, were among the first-night audience of "The Barber of Seville" at the Tivoli Theatre.



POLO ENTHUSIAST 92-year-old Mrs. J. K. Mackay, of "Cangong," Dungog, watches a hard-fought game at the Maitland Polo Carnival.



GUEST OF HONOR. Dr. Felice Benuzzi with Madame Daneo (left) and Mrs. Alex Morgan at a reception given by the Minister for Italy, Dr. Daneo, and Madame Daneo. Dr. Benuzzi is author of "No Picnic On Mt. Kenya."



EX-STUDENTS' BALL. Diana Carter and Winston Birdsall danced at the ball given by the Old Girls' Union of Annesley, Bowral, at the Pickwick Club.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

ENCOURAGED by the success of a jitterbugging contest held at last year's dance—won by Mrs. Jack Minnett and Gordon Hazel—the Palm Beach Surf Life-Saving Club is planning a crooning competition this year.



BALL GUESTS. Philip Yates (left), Mrs. Beryl Ross, Mrs. Eric Abrahams, and Clay Hake at the "Night of the Year" Ball at Fernleigh.



BETWEEN DANCES. Patricia Manfred (left), Peter Muller, Jennifer Purser, and Michael Bray at the Pied Piper Ball, held at Prince's in aid of the Mosman Spastic Centre.

So amateur Bing Crosbys will be able to sing to their hearts' content. The dance will be held at the A.C.I. Ballroom on Friday, August 7, and it's called the "Winter Splash."

Among the guests will be president of the club, John Goodall, and Mrs. Goodall, Mr. Justice Curlewis and Mrs. Curlewis, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Doyle, and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McWilliam.

• • •

PHILIP and Morna Ashton, of "Coreena," Junee, have chosen John as the name for their new son, who was born at St. Luke's Hospital last week. The Ashtons have three other children, Christopher, Katherine, and Allison.

"LAND OF AUSTRALIA," a new book planned by author Frank Clune, will contain a chapter telling the story of drovers and the life they lead. Mr. Clune has just returned from a motor trip round Australia, when he travelled 17,000 miles in 14 weeks. He accompanied drovers on a 700-mile trek from the Northern Territory to the Barkly Tableland. Mrs. Clune was to have met her husband in Darwin and travel down with him. She flew to Adelaide, but was unable to get a seat on the Darwin plane — and says that, after hearing the story of the trip, she doesn't know whether she's glad or sorry.

IT'S holiday time for lots of lucky people, who are leaving Sydney for the mountains, the snows of Mount Kosciusko —or, as in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Rowlands, for the beach. The Rowlands', accompanied by their son Tim, daughter Marylyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Barry Stonham, went down to their house at Whale Beach last week-end. Mrs. Rowlands tells me that it's wonderful down there at this time of year, although it's too cold to go in the water, and "we have big log fires to keep us warm," she said.

• • •

ATTRACTIVE lasses Gwen Storey-Allen and Noni Rodd are getting ready to take off for Kosciusko on July 17. Gwen, who hasn't skied before, told me philosophically that "at least I'll look the part" —fur-trimmed goggles and all.

• • •

THAILAND'S national day was celebrated for the first time in Canberra last week when the Thai Minister, His Excellency Nai Konthi Suphamongkhon, who was appointed in January of this year, and his charming young wife gave a reception at the Canberra Hotel. Guests were entertained by music and dances presented by some Thai students at present in Australia, and His Excellency's sister, Miss Kirana, gave a graceful display of dancing, wearing a beautiful national costume.

SURPRISE announcement at Shane Foy's coming-of-age party was her engagement to Ross Johnson, who is at present at Port Hedland, in Western Australia, doing an Army survey course. The party was given by Shane's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Donovan Foy, at their home at Rose Bay. Shane's godmother, Mrs. Ernest Idris, of London, came to Sydney for the party.

• • •

ANNE McCAULEY flew home to Sydney from Melbourne last week after attending the wedding of former Ascham girl Sheila Irving and Frank Scott at Scots Church, Collins Street. Anne had a wonderful time, and took the opportunity of looking up old school friends from Mandeville Hall.

• • •

THERE were sighs of envy from feminine members of the audience as they gazed at the tiny waists of svelte models Judy Barraclough and Fran Wilkins at the frock show at Count and Countess Jerome Morawski's new salon in Elizabeth Bay. The Countess, who described her husband's creations at the parade, wore a frock he designed for her.

Anne



WELL-KNOWN MODEL WEDS. Lieut. John Clifford, R.A.N., and his bride, formerly June Dally-Watkins, leave for the reception after their wedding at St. Mary's Cathedral.



OUTBACK CATTLE SHOW. Jane Hooper (left), John Howse, and Mrs. Sam Calder, formerly Australian film star Daphne Campbell, at Brunette Downs, Northern Territory.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382138

"Gown of year" chosen at fashion show

● ***Fifty mannequins wore model gowns from 50 leading firms at a fashion show at the Australia Hotel, Melbourne, when the audience voted on "the gown of the year." Proceeds of the parade will be given to St. Vincent's Hospital.***



ROUND THE FIRE. Mannequin Pat Bird, left, with Mr. Kelland Hutchence talks by the fire with Karen Hill. Karen wore a dress of anthracite-grey sheer with a gold stole.



"GOWN OF THE YEAR." Mannequin Greta Miers being toasted at the party, when the gown she wore was voted the winner of the contest. She was presented with an "oscar" as a memento of the night. The gowns paraded were selected because they were considered suitable for events during the Royal tour of the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh next year.



CRINOLINE DRESS of Everest-white organdie with a bodice of crocus petals studded with a thousand rhinestones. The heavy gold satin cloak collar is embroidered with jewels.



SHEATH GOWN of beaded grape satin worn by Bambi Shmith is admired by Mrs. Norman Carlyon. The pictures were taken by staff photographer Ernie Mann.



PEACOCK-GREEN SATIN trimmed with sequins was worn by model Joan Louther, who pauses for a closer inspection by Mrs. Leo Curtis, who wore a stole with her graceful gown.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382139

Thermexa

a Better Cup

at an economy price

HERE AT LAST is tableware that has a look of quality about it . . . and yet is so inexpensive that you can use it for hard, everyday family wear without a qualm. "Thermexa" ware is much less liable to chip and break . . . but when accidental breakages do occur, it's good to know that either a cup or a saucer can be replaced for a mere shilling or so at your favourite store. Besides, you'll like to use "Thermexa" for its own sake . . . you'll approve its porcelain-like appearance and smooth, satiny texture, so pleasing to the touch.



Why Thermexa will please you

- Gleaming porcelain-like appearance.
- Smooth texture—pleasing to the touch.
- Extreme resistance to heat.
- Toughness and hard-wearing qualities.
- Does not "craze."
- ECONOMICAL . . . costs less than even the cheapest crockery.

Prove Thermexa's heat resisting qualities with this test!

An ordinary cup will not stand up to sudden, severe changes of temperature. But a Thermexa cup can be chilled in a refrigerator, removed, and immediately filled with boiling fat—*yet it does not break.* Prove it yourself!

Thermexa Ware

(PROOF EVEN AGAINST OVEN HEAT)

COMPLETELY HEAT RESISTING

Racegoers here and at Ascot



SYDNEY TRIO Robin Brockhoff (left), Margaret Burnett, and Barbara Potter were among the best-dressed girls at Ascot. They share a flat in London with Beverley Coles.



LEAVING FOR ASCOT are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brash, of Sydney, who plan to return home via Singapore in October. Mrs. Brash chose a suit for Ascot.



IN LONDON, before they left for Ascot, are Mrs. Michael Parker (left) and Lieutenant-Commander Parker, with Mrs. Sam Stirling, of Sydney, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Stuart (right), of Sydney.



KEEN RACEGOERS consulting their racebooks at Warwick Farm were Mrs. Bob Stephen (left), Mrs. Denis Rowe, and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Conrick.



MELBOURNE VISITOR Mrs. J. S. Wilkinson (left) with Mrs. "Babe" Woollett at the races at Warwick Farm. Mr. and Mrs. Woollett leave soon for Canada, where they will make their home.



MORNING TEA under the umbrellas at Warwick Farm was enjoyed by Nan Connor (left) and Mrs. Shirley Colechin. Nan wore a black-brimmed lavender wool-plaited hat and black coat.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382140

Old folk happy at Hammondville



DUPLEX HOMES AT HAMMONDVILLE, N.S.W., provide comfortable living conditions for elderly people for a small rental. Here Mr. and Mrs. James Gillman relax in their sitting-room.



"I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER," said Mr. William Mitchell as he and Mrs. Mitchell tended their garden at their Hammondville home. "We're on our own and do as we want to. I could stay in bed until nine, but I keep to my old routine, up at six a.m. in the summer, seven in the winter."

Modern duplex cottages provide every comfort for low rent

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

For the old, winter can be a time of great hardship if money and health are lacking, but for 21 elderly people who have found homes at Hammondville, N.S.W., this winter is a season of content.

EIGHT couples and five single women find that their new postal address stands for snug brick buildings, for easy chairs, sprung mattresses, modern kitchens, and warm blankets. It represents security and a lucky break after years of misfortune.

I saw how happy these elderly people were when I visited Hammondville recently with the administrator, the Reverend Bernard Judd.

One couple, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lane, lived in a tin humpy at Yarra Bay, about nine miles from Sydney, last winter. It allowed the cold westerlies to blow in, and the rain came in, too.

Because 80-year-old Mr. Lane was too ill to help much, Mrs. Lane, at 70, chopped wood, carried water for drinking and washing, cleaned and filled kerosene lamps, and carted rubbish away.

Neither would have dared to dream of a duplex cottage where they could live together in comfort, such as the one they now occupy at Hammondville.

Invalid pensioner Miss Harriet Birks had spent 12 years in a convalescent home where conditions were unhappy. Although the matron was kind to Miss Birks, there were not enough nurses to attend properly to the many old people living there.

"Often," Miss Birks told me, "I would be sharing a room with a woman, and she would die in the night.

"So it is so wonderful here, having my own room, being able to shut the door when I feel like being alone. Then, if I feel like company, I can join the others in the sitting-room.

"We also share a kitchen, and have a special cupboard each where we keep provisions and cooking things.

"I love being able to pop the kettle on for a cup of tea and making a snack for supper. I'm well enough to make my bed and tidy my room, so this year is much better than the past 12 have been."

Passing the shops, the school, and the church, the Rev. Judd and I came to a group of brick cottages surrounded by attractive gardens, fences, and brightly painted iron gates.

Before we went any farther Mr. Judd said: "First, I had better give you a few facts, though I suppose you know Hammondville is called after the late Archdeacon Hammond, who founded it 21 years ago during the depression.

"He bought the land, and unemployed men brought their families here and built homes, helping one another.

"To-day we feel there is urgent need to help elderly people, and these cottages are part of our scheme. The men and women you'll meet are all age pensioners who were desperately in need of accommodation.

"It was a heartbreaking job trying to decide on the ones who would live here from the hundreds of applicants."

One of the duplex cottages I went into is rented by Mr. and Mrs. James Gillman, who pay 25/- a week for it. There is a sitting-room, bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom.

Hundreds of old people are paying much more than this sum from their pensions for cheerless, often damp, rooms, up several flights of stairs, which they have to use every time they want water.

Mrs. Gillman did not take long to show me round her home, but it was easy to see how well planned these houses are and how comfortable they have proved to be.

A stainless steel sink stood by the window in the "U" shaped kitchen which opened off the sitting-room. There were plenty of cupboards, painted cream with red handles.

"Constant hot water, too," said Mrs. Gillman, turning on the tap to demonstrate. "Now come back here and have a look at the sitting-room."

There were comfortable chairs by the heater, which was set in a fireplace, and on shelves were the little knick-knacks people love to have around.

"This is the bedroom," Mrs. Gillman said, ushering me into a room where bright bedspreads covered twin beds. "The bathroom opens off it."

Back in the sitting-room, the Gillmans described the places they had previously lived in.

"One was a church hall in Newtown where we were caretakers," said Mrs. Gillman. "We lived in a back room there, which had steps down into the hall. I suffer from rheumatism, and climbing up and down did me no good."

"After that," said Mr. Gilman, "we moved to the country, to Wauchope. It wasn't much of a home that we had there, and it was burnt down in the bushfires."

Desperate, the Gillmans bombarded the Hammondville authorities with letters, eventually were interviewed, and selected.

A cottage hospital is needed at Hammondville, but, so far, the plans are still on paper. The directors hope to raise the amount needed by public subscription in response to a special appeal.

Sponsors of this appeal are Sir James Bissett, Mr. C. R. McKerihan, Sir Hugh Poate, and Matron Shaw, formerly of Crown Street Hospital for Women, Sydney.



MRS. CHARLOTTE COLVIN puts on her hat in her bedroom in the block for widows and single women. The attractively furnished rooms are painted in pastel colors and are well furnished. They all open on to a verandah.



£ IN YOUR HOME IN OLD GOLD AND SILVER!

You'll be surprised just how much money your old gold, platinum, silver, etc., will bring you. Let us show you. Remember—nothing is too big. Most important—nothing is too small to have *real* money value. So next time you are in town make a point to

Sell your old Gold and Silver to

HARRINGTONS

METALLURGISTS PTY. LTD.

125 Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney. Phone M 3490.

Ask any elegant WASHINGTON hostess—TRUSHAY's the lotion she loves the mostest!

KENTUCKY's smartest socialites TRUSHAY their hands for gala nights.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382141



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382142

U.S. journalist will visit here

Mrs. Esther Van Wagoner Tufty, whose blonde braids and Wagnerian proportions caused her to be mistaken for Emmy Goering in post-war Germany, will make a lecture tour of Australia, starting next month.

This dynamic Washington journalist and television commentator has received the annual Civic Leadership Grant of the Australian-American Association.



U.S. journalist Mrs. Esther Van Wagoner Tufty, who will visit Australia next month for a lecture tour of most of the capital cities.

THIS entails a six weeks' visit to the principal Australian cities.

Mrs. Tufty, known affectionately to fellow Washington correspondents as "The Duchess," employs three male writers and a male secretary in her Washington news bureau, which serves more than 300 U.S. newspapers.

She is the only woman news commentator with a regularly scheduled television programme. She makes frequent lecture tours of American cities and has found time to be a war correspondent in Korea, to fly in the Berlin airlift, and to undertake a unique diplomatic mission to England during the blitz.

"I am delighted to be going to Australia," Mrs. Tufty told me when I interviewed her in her grey-and-yellow tinted modernistic office in the National Press Building.

"The Richard Gardiner Caseys are good friends from their Washington days. I have corresponded with them ever since then and I look forward to seeing them again with much pleasure.

"All my adult life I have wanted to go to Australia," Mrs. Tufty added, fingering a black-ribboned pince-nez. "By going to Korea as a war correspondent I got as far as Hawaii. Now I am going all the way.

"Like most Americans I am convinced I will like the country and the people. I expect to feel 'at home.'

"I expect to find few phonies and lots of frank talk.

"I am grateful that the Australian-American Association has asked me what I prefer to do on my visit.

"At the top of my list is to see people in all walks of life. I want to leave with the belief that I have grasped what makes the average Australian tick.

"My lectures, if you can call them that, will be as informal as possible.

"Because I will not know exactly what Australians want to know about the United States and its people, I am hoping to hold more Press conferences than anything else. I intend to say a few words and then open up for questions, which can be pertinent or impertinent. I won't mind."

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

Visit to Britain

MRS. TUFTY recalled her invitation to visit Britain.

"During the blitz of 1942 the British Embassy in Washington had the idea that a 'trained observer' might be able to help ease many of the shocks between American troops and the British people better than a diplomat," she explained.

"I knew England well and loved the people. I write in a colloquial, chatty style for small 'main street' papers, so I could talk with people in the port towns where the American troops landed.

"I could answer the questions the lord mayors would hesitate to pose to American officials—such as how to entertain negro G.I.s.

"I talked with British troops, officers, workers in defence factories, and at town meetings. I was in some raids which even the British admitted were 'a bit of a bit.' The experience was soul-satisfying because I felt truly useful."

Mrs. Tufty added:

"While in Britain I spent a week-end at Cliveden as guest of Lady Astor to write a story about another house guest, Bernard Shaw."

Mrs. Tufty's boundless energy enables her to manage a full-time career as mother and housewife in addition to multifarious and widespread journalistic activities.

She and her husband and two grown-up sons live in a 200-year-old house in historic Alexandria, Virginia.

Their two-acre estate on the Potomac River is part of the original George Washington property, which includes his ancestral home at Mount Vernon.

"Our house has a wonderful sweeping view of the river," Mrs. Tufty said. "It is a retreat where I can bring my friends and 'big names' to talk informally.

"I pride myself on my roses and my pies. I'm really extraordinarily feminine at home."

Mrs. Tufty will arrive in Sydney on August 15 and will fly to Brisbane on August 17.

Her itinerary will be:

Brisbane: August 17, 19, 20, 21.

Sydney: August 23, 24, 26, and September 18.

Canberra: August 28, 29.

Melbourne: August 31, September 1, 2, 3, and 16.

Adelaide: September 5, 6, 7, 8.

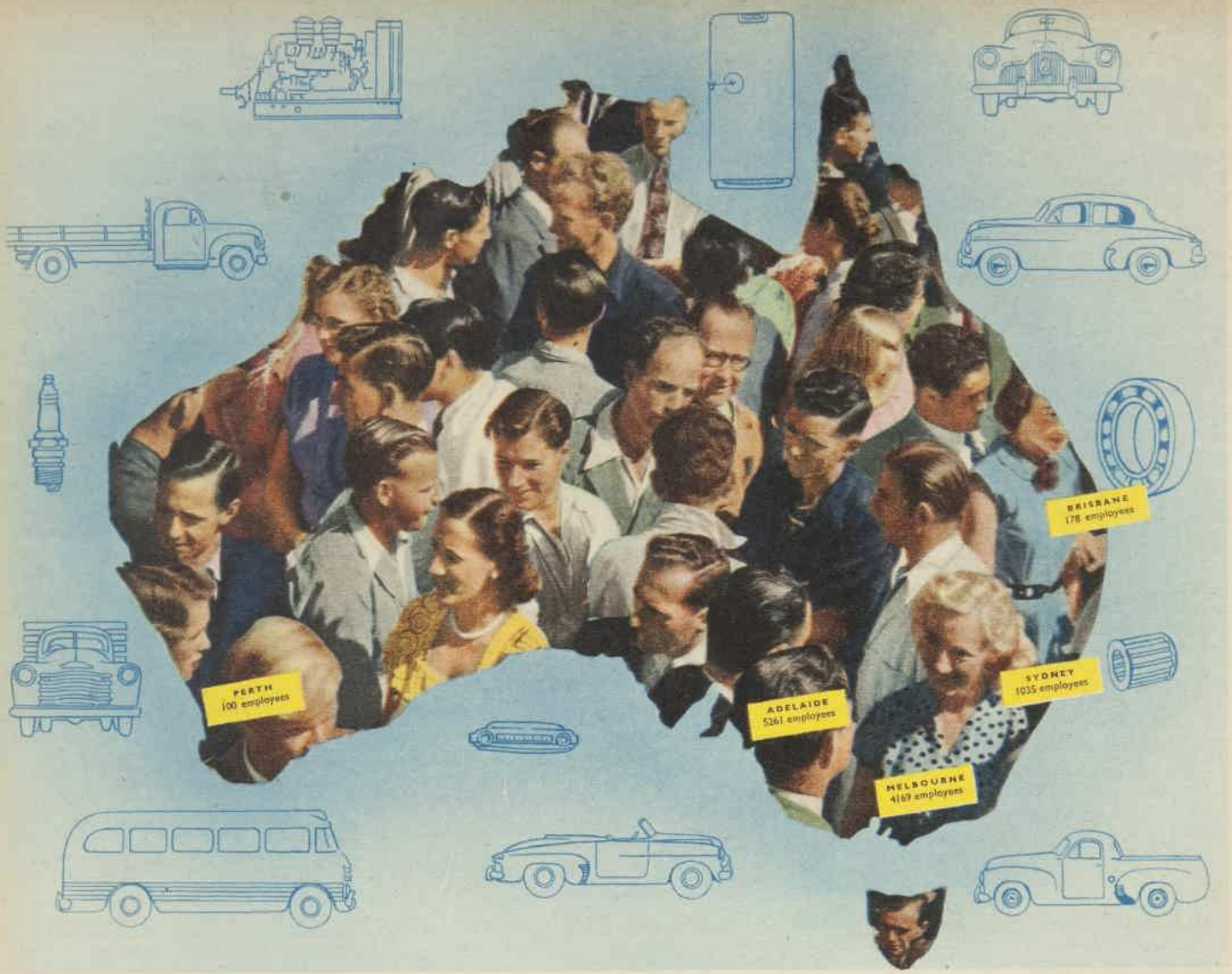
Perth: September 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.

On September 19 or 20 Mrs. Van Wagoner Tufty will fly from Sydney to New Zealand for a lecture in Wellington on September 21. She may address the annual Editors' Dinner in Auckland on September 24.



★★★★★★
In all the smartest NEW YORK shops
You see TRUSHAY—
TRUSHAY is tops!
★★★★★★
In DELAWARE
they're well aware
TRUSHAY gives hands
the "well-groomed" air.
★★★★★★
In NEVADA,
'way out west—
The beauties love
TRUSHAY the best!
★★★★★★

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382143



Yes! GMH is a big business —and it will be £11,000,000 bigger this year!

ANY BUSINESS that produces a motor vehicle *must* be a big business. It must be big in two senses; first, big in organisation so as to provide all the resources necessary to manufacture such a complicated product; and it must be big in outlook too, so that it can plan for the future as well as for the present.

It must be properly staffed—at GMH there are scores of departments, employing more than 10,700 men and women in seven plants. It must have a foundry, machine shops, press shops, body works, assembly lines—at GMH, these total more than 81 acres of factory area. It must have well-established lines of supply for many goods and services which are essential to automobile production—no less than 3,000 Australian firms supply GMH. It must ensure a ready availability of parts and accessories—GMH have a special division known as NASCO to provide it; and finally, it must have a friendly, co-operative dealer organisation to bring its products to the public—GMH service is available in every habitable part of Australia.

Since the last war, *over 80 per cent. of GMH profits have been re-invested in Australia.* In early 1952, a further £11,000,000 expansion programme was started and is now nearing completion. This plant expansion will result in increased plant efficiency, will benefit the production of *all* GMH products, and will raise the output of Holden Sedans and Utilities to 200 a day.

To grow as Australia grows has always been the policy of General Motors-Holden's Ltd., and it is this policy that truly makes GMH a link in the chain of Australia's progress.

GMH

GENERAL MOTORS-HOLDEN'S LIMITED

. . . a partner in Australia's future

BRISBANE • SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • ADELAIDE • PERTH

RO52

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382144

YOUTH SERIES by Barbara Vicars

The Yankee Shout

A pretty poser confronting the modern maid and her boy-friend is the yes or no of the Yankee shout.

Should a girl bankrupt a boy on one or two weekly big do's, or should the two of them pool the purse and enjoy each other's company more often?

IF they pool—then when, under what circumstances, and how often?

This is how John sees it:

"A special Saturday night splurge can leave me flat.

"Judy probably thinks I'm feting another lass the other six nights, but frankly, after a dinner in town, a show, and a supper dance, I couldn't face the collection box at a park band concert."

Judy: "I know how it is with John, and the silly part is I earn almost as much as he does. Yet when I suggested a Yankee shout for our last ball, he was so furious I didn't dare raise the subject again.

"And, as yet, we're just good friends. There's no engagement ring to give me the right to steer him to the cheapest seats at the local."

Something has to be done to end this impasse for all you Judys—you can't go on doing your bit by knitting him one sweater after another.

But dispense the blessings of a Yankee shout with diplomatic delicacy.

Because Yankee shouting is such a personal matter, its success calls for many factors.

The most important of these are the relationship between the boy and girl concerned, feminine intuition, right timing, and the type of shout.

You won't of course, on your first date, grab the bill and with a hearty "There you are, old chap," slap your half of the expenses down on the table.

If he's a steady and for some reason is pressing Chicken Marengo on you, you won't firmly plump for grilled pork sausages and suddenly declare your intention of paying for them.

This may be the one night he's planned a splash. Your wretched sausages, together with the implication that he may not be able to provide you with even this modest fare, will reduce him to half-size.

In any case, guests who read the menu by the price list on the right-hand side regardless of the dishes listed on the left are an irritation to any host.

They're surpassed in unpopularity only by the guests who always plump for the most expensive things on the menu, and would ask for nightingales' tongues out of season if the fancy moved them.

You won't choose a crowded theatre foyer to announce your momentous decision of the Yankee shout, nor will you produce 1/1½ for the chocolates.

- *It always needs female tact*
- *Be careful or you'll spoil him*

The cafe's crowded,
The music gay
(But how on earth will I ever pay?).
Her smile's so sweet,
Her eyes so bright
(And heavens what an appetite!).
"What's this?" she says,
"Relax, all's right—
"The shout, my pet, is mine to-night!"

The male reels backs, horrified, at sight of your fingers scrabbling in your bag for threepences and pennies to thrust on him.

Instead, if the dating is on a friends' rating, suggest half-shares for some occasions, but make sane and sensible arrangements beforehand.

"But," you say, "he'd think I was chasing him if I offered to pay my way. So mad for his company, I'm prepared to buy it."

Depends again on the approach and timing.

If it's a regular cafe lunch date, there's no pride or dignity lost in saying "Look, Peter, this place would break a Vanderbilt. Why don't we Yankee shout from now on."

Then note the bill and leave the money unobtrusively on it for him to pay.

This latter piece of strategy is essential for his masculine pride.

Don't wait until you get to the cash register and then stage one of those typically feminine comedies—you know: "No, Jennie, it's my turn. You paid last time we went to see 'Love at Last.'" . . . "But, Rosemary, you bought the chocolates and paid the tram fares . . ."

Where your mutual interests lie in music and the arts, queue up independently for your tickets to the play, the art exhibition, or the youth concert — provided, of course, this isn't a special occasion he's planning.

And, having argued in favor of girls who pay, I'll add this warning to them:

Most men get a glow out of spending on the little woman, even if they grumble about having to live on bread and cheese for three days after.

Besides, if you're too eager to pay for yourself, many men will move right in and expect you to do so always.

Actually, there are many ways of employing the Yankee shout without the sordid intrusion of the Mint.

Instead of that Saturday supper dance in town, how about dazzling him with a dinner party at home?

You can't even boil water? Learn.

Hostessing is an exciting art and an invaluable social asset and the sooner you get the "know how" the better.

In any case, you've probably already dreamed of gracing his table, the candlelight catching the soft curve of your throat as you lean forward to charm his guests.

Here's your chance to plant the thrilling idea in HIS head.

DISC DIGEST

WE'VE had "Waltzing Matilda" done in hillbilly style and even in French by Yves Montand, but we had to wait for Australian Wilfrid Thomas to give us a really genuine version (A7815). Coupling is a dramatic English folk song from Somerset called "Lord Rendal." Thomas' resonant and manly voice is accompanied by some attractive guitar playing. This is a distinctly unusual record.

* * *

EDDIE FISHER celebrates his return to civilian life after a spell with the U.S. Army in Korea with a number that will maintain his high position in the vocalist's sphere. It's "Even Now" (EA4116), and it looks like getting off to a quick start on the hit parades. A trick played upon the words of the title lift the lyrics right out of the rut. Backing is "If It Were Up To Me," another pleasing melody, but which deserved better words. Hugo Winterhalter's Orchestra provides first-class support.

* * *

MAX BYGRAVES adds to his fast-growing reputation with "Bygraves Boogie" on EA4113. It's a slick satire on the work of Tennessee Ernie, the American rustic songster. On the coupling Max gives that old favorite "Little Sir Echo" a fresh airing. You'll enjoy the echo chamber, one of the few times when it has been put to legitimate use.

* * *

YOU don't need to be a wizard to guess that "Chow Willy" comes from the pen of Marais, who specialises in dressing up songs of South African origin. This is robustly rhythmic stuff, with quaint lyrics, and Jo Stafford and Frankie Laine enjoy putting it over. Flip to D037577 is "Piece A-Puddin'," which the same team chant with terrific impact. For extra good measure the singing stars are accompanied by Paul Weston's Orchestra, the Norman Luboff Choir, and Carl Fischer at the piano.

BERNARD FLETCHER

New! Angel Face by Pond's

Sensational new make-up . . . foundation and powder in one!



New! Not a cake make-up - goes on without water! Not drying!

Easier to apply! No water! No greasy finger-tips. Just smooth on Angel Face with its own soft puffet. You'll have a glamour-toned, mat finish, softer than cake make-up — and not drying!

New! Stays on longer than powder.

You've never known anything quite like Angel Face! A pressure-fused "cling" ingredient makes it go on evenly and *stay on* angelically!

New! Can't spill in your handbag.

Angel Face doesn't spill in your handbag, or "snow" over your clothes. Gives you a lovely fresh make-up, anytime and anywhere!

Creamy-smooth . . . clinging . . . it's powder and foundation in one



5 Angel Face shades — with its own soft puff. At better beauty counters everywhere.

"I love Angel Face for the smooth-tinted, mat finish that it gives my complexion, and it really stays on — much longer than powder! Angel face is the tidiest, easiest make-up I've ever known", *says THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN.*

"Angel Face is the ideal make-up I've been waiting for! It gives a flattering color and finish to my skin, doesn't need water, isn't drying, and stays on! And Angel Face is made to order for handbag use — I carry mine constantly!" *says*

MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT. AF31

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382145



VIM gives twice the shine in half the time!

This cleanser was developed in England where murky days and open fires make things *really* grimy. And Vim is far and away England's most popular cleanser. You'll find it the fastest dirt-chaser ever. A sprinkle, a rub, a rinse and porcelain and tiles gleam like new . . . pots and pans sparkle. Why work and slave with old-fashioned cleansers? Get modern Vim — in the new handy canister.



In a Modern Moisture-Proof, Long-Lasting Canister

THE MODERN CLEANSER FOR BATHS, SINKS, PANS, STOVES, PAINT-WORK, ETC.

VM.26.WW143g



U.S. CHAMPION Maureen Connolly ("Little Mo") has her tennis clothes designed by Teddy Tinling, who has been mainly responsible for fashion moving from the stands to the courts at Wimbledon.



ARGENTINE PLAYER Mrs. Maria Weiss, whose clothes have been glamorous enough for a fashion show. Here she introduces a new note in tennis coats with braided organdie, worn knee-length.

Tennis girls steal the fashion show

Women players are taking fashion honors at Wimbledon this year. Notables are Mrs. Maria Weiss, from Argentina, and Mrs. Dolly Anne Seixas, wife of U.S. player Vic Seixas.

MOST of the girls are wearing clothes designed by Teddy Tinling, who told me he has made twelve "originals," for Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly as well as dozens of different ones for other players.

One of "Little Mo's" dresses is very plain with a U-shaped neck. Worked on the side of the bodice are emblems of every country in which she has won a national championship.

There is wattle for Australia, a shamrock for Eire, a rose for England, and an American beauty rose for U.S.A.

Teddy also designs cardigans, and ribbons for the girls to wear in their hair. He says he is working until two and three o'clock every morning.

Sometimes he has only just finished a dress and got it to Wimbledon before the competitor goes on to the court.

Australia has certainly been well represented among the spectators this year. The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, the High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White, and the Test cricketers were guests of the All England Club one day.

The Duchess of Kent, looking as lovely as ever, has been here several times.

There has been a general run of those fabulous cocktail parties and dinners and it has been grand.

Neither the centre court nor court one is standing up to the terrific matches each has had to contend with.

But Wimbledon crowds are still the same. The secretary-manager of the All England Club, Colonel Macauley, told me he had refused £165,000 sterling worth of applications for tickets.

Although some people are saying that this is a dull Wimbledon without Frank, Ken, Dick Savitt, Herb Flam, and other big names in amateur tennis, it really has not made much difference to the huge crowds.

It is good to see Australian newcomers to Wimbledon, Barry Green, Rex Hartwig,

By JEAN SEDGMAN, at Wimbledon

Jack Arkinstall, Clive Wilderspin, and girls Margaret Fisher and Anne Goldsworthy, together with our Australian youngsters, Ken Rosewall, Lewis Hoad, Mervyn Rose, and Ian Ayre.

Of course the most talked of match so far is the one between that old favorite of Wimbledon crowds, Jaro Drobny, and American Budge Patty.

It was really a terrific match and quite easily the best I, and most people, have ever seen. I sat through it with Drob's wife, Rita, just in front of me. The match went on for four hours and twenty minutes before Drob won.

It was nearly dark when it finished and both boys were very tired, but Rita Drobny, I think, was even more tired than her husband. She plays almost every stroke for him.

She always sits in the same seat in the front row of the competitors' stand. During the fourth set of the match, during the tough period for Drob—he had six match points against him in all—Rita carried on a conversation in sign language. Rita was terrific.

She worries so much over Drob's tennis that she has given up playing herself. She was formerly Rita Anderson, a noted British player.

When Frank was halfway through his Nova Scotia tour, I decided to come to England to wait for him to arrive for the Scarborough tournament.

I left Montreal on the Monday and after a quick lunch on Tuesday I was back on Wimbledon's famed centre court.

On the way I wondered how I would get a seat, but when Colonel Macauley heard I had arrived he was quick to welcome me and give me tickets for competitors' seats.

He explained that a Wimbledon winner is always entitled to two seats every year, and I could have those due to Frank.

★★★★★★

TENNESSEE girls all
frankly say,
"We gladly 'hand it'
to TRUSHAY."

★★★★★★

In **MISSISSIPPI,**
say smart misses,
"TRUSHAY'd hands
attract the kisses."

★★★★★★

Say **OKLAHOMA**
mademoiselles,
"TRUSHAY'd hands
make wedding belles."

★★★★★★

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382146

ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER



Illusions
REGD.

15 Denier Ultra Sheer Nylons
I didn't dream my feet could be so comfortable after walking all day at the races . . . the lisle undersole makes such a difference. I find them very smart for evening wear with cut-away shoes. 16/9



Crepe-o-lon
TRADE MARK

A Crepe Nylon Sheer
They feel wonderful! You know these are those wonderful new nylons that look so sheer and dull, are so flexible, yet wear and wear. 16/9

AUTHENTIC
TRADE MARK

45 Denier Service Sheer Nylons
I did not think a stocking could last so long as they do, yes, even playing golf! The reason — they are 45 Denier and really sheerer in appearance than most women think. 13/6



Cherish
REGD.

30 Denier Sheer Nylons
We all cherish this nylon, because we love to have a nylon which is long wearing . . . with heels and seams just a shade darker to give a subtle sheer appearance. 14/-

COCKTAIL

15 Denier Ultra Sheer Nylons
The loveliest nylon I know! They are really precious, you could wish for nothing finer, and such a smart heel panel . . . like a dainty frame. Shadow heels they call them. 21/-

Spun Mist
REGD.

15 Denier Ultra Sheer Nylons
There are times when we must look our best, yet be economical. For this purpose, I have found these ultra sheer nylons, quality personified. 15/3



CHECKMATES
TRADE MARK

15 Denier Ultra Sheer Mesh Nylons
These are lovely, fine lacy mesh sheers that look so attractive on — yet laugh at ladders. 19/6

Wonderfoot

60 Denier Service Weight Nylons
When I really want to be comfortable, I find Wonderfoot true to its name. What a difference the cosy soft lisle undersole makes and the delightful stretchy top. 13/3



and it's true...

. . . because I have learned how to buy nylons . . . ***I'll tell you my secret.*** *Just as we have different shoes for different outfits, I now have nylons to suit all occasions.* ***Do*** *look at these illustrations and read how* **Prestige** *have planned a range of nylons to give you the longest wear. There is a type for every occasion and each one is specially planned to give true economy in your hosiery purchases.* ***Since I have learned this secret I now get wear and satisfaction from my nylons.*** *This is because great care and attention is given to all* **Prestige** *nylons, ultra sheers, sheers, service sheers and service weights. Really they are scientifically produced and no matter for what purpose they are to be used, they are* ***correctly sized*** *and* ***correctly reinforced*** *at all wear points. These details, together with seams, heel contours and colours, keep them right up to the minute for fashion conscious women.*

Prestige

There are many fashionable colours in the* Prestige *range, keeping* Prestige *always a shade ahead. Ask to see Coronation — an up to the minute smoky haze tone that blends with the latest greys, muted blues, navy and black.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382147

To be sure of long-lasting
Naturally Pretty Curls
BE BEAUTY-WISE AND NEUTRALISE

It's the step that takes only a few short minutes—but what a difference it makes.

INSIST on
Richard Hudnut
home permanent
WITH NEUTRALISER BOOSTER



Always neutralise your Home Permanent. Leaving this all-important safety-step to chance or the imperfect oxidising action of thin air is like driving a car without brakes.

That's why the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent gives you the most effective neutraliser known to chemistry today to **stop** the action of the waving lotion at the right time and to restore your hair to its natural healthy springiness.

And that's why Richard Hudnut Home Permanent also has the exclusive extra ingredient, Neutraliser Booster, to speed the action of the neutraliser and lock in your lovely soft wave. Because of Neutraliser Booster, **Richard Hudnut Home Permanent gives you a far better wave in half the time** taken for "no-neutraliser" waves. It's time-tested, safe, success-sure.



At all chemists and selected department stores, **13/-.**

Beautify your Hair with the Adorable Lustrous Sheen of
Richard Hudnut egg creme SHAMPOO



Users of this Shampoo all over Australia are delighted with the new beauty they are discovering in their hair . . . hidden subtleties of tone . . . lustrous sheen, alluringly revealed . . . so easily, quickly, simply, by the almost magical action of the real egg, which makes this Shampoo the most-sought-after by the well groomed. 4-oz. bottle, 5/6; 8-oz. bottle, 9/10.

IT'S Concentrated—32 SHAMPOOS FROM EACH 8 OZ. BOTTLE

MOTHER



"Not so much noise. You know Mum likes to sleep in on Sundays."

BUTCH



"You mind blindfolding me, too? I can't stand watching that accomplice of yours."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

SPENDTHRIFTS will be pleased to hear the result of research done by Dr. John S. Stamm, of the California Institute of Technology.

Dr. Stamm, experimenting on rats, found that a particular part of the brain controlled the "thrift" impulse. Rats with this part of the brain removed became careless and extravagant.

He went into a lot of grisly detail about the way he reached this conclusion, but you and I needn't bother with that.

The relevant thought is that some rats are thriftier than others, simply because of an arrangement of brain cells. In a word, Rockefellers are born and not made.

Even more interesting was Dr. Stamm's statement that cold weather makes rats more thrifty, hot weather less so.

I read this just after one of the winter's coldest nights, which I had spent in the unusual occupation of doing sums and brooding on how much would be saved by dropping certain extravagant habits.

Intrigued by the relation of temperature and thrift, I looked up some insurance policies—found they had all been taken out in winter.

The conclusion, obviously, is to spend one's youth in a sub-Arctic zone, thereby saving up enough to spend old age in riotous living at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

* * *

AND, speaking of sub-Arctic zones and such, the shortest day has passed, so life begins to take on a more hopeful aspect.

When I retire I intend to form a Society for the Support of Hibernation for Humans.

Until then one must take cheer where one can, and I was pleased to hear the phrase, "very cold" used in the forecast the other night instead of "cool," a word which is a ridiculous understatement of fact.

* * *

SUNSPOTS affect the Stock Exchange, says a Japanese professor. The sunspots, he says, cause disturbances in the brains of speculators, thus influencing buying and selling.

The workings of the Stock Exchange
Are from a female viewpoint strange,
Though inclination and the time
Will pluck some reason, even rhyme,
From language on financial pages
By taking it in easy stages.

One learns to know a slump from boom,
And note the market's waves of gloom,
When shares may "weaken," "sag," or "ease,"
Responsive to a chilly breeze,
And mark results of foreign crises
Reflected in the falls and rises.

But when to sell and when to buy?
Ah, there's the crux, and who would try?
For sunspots now, 'tis claimed, derange
Behaviour of the Stock Exchange.

Perhaps it's wise, though prices "harden,"
To bury money in the garden.

THE French have a reputation for a light-hearted attitude to life, but they take some things seriously.

Witness the Paris judge who found a cabaret director, a head waiter, and two guides guilty of "sullying the honor of France" by conspiring to pass off inferior wine as champagne.

French champagne is like English woollens and German lenses. It carries a reputation of excellence which is not to be trifled with.

Naturally the vendors, dealing with one-night revellers from Kansas and Kalgoorlie, who do not so much want to drink French champagne as to say they have drunk it, see the opportunity for a little profitable deceit.

Wine, to the average sober citizen of English-speaking countries, is an acquired taste. If, encountering it for the first time, they find it like aerated vinegar they are quite likely to lay the blame on their own lack of discrimination.

But the judge, very properly, feared that there might now and then turn up among the tourists one of strong character who knew what he liked, whether in modern art or champagne.

"Sullying the honor" may seem a strong phrase, but honor is always extremely important when it's bound up with the economy of a country.

* * *

TWO doctors with a passion for statistics worked out that if the heart's lifetime energy could be applied all at once it would lift the 45,000-ton battleship Missouri 14 feet out of the water.

And if a lifetime's income could be applied all at once it would buy a couple of chinchilla coats and a diamond tiara.

* * *

AFTER someone had dropped a tear-gas bomb in a crowded Melbourne bar last week, the licensee said: "I think someone was playing a practical joke. We have a social club here and the members are always playing tricks on one another."

We're fortunate to have a sense of humor,
To have a bit of fun is always nice,
We can't be bothered with the crank or gloomer,
(At weddings we throw tin-tacks and not rice).

We're full of tricks, no chance of laughs forsaking,
Though duller mortals sometimes make a fuss,
But humor's everywhere, our sides are aching
When people fall in running for a bus.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382148

Big prize will take dancer abroad

By a staff reporter

For three days before teenage dancer Valma Briggs, of Sydney, won the £500 Frances Scully Memorial Scholarship prize which will take her abroad, she was in bed suffering from a pulled back muscle.

WHILE Valma was practising the Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy from the ballet "Casse-Noisette" ("Nutcracker Suite"), she suddenly felt her back "go."

"It was really a good thing, I suppose," said 16-year-o'd Valma, who lives at Fivedock, Sydney, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Briggs, and her younger sister Annette.

"I just had to rest, so on the day when the sticking-plaster came off, and I came on at the Empire Theatre with the seven other finalists, I was quite fresh."

To win her prize Valma gave an exhibition of technique, the "Sugar Plum" performance, and wound up with the ballet "Lady of Shallot," based on the poem by Tennyson, which she had studied for the Intermediate Examination when she was a pupil at Burwood Home Science High School.

Lined up, clutching Victorian posies, the eight competitors waited for judges Mr. Harald Bowden, general manager of J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd., Mr. Edouard Borovansky, well-known ballet producer, and ballerina Sally Gilmour to make their decision.

When her name was called Valma stepped forward, and immediately burst into tears of excitement, which streaked her face with mascara from her eyelashes.

After shaking hands with the judges, she was surrounded by the other dancers, who kissed her so heartily that they left her face covered with lipstick smudges.

Backstage, she was hugged by tiny ballerinas of the future, whose ages averaged six, then hurried to the dressing-room, where her family waited to congratulate her.

Mr. Borovansky predicts a great future for Valma, who will leave within a few months for London, where she will join the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, following in the dancing steps of previous scholarship - winner Dawn Swane.

"Valma should go far," said Mr. Borovansky. "She has a beautiful foot, and an instep which reminds me of Elaine Fifield's."

(Elaine Fifield, who went to England in 1946 on a Royal Academy of Dancing Scholarship, is now one of the world's outstanding ballerinas, and dances with Sadler's Wells.)



TEENAGE DANCER Valma Briggs in the Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy.

Miss Kathleen Daintree, Secretary for the Royal Academy of Dancing throughout Australia and head of the Frances Scully School, added: "Valma is a hard worker, has wonderful poise on her points, is very musical, and is able to interpret character well. I'm very happy for her."

No one, however, could be happier than Valma, a graceful girl who stands just over five feet, weighs less than eight stone, and who wears size two and a quarter shoes on her arched feet.

Since the age of eight, when she started dancing, she has wanted to be a ballerina and to visit London. Valma studied with Mr. Leon Kellaway, Miss Lorraine Norton, and Miss Scully.

"Lessons cost round about 10/6 each," explained Valma, "and I've been learning for eight years, so you can imagine that dancing is an expensive career.

"When I was still at school I used to rush for the train to town and change quickly from my tunic into tights and top. Then I'd practise for about four hours. But in the end I had to choose between school and dancing.

"Of course, dancing won, and since I left school I've gone for all the exams in it which I can take in Australia, including the Solo Seal."

No one, as far as Valma knows, has ever been a dancer in her family. Mr. Briggs works in the railways, and Mrs. Briggs since her marriage has run the home for him and their two children.

When asked what else she enjoys doing, Valma shook back her shoulder-length hair, and said:

"Nothing else really. Ballet's enough for me.

"Whenever there's any ballet performance in Sydney I go along to watch.

"My favorite ballets are 'Swan Lake,' 'Coppelia,' and 'Giselle.' We haven't a gramophone at home, but I watch the papers to see when ballet music will be played, and tune in on the wireless to listen. I collect any magazines which show pictures of dancers like Moira Shearer or Margot Fonteyn.

"Sometimes you get ideas on technique from photographs. And, of course, I save up to buy books on ballet."

Valma returned home with her parents after her win to sit up most of the night talking excitedly over the future.

The Briggs family are not on the telephone, so their evening wasn't interrupted, but next day the post office sent round two dozen telegrams.

Valma is hoping that her mother will be able to go to England with her, but does not know for sure as yet.

Her grandmothers, Mrs. M. Briggs and Mrs. Rose Smith, both of Fivedock, have already given her a travelling rug and a clock to take. She speaks of her grandmothers with the same love as she spoke of her parents.

In London, even if she goes alone, Valma will find old friends, including Dawn Swane, who took part in ballet sequences of the opera "Gloriana" at the Command Performance at Covent Garden in Coronation week.

The prize-money is subscribed annually by parents of girls who attend or have attended the Frances Scully School of Dancing, and the scholarship is open to pupils over 14 and under 20 years.

★★★★★★

All the belles in **ALABAMA** Say TRUSHAY's "the cat's pyjama."

★★★★★★

In **IOWA** smart girls say, "Iowa lot to smooth TRUSHAY."

★★★★★★

Even on the **OREGON** trail— Hands are TRUSHAY'd without fail.

★★★★★★

NEW Faster-Lathering SUNLIGHT

gets children's garments really clean



New Sunlight's better-than-ever!

Now new Sunlight makes more lather—faster! Not thin skimpy lather but heaps and heaps of glorious thick lather! And new Sunlight has a new smoothness — no rough, ragged edges, no wasteful crumbly surfaces you'll find with ordinary bar soaps. And new Sunlight comes to you in two big easy to manage bars instead of three small ones.

NEW SUNLIGHT IS ALL-PURE . . . YOUR HANDS AS WELL AS YOUR CLOTHES WILL TELL YOU SO!

Sa.173.WW1-Qc

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382149

Each of the 48 States votes it

America's loveliest Hand Lotion



Now it's available in Australia for the first time!

WHY American women love TRUSHAY

Trushay makes the hands velvety soft and smooth . . .
Trushay prevents cold-weather chapping and chafing . . .
Trushay is non-greasy, quickly absorbed . . .
Trushay makes a delightful after-bath lotion . . .
Trushay has a delicious long-lasting perfume . . .
Trushay has the remarkable "beforehand" extra*

TRUSHAY

. . . THE FRAGRANT PETAL-PINK HAND-LOTION WITH THE "BEFOREHAND" EXTRA*

4/-

6/6

TRUSHAY'S "beforehand" extra

When you apply Trushay *beforehand* — *before* any task that's hard on the hands — it forms an invisible "glove" that protects the skin from grime, grease and even hot suds: water. Trushay will keep *your* busy hands lovely!

Use Trushay First



Use Trushay First



Use Trushay First



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382150

Papua-New Guinea contingent returns



SOUVENIRS of the Coronation which the boys are taking back home include glasses, mugs, and mirrors with portraits of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Here, Sergeant-Majors Ligo Pala, William George, and Sairere compare their treasures.

Papua and New Guinea war veterans who formed the Coronation contingent will be pleased to get home to their sunshine, but returned with glowing tales of English hospitality.

THEY have travelled farther in the past three months than any of their countrymen are likely to do in a lifetime.

Sergeant-Major John Guise, of Port Moresby, who speaks perfect English, explained how the boys—15 from New Guinea and 10 from Papua — became adapted to the sudden change in their lives.

"When we first got to our camp in Woking, near London, we all felt a bit shy and were not sure how to meet English people," he said.

"Apart from our regular drill practice, we were free to do what we liked — but we didn't know where to go.

"Then we found it is the same in every country—if you want to make friends you can.

"It all happened through the little children who used to come up and look at the boys on guard duty.

"They would take us by the hand and say, 'Come home and meet Mummy and Daddy.'

"Then it was wonderful. We would go to people's homes and sit by the fire and talk.

"Sometimes in the good weather we would work with them in their gardens—and this was the best of all.

"Apart from our families, what we had missed most were our gardens.

"Look, I will show you the most precious thing I brought back from London."

Sergeant - Major Guise opened a pocket-book reverently.

Inside was a collection of English wildflowers and leaves he was taking home to show his own children.



A WARM FIRE is the first thing the boys look for as soon as they go into a room. Dressed in their official tropical uniform, they feel the Australian winter very much, and are proud of their record of no illness in England.



GIANT COOK POT at Yaralla Hospital intrigues Constable Joseph Kami, of Lae, who tries his hand at stirring, although he admits cheerfully he's "no cook boy."



SECRETARY of the New Guinea Ex-Servicemen's Club Alan Pagett gives his autograph to Sergeant-Major Christian, chief native instructor from Sogeri, while Constable Duna and other members of the contingent finish afternoon tea.



WRITING HOME to his family on his arrival back in Australia, Sergeant-Major William George finds it hard to describe his adventures. The rugs are prayer mats bought during a visit ashore at Aden.



GOOD MATES on sentry-go are Private "Dog" and Sergeant-Major Sairere, who, like all his countrymen, loves animals. The contingent won high praise overseas for its drilling standard. Pictures by staff photographer Ted Hood.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382151

THE NEW ENSEMBLE



● Beige wool for the slim-line coat, far left, complete with its own button-trimmed dress. The coat is lined with matching satin, which turns back to face the long, tailored revers.

● Straight-cut coat and matching stem-slim skirt, left, are worn with printed surah silk blouse with a soft bow-tie neckline. The coat lining is matched to the black-spotted blouse.

● Loose-waisted, loose-bodied coat, lower left, designed with wide elbow-length sleeves and worn over a printed one-piece. The coat is lined with the speckled silk print of the dress and is turned back on the sleeves to form cuffs.

● One of the prettiest fashions of the incoming season, above, is a printed dress with its own matching coat. The dress is cut completely straight, the coat is lined with fine wool chiffon.

● Earth-beige shantung is used for the well-waisted redingote, left, with a flared skirt. The collar and cuffs are faced with the material of the dress, which is striped in mint-green and beige.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382152

. . . matching or contrasting

● Suit in plain, coat in print is the new formula for the ensemble, below. The slender beige suit has a soft scarf neckline and belted waist. The print, imitating the spots of a snow leopard, is matched to the wrapped turban.

● Three parts — jacket, skirt, blouse—designed to blend in a wearable and charming suit, below. The cardigan-type jacket lined with black-and-white coin-spotted chiffon matches the soft blouse material. Note low cut cowl neckline.

● Slim box-jacket, right, is made in sandy beige soft-textured wool and worn over a slender matching dress. Jacket and dress are designed with button-up cardigan necklines, the jacket lined with scarlet silk.



● Dress and match-box jacket, above, both in pink tweed flecked in mauve and yellow. Note the jacket edge finished with three deep pleats. The dress-jacket costume is a top fashion for the new season.

● Green-and-black tweed makes the trimly tailored jacket, right. The ribbon bow, tied under the stand-up collar, is black grosgrain. The jacket is chic over slim black.

● Strongly patterned golden-yellow silk dress, right, printed in black and worn with a black silk jacket lined with the print of the dress. The dress has a peg-top skirt. The jacket is loose and easy.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382153

Fly Pan American... get the priceless advantage of More Experience

These Clipper Captains are typical of the veteran pilots who fly you to London aboard "The President"



Captain Harry L. Turner *(right)*, during his 23 years with Pan American has flown everything from early Sikorsky amphibians and Martin Flying Boats to giant double-decked "Strato" Clippers*!



Captain Gene A. Meyring *(above)* has been flying 26 years, the last 20 with Pan American during which he pioneered the air routes in Alaska. He has flown nearly every type commercial aircraft during his long career.



Captain Kenneth V. Beer *(left)* has flown 24 years for Pan American — has 20,000 pilot hours and is PAA's senior captain in the Pacific Division. He was the 26th pilot to join Pan American.





Captain Frederick C. Richards *(right)* has flown a total of 17,000 pilot hours during his distinguished career. He joined Pan American in 1932 and has piloted the Clippers to many Pacific records.

Captain Samuel T. Peters *(left)*, chief pilot and manager of Pacific-Alaska Division Flight Operations, has been flying for 21 years—all of this time with Pan American.



For confirmed reservations to London, call your Travel Agent or Pan American
Sydney: Mezzanine Floor, Hotel Australia
Telephone: BW 4701, BW 1591
Melbourne: 5th Floor, Bank of New South Wales Building
368 Collins Street. Telephone: M 1185-6

2 "President" flights weekly from Sydney

1st AIRLINE TO FLY THE PACIFIC

World's Most Experienced Airline

PAA
PAN AMERICAN

*Trade-Mark. Pan American World Airways, Inc.

Pan American World Airways, Inc., Ltd., Incorporated in U.S.A.

SF.9015

Worth Reporting

BEING private secretary to the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, has afforded Miss Hazel Craig half a million air miles of travel, including three visits to London. She is due home from her Coronation trip with the Prime Minister and his family towards the end of this month.

Asked what was needed to become private secretary to a Prime Minister, Miss Craig replied, "A lot of luck."

In her case the luck came in the last days of the great depression in 1933, when she was forced by economic circumstances to leave St. George High School, Kogarah, N.S.W., without the Leaving Certificate needed for a scholarship to the Teachers' Training College.

She took a job with a government department in Canberra at a wage of 25/- a week, and eventually rose to her present position.

Hazel describes herself as not particularly patient, and certainly not a perfect secretary.

She comes from Bankstown, N.S.W., and has a flat in Canberra, but is hardly ever there to live in it. Being the Prime Minister's secretary leaves her little time to organise her private life.

On her present trip her job has been to look after the official engagements and correspondence of both Mrs. Menzies and Heather Menzies, as well as the Prime Minister's.

Hazel was awarded the M.B.E. in the Queen's Coronation Honors list.



"I just don't like worms, that's all."

Ghost works new racket

ENGLAND'S newest ghost is of a young man in white shorts who carries a tennis racquet tucked underneath his arm.

The British Broadcasting Corporation, which has done some research on the subject, has come out with the reassuring statement that spectres with rattling chains and no heads are still in the majority.

The B.B.C. has also discovered that the only other ghostly tradition-breaker in recent times was a horseman who wore skins and made "threatening gestures with a club."

Unfortunately the B.B.C. did not specify whether this was a golf club.

* * *

THIS comes from an amateur psychologist: Don't get married before you've been to a circus together. Anyone who doesn't enjoy a circus is too grown-up or too self-conscious ever to make a good life companion.

Handicrafts contest for aborigines

THIS year marks a great revival of interest in handicrafts among aborigines on the various aboriginal reserves in Queensland.

Competition for perfection is keen. The reason is that representatives of the various reserves will come to Brisbane next month for the aborigines' exhibition of handwork at the Brisbane Exhibition.

The winning reserve will hold permanently the Jones Shield, for which reserves have competed for several years.

The shield, of Burdekin plum, was made at Palm Island, and was presented by the Hon. Arthur Jones when he was Minister in charge of Native Affairs. Cherbourg Reserve aborigines have added engraved symbolic figures, which show the development of their race.

The first figures are aborigines with spears and boomerangs, and the later ones show aborigines at a workshop machine and driving a tractor.

* * *

WE felt that the ultimate in road courtesy has been reached in one of Melbourne's main thoroughfares.

"Pardon Our Scaffolding" is the wording in large red letters on a hoarding which guards road repairs.

* * *

Cleaning up the White House

SPOKESMAN for the men who look after America's presidential mansion, the White House, recently told a sub-committee of the U.S. Congress that it would take 100 average wives from 100 average homes to look after the White House in the manner to which it was accustomed.

The 1,600,000 cubic feet of executive mansion which the staff of 70 males have to maintain and keep clean is equivalent to about 100 average American homes, the spokesman claimed.

It happens that we have in hand two similar items of domestic statistics, also from America. One announces that in the U.S. average home the wife washes 5000 feet (or one acre) of dishes a year. The other says that a wife washed her husband's socks 150 times a year.

As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): An ambition may be attained. If married, this may apply to the marriage partner. July 11 could lead to family arguments. You'll need to keep your temper well in hand.

TAURUS (April 21 - May 20): Correspondence and interviews with those in authority are under smiling stars on July 7. Short journeys are favored on July 12.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): With Venus, the Lesser Fortune, in your sign, you might turn an honest penny on July 7. July 12 is well aspected for business or pleasure and could bring much happiness.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Ideas in the back of your mind may come to the surface and bear fruit on July 9. That should make for happiness in the long run, but July 11 is a danger signal.

LEO (July 23-August 22): If July 11 brings sudden changes or unexpected news, don't grow discouraged. The morning of July 13 may be tough, but the evening gives you a lift.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): You can accomplish a great amount of work in any direction on July 7. After this week, financial gains of a modest sort may bring an unexpected boost.

LIBRA (September 24 - October 23): Many a Libran will find a new job on July 7 or accept fresh responsibilities. Your prestige was never higher than on July 12.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Look ahead on July 8 and push your interests with an eye on the target. Progress may be considerable by July 9.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Get a flying start on July 8; be firm if opposition to your schemes is encountered. July 13 proves you had the right idea.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Be among those present on the evening of July 8; it's ace-high for the social game, but July 11 will be more fortunate if spent at home.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): While July 7 beams on hard work, interesting developments in connection therewith, or new enterprises, play safe on July 10.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): That exciting interview or that little flutter of a financial nature might eventuate on July 8. Stop, look, and listen on July 11.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

★★★★★★

The most kissed hands in **ILLINOIS**
Are TRUSHAY'd hands
(just ask the boys!).

★★★★★★

Say **NEBRASKA** folk,
down on the farm,
"TRUSHAY protects the
hands from harm."

★★★★★★

In **MAINE** the girls
with lovely hands
Use TRUSHAY—not the
"unknown" brands.

★★★★★★

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382154

Enjoy Peek Frean's cream biscuits







See them Try them Taste them







Ask your grocer for

Peek Frean's CREAM BISCUITS

served from this bright new tin



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382155

Stocktaking Clearance SALE

Here's your opportunity to buy Finchley's "plus-quality" furs at a fraction of their normal price!



★ Luxuriously furred Wallaby hip-length Sling Cape, with a long roll collar, in fashion's newest shades of Brunette Mink This month only **24½ Gns.**



★ Lustrous Silver Fox Capes and Blue Fox Capes 16" long, specially designed and fashioned from selected Finchley quality skins this month ... only **16½ Gns.**



★ Extravagantly lovely hip-length Cape in rich dark Sable-brown dyed Fox. These Capes are all you could desire, and are now well within your budget. All fittings to 42". Remarkable value this month ... only **14½ Gns.**



★ Imported White Lapin fashioned to accent young loveliness in a charming Cape for this month's ridiculously low price of **8½ Gns.**



★ Blue Fox Cape-Stoles of top Finchley quality furs, with glamour and high fashion in every curve. This month from.... **43½ Gns.**

AVAIL YOURSELF OF FINCHLEY'S SPECIAL SERVICES

- ☆ LAY-BY
- ☆ MAIL ORDER
- ☆ RENOVATIONS

Mail Orders—Please address to Mail Order Dept. Indicate bust measurement required and allow extra 3/6 for freight and packing.

Each of Finchley's furs carries the famous Guarantee. You can be proud to wear your Finchley's fur, knowing its loveliness will last for many years to come.



★ Lapin Cape with styled Duchess collar, expertly fashioned from selected skins and dyed to luxurious shades of Dark Brown, Mid-brown, and Mid-grey. 18" long in all sizes to 42". Yours this month for **6½ Gns.**

★ For the Woman of Good Taste who requires a small fur suitable for all occasions, this charming Coronet Cape is ideal. Of richly furred Mink-dyed Peschaniki, this elegant cape represents outstanding value **34½ Gns.**



★ Luxurious Cape-Stoles of richly furred Dyed Fox ... in glorious shades of Blue Fox ... Sable ... Honey ... also in the new Silver Blue-Mist blended Wallaroo. The price for any of these—exactly the kind you'd expect from Finchley's ... only **20½ Gns.**



Finchleys

SYDNEY'S LEADING FURRIER

73 YORK STREET, SYDNEY—BX 4139

(2 doors from King Street)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382156

From Under my Hat

Second instalment of our Hollywood serial

by HEDDA HOPPER

SYNOPSIS: From small-town beginnings in Altoona, Pennsylvania, young Elda Furry goes to New York determined to become an actress.

There she meets and later marries DeWolf Hopper, an older man and a famous actor of the early American theatre. She changes her name to Hedda.

As Wolfie's wife, Hedda Hopper mingles with top theatrical personalities like the Barrymores, Douglas Fairbanks, sen., and youthful Tullulah Bankhead.

After divorcing DeWolf Hopper, enterprising Hedda signs a contract to work for Louis B. Mayer in Hollywood for a year. Before leaving for California, Hedda goes off for a Paris holiday. NOW READ ON:

PARIS was every girl's dream come true, and to me it is still the most beautiful city in the world.

I wanted to see London. My friend Zabelle had been there, so I crossed the English Channel alone.

Charles Cochran, the British theatrical producer, invited me to the opening of "The Dancers," which marked Tallulah Bankhead's first London appearance. The way it came about makes quite a story.

Ira Hill, the famous New York photographer, kept a picture of Tallu in his Fifth Avenue showcase. When Cochran noticed it he stood stock-still for a full minute. Tallulah was wearing an off-shoulder black velvet gown.

Next day Cochran lunched with Frank Case at the Algonquin and commented on the remarkable picture he'd seen in Hill's case. Did Frank know who the girl was? Was she an actress?

Looking across the dining-room, Case spotted Tallu and called her over.

Cochran commented on the beautiful picture and asked what experience she'd had in the theatre. She'd been in several plays; none lasted very long. Cochran said, "If you ever get to England I'll give you a job."

"Remember," she cried. "I have a witness. You promised. You won't back out?"

Said Cochran gallantly, "Nor will I forget."

From her first day in London she never ceased to startle the natives. Her caprices and her fund of stories were a sensation. She raced through London like a Texas twister. Never had the English beheld such vitality.

Soon after her arrival Cochran's top star, Sir Gerald du Maurier, was scheduled to commence rehearsals of a new play, "The Dancers," which needed an American girl. Cochran decided to take a chance.

"Let's see what you can do with it," he said to Tallu.

On opening night she got a tremendous hand. She was a hit—she was in. In those days a London success automatically meant kudos everywhere.

After the final curtain call, Mrs. Cochran took me backstage and upstairs to Tallu's dressing-room. We found her face down amid the grease paint and powder on her dressing table sobbing her heart out.

"Are you crazy?" I greeted her. "You should be jumping for joy. You gave the most brilliant imitation of Ethel Barrymore I've ever seen—"

Her head came up with a jerk. She stuttered. "D'you think anyone recognised it?"

"Of course not. They don't know Ethel well enough over here."

Coming home on the Ile de France after that first trip to Europe, I agreed to appear in a benefit. Not being able to sing or dance, I decided to wear a beautiful gown of cloth of silver I'd bought in Paris.

When my turn came, the applause was healthy. I realised it was aimed at what you might call my design. As I waited for it to subside, some stories I'd learned from Wolfie popped into my feeble brain. Those yarns spilled out of me like water over the falls. I realised for the first time that as long as Wolfie's stories held out I could hold my own in a well-assorted group of experienced entertainers.

Wolfie's stories are still being told.

Louis Mayer rented space for his studio at the Selig Zoo in Los Angeles. A lion there gave him the idea of his Leo trademark. Louis' assistant was the young enterprising Irving Thalberg, who had started as an office boy at Universal for old Papa Carl Laemmle.

Irving Thalberg was the only genius, except D. W. Griffith and Walt Disney, I ever met in the motion-picture industry. Louis was always the clever politician—still is—but Irving was the little creative giant.

After taking a cut of $750 a week to come to Hollywood, I was thrown a curve on my first picture. I was to have played the leading part in the film.

At my first meeting with the director I felt a chill blow off some icy mountain-top of his mind. "I can't photograph this woman!" he announced suddenly. In those days directors were almost more important than producers. If a film turned out badly the director could gloat—and don't think he wouldn't!—"Well, I told you so!"

The news that this director couldn't photograph the new actress from New York ran around like wildfire. It all but ruined my picture career before it even got going.

Until John Stahl, Mr. Mayer's ace director, heard about it. John said, "That's nonsense! When I make my next picture I'll put her in it." He kept his word. It was the first film I made with Norma Shearer.

It was at the Selig Zoo that Norma met Irving Thalberg. Many stars had no time for Irving. Let it be said that he had little time for girls. He hadn't yet struck it rich. Norma married Thalberg and he made her number one star at Metro. Naturally, Norma got first whack at everything — stories, writers, directors, leading men.

When her first child was born it ushered in a new era in Hollywood ways. Hitherto the picture companies had been terrified by the idea of a star having a child—her glamor wouldn't stand it.

Norma cracked that tradition. The public had never really swallowed it, anyway — the producers only imagined it. Anyhow, after her babies came Norma was more popular than ever.

After I had made several pictures, the director who had said he couldn't photograph me asked to have me in his next. Now it was my turn to refuse.

Irving Thalberg sent for me. "What's all this about?" he asked.

When I told him, he said, "I don't blame you. I would refuse, too. Just the same, it'll have to mean your contract." Rules were rules, policies were policies.

Right off the bat I got a picture on my own. Making that picture gave me my only trip to Florida. From Florida I went to New York to see the new plays—1924 was a vintage year.

I was on hand, too, for the New York premiere of Doug Fairbanks' "Thief of Bagdad." For blocks on either side of the theatre, Forty-second Street was mobbed with people crazy to see Doug and Mary. The stars wanted everyone seated before making their entrance. Half a block from the theatre, Doug heard feminine screams. Leaning forward he heard: "Rudy — Rudy — oh, Rudy — you're wonderful—we love you, Ruuuu-deeee!"

Yes, the great lover Rudolph Valentino was making his entrance and Doug knew in a split second he couldn't compete. "Drive around the block," he said to the chauffeur.

By this time I had received several picture offers from the coast, so back I went to the mines. In short order I was in so many that I now forget their titles.

During Laurette Taylor's two or three trips to Hollywood with her husband, Hartley Manners, to make pictures, she and I became real friends. Laurette didn't like women. She used to say to me darkly, "Don't trust 'em, Hedda; they'll double-cross you every time." Then she'd add with a laugh, "Don't trust me, either. I'm black Irish—we love you one minute and turn on you the next." But she never did.

Laurette was an incurable romantic. While she was making a picture at Metro she met Jack Gilbert. She responded to his youth and he bowed to her talent.

To be continued



NORMA SHEARER (right) chats with Hedda Hopper. A topflight glamor star, Norma ushered in a new era in Hollywood ways. By publicising her babies she scotched the idea that motherhood was bad box-office.



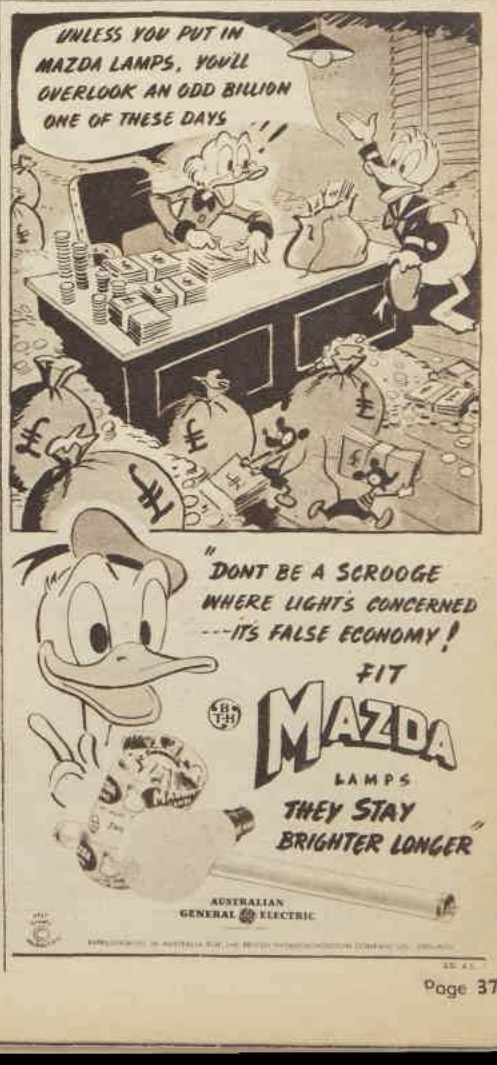
Carry a bit of heaven in your handbag—
exactly the same perfume as in Goya's luxury-sized 105/- bottles—
in a chic Handbag Phial for 5/-.

Five fragrances: Pink Mimosa, No. 5, Gardenia, Great Expectations, Heather.

Sole Distributors: James Hare & Co. Pty. Ltd., 409 Collins St., Melb.

★★★★★★
The **ARIZONA** girl demands Lovely TRUSHAY for her hands.
★★★★★★

★★★★★★
The loveliest hands in **INDIANA** Are TRUSHAY'd in the modern manner.
★★★★★★



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382157

Clark Gable

After 23 years in films Clark Gable is still known as "The King" around the Metro lot, where his career began in 1930.

FILM FAN-FARE
By M.J. McMahon

GRETA GARBO, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, and Helen Hayes were among his leading ladies of the early screen. So were Joan Crawford and Myrna Loy.

Britain's Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara was his co-star in what is considered to be one of his top films, "Gone With the Wind."

He was a natural for the role of Rhett Butler, the dashing blockade-runner who scorned the traditions of pre-Civil War Southern society from which he was banished.

"Gone With the Wind" was made in 1939 and released in Australia in 1940. It has been revived five times.

Gable won his Academy Award Oscar in 1934 in the comedy "It Happened One Night." Claudette Colbert was the girl.

Now a greying 52, with a total of 50 films to his credit, Clark Gable is assured, charming, admirably tailored and extremely wealthy.

His power to beglamor the public remains, in spite of the flight of time, a couple of postwar film flops, and fewer pictures.

Four marriages and scores of rumored romances have lent credence to the belief that Gable is a romantic he-man—a title which he dislikes.

Distinguished drama coach Josephine Dillon, an older woman, was the first Mrs. Gable. She married Clark in 1924 and they were divorced in 1929.

Wealthy, mature Rhea Langham became the second Mrs. Gable in 1930. The marriage was dissolved in 1939.

Film star Carole Lombard, who was several years younger than Gable, married him in the same year. She died in an air crash in 1942.

Society widow Sylvia, Lady Ashley, married widower Gable in 1949 and divorced him in 1951.

Clark Gable fits the he-man description. He is as big a chap as he appears on the screen—6 feet 1 inch tall, weighing about 14 stone.

He is a keen sportsman with a love of hunting, fishing, and ranching. He is also an expert pilot.

After the tragic death of Carole Lombard, Gable quietly enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps at the age of 41. He served as a gunner, went to England, and won the Air Medal after five bomber combat missions over Europe.

His active service ended in 1944, after he had become a major. He returned to Hollywood and accepted the role of a merchant seaman in "Adventure" with Greer Garson.

In 1947 he made "The Hucksters" and in 1951 "Lone Star." There were six other films in between.

To the question, "Who will be the fifth Mrs. Gable?" Clark flashes his dimpled grin and lets romantic speculations fall where they may.

At present he is enjoying an extended tour of England and the Continent following recent legal tangles with Lady Ashley. In Europe his name has been linked with that of Suzanne Dodelle, a French model.

During these travels he has made a film at London's Elstree Studio, "Never Let Me Go," which co-stars an old friend, Gene Tierney, and "Mogambo," a lively African adventure with Ava Gardner.

Clark Gable's contract with Metro expires shortly.

Under the present arrangement he is said to receive a salary of £2187 a week, plus a percentage of each film's profits and three months' holiday each year.

Gable admits that he would like to move over to the technical side of movie-making.

Perhaps he will give it a flutter. But until then he is still "The King."

● ***Next week — Debbie Reynolds.***



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382158



Be artful with Mustard!

SO TASTY TO THE TONGUE

Make the best of roast beef by rubbing a teaspoon of Mustard into the roast before popping it into the oven. And another bright thought: before grilling steak, rub it with 1 teaspoon each of Mustard, sugar and salt!



KEEN'S MUSTARD .. of course

Here's the PAIN



Where's the SLOAN'S

You feel distinct comfort immediately you put on a little Sloan's Liniment. Then, in only a few minutes, the warming EXTRA blood flow induced gives you soothing relief from pain. For quick relief of backache, stiffness, neuritis, lumbago, strains and sprains.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT 2'9 AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

LOOK FOR THESE SYMPTOMS OF WORMS

Itchy nose, irritability, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking

Comstock's Worm Pellets

★★★★★★

In CALIFORNIA, "stars" are gay— For lovely hands they thank TRUSHAY.

★★★★★★

Up near COLORADO Springs TRUSHAY'd hands get wedding rings.

★★★★★★

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Where's Charley?

WARNERS' version of the Broadway success "Where's Charley?" is an affair of raucous sound and fevered movement.

The film is a musical adaptation of that evergreen comedy "Charley's Aunt," which is, of course, about a wacky Oxford student who masquerades as his own wealthy aunt.

In it Ray Bolger, making one of his too infrequent screen appearances, is a thoroughly likeable, irrepressible Charley.

His easy style, graceful dancing, and warm personality are highlights of the film.

This last is particularly noticeable in his "Once in Love With Amy" number, in which Bolger invites audience participation.

By comparison the rest of the cheerful cast seems somewhat artificial. They are Alleyn McLerie (Amy), Robert Shackleton (Jack), and veteran comedian Horace Cooper as choleric Mr. Spettigue, an elderly swain who falls under the spell of Charley's aunt.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

★ Beautiful but Dangerous

THERE is nothing wrong with either the character work or the unorthodox comedy idea behind R.K.O.'s "Beautiful but Dangerous."

Slow pace and lack of inventiveness in broadening the theme are the main points of criticism.

Charming-to-watch Jean Simmons is the girl of the film title. It is her second American-made picture.

Robert Mitchum plays a small-town doctor pleasantly enough, but is more efficient tending fishing lines than attending to patients.

The basic story idea is found in the plan of generous but misguided oil heiress Jean Simmons to secretly repay the kindly people of the tiny town of Progress in which she was born for the help which saved her life as a child.

The snag is that the town economy is based on the barter system, and Jean's anonymous gifts create chaos within the community.

Town veterinarian Wallace Ford and tippler Arthur Hunnicut are among local characters.

In Sydney—Century.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Chicago Calling," suspense drama, starring Dan Duryea, Mary Anderson. Plus ★ "Streets of Laredo," Western, starring Mona Freeman, William Holden. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "Beautiful but Dangerous," comedy, starring Jean Simmons, Robert Mitchum. (See review this page.) Plus "Tropical Heatwave," musical comedy, starring Estelita Rodriguez, Robert Hutton.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," technicolor musical drama, starring Robert Morley, Maurice Evans, Peter Finch. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★★ "Pygmalion," Shavian comedy, starring Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller. (Re-release.) Plus "A Tale of Five Women," romantic drama, starring Bonar Colleano, Anne Vernon, Barbara Kelly, Eva Bartok.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Julius Caesar," Shakespearian tragedy, starring James Mason, Marlon Brando, John Gielgud. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Fort Ti," technicolor 3-D adventure of early America, starring George Montgomery, Joan Vohs. Plus ★ "Eight Iron Men," war drama, starring Bonar Colleano.

LYRIC.—★★ "Men of Texas," Western, starring Robert Stack, Broderick Crawford. Plus ★ "Danger in the Pacific," spy drama, starring Leo Carillo, Andy Devine. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "Where's Charley?" comedy, starring Ray Bolger, Robert Shackleton, Alleyn McLerie. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★ "Iron Mistress," technicolor period adventure, starring Alan Ladd, Virginia Mayo. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Limelight," drama, starring Charles Chaplin, Claire Bloom. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★★ "A Queen Is Crowned," technicolor Coronation feature, narrated by Sir Laurence Olivier. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama, starring Burt Lancaster, Shirley Booth, Terry Moore. Plus ★ "Two Dollar Bettor," gambling drama, starring John Litel, Marie Winsor.

Films not yet reviewed

CIVIC.—"The Woman They Almost Lynched," Western, starring John Lund, Brian Donlevy, Audrey Totter, Joan Leslie. Plus "Experiment Alcatraz," prison drama, starring Joan Dixon, John Howard. (Re-release.)

PALACE.—"The I Don't Care Girl," technicolor musical, starring Mitzi Gaynor, David Wayne. Plus "Cariboo Trail," cinecolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Dale Robertson, Karen Booth.

PARK.—"The Toughest Man in Arizona," truecolor Western, starring Vaughn Monroe, Joan Leslie. Plus "Don't Gamble With Strangers," drama, starring Kane Richmond, Bernadine Hayes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—"Somebody Loves Me," technicolor musical, starring Betty Hutton, Ralph Meeker. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—"Miss Julie," Swedish-language drama, starring Anita Bjork, Ulf Palme. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—"Never Let Me Go," drama, starring Clark Gable, Gene Tierney. Plus "Bright Road," comedy, starring Dorothy Dandridge, Philip Hepburn.

VICTORY.—"The Golden Hawk," technicolor adventure-drama, starring Sterling Hayden, Rhonda Fleming. Plus "The Last Posse," Western, starring Broderick Crawford, John Derek, Wanda Hendrix.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

News from studios

COMPARED with the massive cosmetic equipment of some stars, Glynis Johns' artificial aids against the camera's penetrating eye are simple—a handful of kitchen salt thrown into the bath, peanut oil skin cleanser, a touch of mascara, coral lipstick, and a light face dust of fullers earth. Apart from these minor adornments, there is your nearer-to-nature Tudor heroine of "The Sword and the Rose," her latest film.

★ ★ ★

PIQUANT new star of Hollywood, Leslie Caron, has been touring the picturesque south of her native France in wide-eyed wonder and finding places like Saint Paul de Vence, with its famous chapel decorated by Matisse, "Just too marvellous." That is until she walked too carelessly through the ancient, cobbled streets. That was less marvellous. She twisted both ankles. And little Leslie won't be dancing for a while now.

★ ★ ★

THOSE great early Hollywood partner favorites Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are to have a new lease of screen life. They are making a film of their hugely popular radio comedy half-hour "Life with the Lyons," which includes as stars their son Richard and daughter Barbara. Long after the famous couple had given up all thought of further screen adventures on our side of the camera—Ben is now an executive of Twentieth Century-Fox in London—their great public popularity as radio entertainers has brought them back.

★ ★ ★

SONJA HENIE, fabulously wealthy and intent on enjoying all the pampering money can buy, has not only brought her husband, mother, masseuse, coiffeur, skate sharpener, and two refrigerators to London for her ice show, but she has also demanded of the hotel manager—and got—bedsheets of blue silk. Sonja cannot sleep without them. It's a habit, she explains, that she shares with Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

whitmont Sports Shirts

STYLED IN LOS ANGELES



"TWO-TIMER"

The Sports Shirt that is also a Street Shirt

WHITMONT CALIFORNIA Casualaire FROM 79/6

whitmont Calsun FROM 59/6

In Miracords, 85/- In Palm Springs, 64/6

NOT A SHIRT BUT A WAY OF LIFE

He's got something to sing about!



This young fellow is really happy about his nappy these days. That's because mother has protected him from nappy rash with gentle, safe "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Smooth on "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly each time you change baby's nappy and you can be sure he'll be twice as comfortable.



Hygienic "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is available everywhere.

"Vaseline" is the reg. trade mark of Chesebrough Mfg. Co. (Consd.).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382159



enjoy **Kia-ora** *soups all round the clock*

Any time is Kia-ora Soup time – and what wonderful soups they are. Rich, creamy, delicious, and economical. Five famous flavours – everyone **double-strength.** For lunch, dinner, "elevenses", there's nothing like piping hot Kia-ora Soups to put welcome sunshine into chilly days.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382160



From Soup to Sweets

By our Food and Cookery Experts

MENU
(Illustrated above)

Potato and onion chowder
Scalloped tuna
Roast lamb with minted pineapple
Roast potatoes, pumpkin
Cauliflower au gratin, peas
Spanish cream with chocolate sauce

APPETITES sharpened by crisp winter air and chilly winds call for hot, hearty dinners.

The recipes on this and the following pages of our Winter Cookery feature are planned to give a lift to family menus and add new interest to the preparation of meals on cold days, when cookery can be a real pleasure.

Piping hot soup is a fine starter, but a hot entree may be substituted for a change.

A cold sweet at the end of a hot dinner is most refreshing, particularly if it is flavored with fruit.

Spoon measurements in all recipes which follow are level.

POTATO AND ONION CHOWDER

Three or four soup bones, 1 quart water, 4 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 3 large potatoes, 2 large onions, 2½ cups milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, toasted or fried croutons.

Place bones in saucepan with water, salt and pepper. Cover closely, simmer 1½ hours. Remove bones, add potatoes and onions, cook steadily until quite soft. Press through strainer and return to saucepan with milk, butter, and sugar. Reheat almost to boiling point, correct seasoning. Fold in parsley. Serve hot with toasted or fried croutons.

SCALLOPED TUNA

One 7oz. tin tuna, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped red pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1½ cups milk, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch cayenne pepper, squeeze lemon juice, soft breadcrumbs, extra butter, lemon, and parsley.

Cook finely chopped onion in the butter until soft and yellow but not browned. Add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes, stirring all the time. Add milk, sauce, and cayenne pepper. Stir until boiling. Fold in flaked tuna and liquid from tin, chopped red pepper, and a good squeeze of lemon juice. Fill into greased scallop shells, top with breadcrumbs. Dot generously with extra butter, bake in moderate oven until lightly browned on top. Serve with lemon, garnish with parsley.

ROAST LAMB WITH MINTED PINEAPPLE

One leg of lamb, fat, pineapple slices (fresh or tinned), chopped mint.

Bake leg of lamb in usual way; about 20 minutes before serving, cut slits in top of joint and insert half slices of pineapple which have been rolled in chopped mint. Continue cooking until pineapple is heated through. Serve with baked vegetables and brown gravy.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

Cauliflower, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons flour, ½ pint milk, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2oz. or 3oz. grated cheese, 1 or 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs.

Cook cauliflower in usual way, drain carefully, place in ovenware dish. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Flavor with salt and cayenne pepper. Pour over cauliflower, sprinkle top with grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Dot with extra butter or substitute, bake in oven until lightly browned on top.

SPANISH CREAM

Four dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Beat egg-yolks and sugar together, then add to milk in saucepan. Stir until nearly boiling. Add vanilla and lemon rind. Stir in dissolved gelatine. When cold, add stiffly beaten egg-whites and mix thoroughly. Fill into wetted mould. Chill until set, unmould, and serve with chocolate sauce.

ECONOMICAL CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Half cup water, 1 cup boiling water, 2oz. semi-sweet chocolate, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 4 teaspoons arrowroot blended with 2 tablespoons water.

Mix sugar, water, chopped chocolate, and salt, stir until sugar is dissolved and chocolate melted. Add arrowroot, stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Add vanilla, serve hot.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Four ounces semi-sweet chocolate, 5 tablespoons boiling water.

Break or chop chocolate roughly, place in top half of double boiler or in enamel basin over boiling water. When chocolate begins to melt, add boiling water a spoonful at a time. Stir until smooth and well mixed. Serve hot.

SNOW-CAPPED PEARS

(May be served instead of Spanish Cream.)

Six cooked pear halves (fresh or tinned), passionfruit spread, 1 egg-white, 3 tablespoons sugar, coconut.

Stand pear halves in greased dish, fill centres with passionfruit spread. Beat egg-white to meringue consistency with sugar. Pile on to pears, sprinkle with coconut. Bake in slow oven until meringue is set. Serve hot or cold with chocolate sauce.

Beginning our six-page feature

Winter Cookery

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382161



"Fiesta"
A FEAST OF FLAVOURS!





Four taste-thrilling centres! Twelve finest-quality chocolates! "Fiesta" — the Mac. Robertson ¼-lb. block that's *different!* Enjoy ripe cherries, whole almonds, milky coconut and pure garden honey. Enjoy "FIESTA" — *today!*



In ¼-lb. and 2-oz. blocks everywhere.

Made by Mac Robertson

The Great Name in Confectionery.

Take a hint on
CLEANING THE CAR



Get a bucket of warm water, add a tablespoon of TRIX. Sponge the whole surface, including glass and chromium, with a soft cloth, then hose thoroughly. No need to rub down. TRIX dissolves the grease, dusty film without streaking; makes glass and chromium sparkle. Wash down with TRIX under the bonnet as well. TRIX banishes the grease from *ALL surfaces — including the garage floor.*



NOTE: TRIX detergent is equally marvellous for WASHING UP, WASHING CLOTHES, CLEANING TILES, WINDOWS, PAINTWORK.



SAUSAGES AND SUNDRY MEATS

● ***Winter weather has a way of sharpening appetites, so serve piping hot meat and vegetable dishes that are satisfying as well as attractive to please every member of the family.***

VARIETY and new flavor interest can be introduced into the day-by-day menu with dishes based on sausages, lamb's fry, kidneys, sweetbreads, brains, tripe, ox-tail, lamb shanks, or tongues.

The recipes below are worth adding to your collection. They are simple to make, tasty, and include ingredients which are readily available.

All spoon measurements given in the following recipes are level.

CRUMBED SWEETBREADS WITH ITALIAN SAUCE

One pound sweetbreads, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, egg-glazing, soft breadcrumbs, bacon rolls.

Italian Sauce: Half rasher bacon, 1 dessertspoon good shortening, ½ small white onion, ½ stick celery, pinch herbs, 3 large tomatoes, ½ cup meat or vegetable stock, 1 teaspoon blended arrowroot to thicken slightly.

Prepare sweetbreads. Wash thoroughly, soak 1 hour in cold water. Drain. Cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boil. Drain. Plunge into boiling water, simmer 20 minutes, then plunge into cold water. Skin and press between two plates until cold. Cut into service-sized pieces, coat with flour, pepper and salt, dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry golden brown, serve with grilled bacon rolls and Italian sauce.

Italian Sauce: Remove rind from bacon, chop roughly, fry lightly in melted shortening with sliced onion and finely diced celery. Add chopped, skinned tomatoes, herbs, and stock. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes, thicken with blended arrowroot, simmer 2 or 3 minutes.

SAVORY KIDNEY CASSEROLE

One to one and a quarter pounds ox kidney or the equivalent in lamb or veal kidneys, 1 medium-sized chopped onion, small quantity good shortening, salt and pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1½ cups meat or vegetable stock, 2 rashers lean bacon, blended flour to thicken, chopped parsley.

Remove skin and core from kidney, soak 1 hour in cold salted water. Drain. Coat lightly with a little extra flour. Brown lightly in hot shortening, remove, add onion and brown lightly. Remove rind from bacon, chop finely, and add. Stir in stock and sauce, salt and cayenne pepper. Continue stirring until boiling, thicken with blended flour. Turn into casserole, cover, and bake in moderate oven ½ to 1 hour. Serve piping hot sprinkled thickly with chopped parsley.

BAKED LIVER LOAF

One pound lamb's fry, 2 beef sausages, 2 rashers bacon, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, ¾ cup milk, 1 egg, 1½ to 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, browned breadcrumbs.

Pour boiling water over lamb's fry, allow to stand 2 or 3 minutes. Remove skin. Put through mincer, mix with sausage meat, chopped bacon, sauces, milk, beaten egg, breadcrumbs, parsley, and onion. Season with salt and pepper. Fill into greased loaf-tin sprinkled thickly with browned breadcrumbs. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour or until quite tender. Pour away any excess fat, slice and serve hot.

SAUSAGE AND TOMATO COTTAGE PIE

One pound pork sausages, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon good shortening, 2 large skinned tomatoes, ½ large green apple, 1 teaspoon gravy browning, ½ cup stock or water, salt and pepper to taste, 1lb. cooked mashed potatoes, 1 teaspoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon milk, 2 finely chopped shallots (or 1 or 2 tablespoons chopped chives).

LIGHTLY BROWNED SAUSAGES, fried or grilled, are very appetising served with hot shredded cabbage sauteed in bacon fat with chopped green or red peppers and tomatoes. Serve with oven-cooked potatoes and chutney.

Prick sausages well, cover with boiling water, cook 5 minutes. Cool slightly, skin, cut in halves lengthwise. Place in greased casserole. Peel and chop onion, fry lightly in shortening, add skinned chopped tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste. Pour or spoon over sausages. Add peeled and cored apple, cut into wafer-thin slices, and gravy browning blended with stock or water. Mash hot potatoes and beat in butter or substitute, milk, and chopped shallots or chopped chives. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. Spread over sausages. Smooth with a knife dipped in milk. Bake in moderate oven ½ to ¾ hour. Serve piping hot.

CHABLIS LAMB SHANKS

Four lamb shanks, small clove of garlic, small quantity oil or good shortening, salt, pepper, 1 medium onion, ½ cup Chablis, ½ cup water or stock, 1 large carrot, 1 or 2 sticks celery.

Peel garlic, cut into thin slivers and insert near the bone in gashes cut into the meaty parts of the lamb shanks. Brown shanks on all sides in hot oil or shortening. Season with salt and pepper. Place in casserole with chopped onion, Chablis, and water or stock. Cover closely and bake in moderate oven approximately 2 hours or until very tender. Add diced carrot and celery for the last ½ hour of the cooking time.

Winter Cookery

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382162

The Popular Family Porridge for over 70 years!





For over seventy years food specialists have recommended BREAKFAST D-LIGHT as an ideal Breakfast food, as wholesome as creamy fresh butter, as delicate in flavour as new-baked bread, and as easy to digest as pure, sweet milk.

Remember, a large packet of BREAKFAST D-LIGHT gives 40 generous servings — rich in energy building vitamins.



RECOMMENDED BY LEADING CLINICS FOR BABIES FROM SIX MONTHS ONWARDS.

Breakfast D-Light

W. C. DOUGLASS LIMITED
Foveaux Street, SYDNEY.

Branches at: NEWCASTLE, BRISBANE, SHEPPARTON, VIC.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382163



Wherever you live ...in Bondi or Bourke... it's Easy to Shop from Anthony Horderns'



By Mail . . .

Anthony Horderns' is just as far away as your mail box. Mail your order to Box 2712, G.P.O., Sydney, and see how quickly you will receive your goods, safely packed to withstand the roughest journey.



By 'Phone . . .

Save time, money and effort. Ring M 2401, ask for T.O.P.S. and place your order. T.O.P.S. is our brand new service and stands for Telephone Orders and Personal Shopping. Do your shopping through T.O.P.S.

Tailored Chenille Bedspreads by Gladys Grieve

Easy to Wash . . . Need No Ironing!



857CT. In candlewick Chenille. Cushion top has boxed effect. Extra return sham with flounces on each end to cover pillow ends. Sizes 2ft. 6in., 3ft., priced £16/15/-. 3ft. 6in., 4ft. 6in., priced at £16/17/6.

AH1. Tailored with baby Chenille background, attractive design embossed in candlewick pile. In a wonderful colour range. 2ft. 6in., 3ft., priced at £9/19/3. 3ft. 6in., 4ft. 6in., priced at £10/1/6.

AH2. A spread in good quality Chenille. Good weight. Chenille curtains can be made to match on all these spreads. 2ft. 6in. and 3it., priced at £11/10/6. 3ft. 6in., 4ft. 6in., priced at £11/13/6.

All spreads in colours of beige, white, off-white, pink, pastel pink, blue, pastel blue, green, pastel green, rose, peach, aqua, mushroom, pastel mushroom and gold.

Designs AH1 and AH2 exclusive to us!





"Russack" rain, dust

Excluder!

Has knife edge rubber strip. In seasoned timber stained in dark oak. In sizes 2ft. 8in., 2ft. 10in. and 3ft. Priced at 17/3.

Festoons!



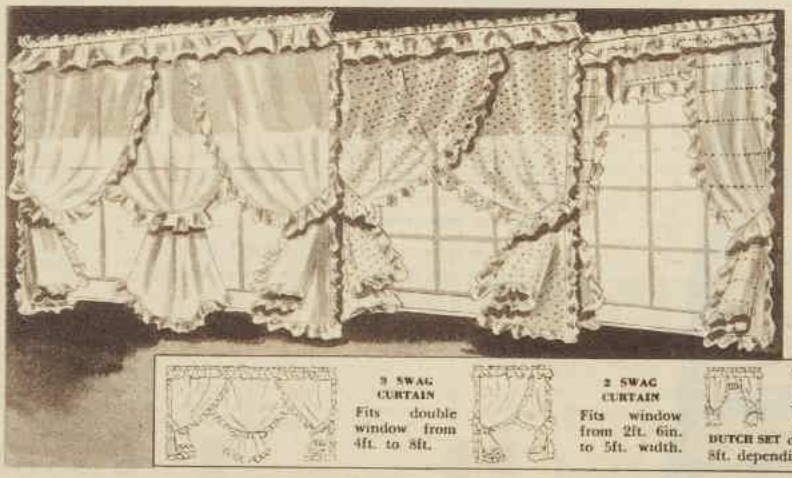
In lovely ivory and deep cream satin. 2ft. 3in. x 6ft. drop, £3/12/6 each.

Unillustrated:

They're Kapok-filled

Insets!

Make good use of your remnants and cover one of these insets yourself! White calico covered, well filled. Kapok: 16in. x 16in., 17/11; 18in. x 18in., 19/11; 20in. x 20in., 24/11; 21in. x 21in., 25/11; 22in. x 22in., 26/11; 18in. x 24in., 26/11. Feather-filled, 18in. x 18in., 27/6; 20in. x 20in., 32/6.



Pretty Curtains

to fit every size window!

3 SWAG CURTAIN Fits double window from 4ft. to 8ft.

2 SWAG CURTAIN Fits window from 2ft. 6in. to 5ft. width.

DUTCH SET curtain expands from 2ft. 6in. to 8ft. depending on size. For picture windows.

A. Cream Voile X-Overs. With 6in. heading frill, pleated frills all round these curtains are made from 58in. wide voile. 2-swag: 4ft. 6in., £3/15/-; 6ft., £4/19/6; 3-swag: 4ft. 6in., £5/5/-; 6ft., £6/15/-.

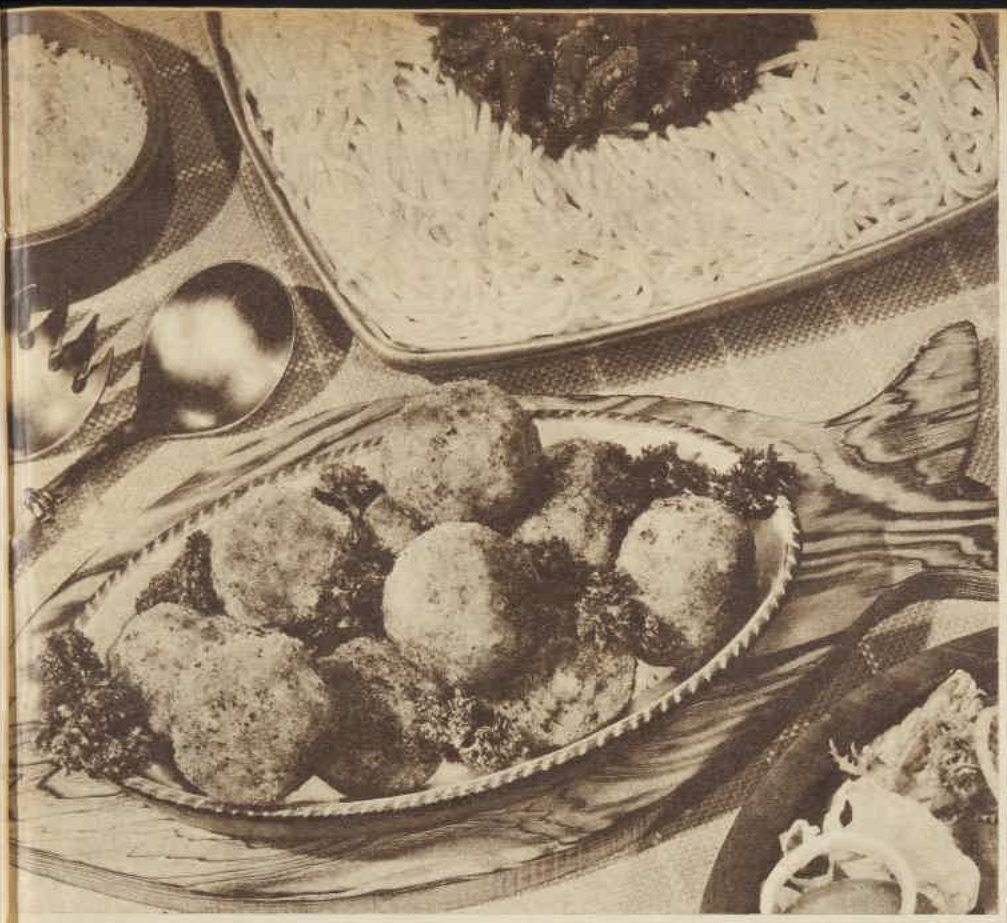
B. Cream Madras Curtains with red or green spots. Frilled all round. Two-sway x-overs: 3ft. 6in., £1/17/6; 4ft. 6in., 39/9; and 6ft., 52/6. Dutch Sets: 3ft. 6in., 39/6; 4ft. 6in., 45/-; and 6ft., £2/19/11.

C. In X-Over and Dutch Style. Excellent range of sizes and many different styles in the same material. White madras with blue and white, green and orange or green and white motifs. Frilled all round. X-Overs: 2-swag, 3ft. 6in., £1/17/6; 4ft. 6in., £1/19/6; and 6ft., £2/12/6. Dutch Sets: With 3 widths of material across the top. 3ft. 6in., £2/2/-; 4ft. 6in., £2/5/-; 6ft., £2/17/6.

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

Anthony Horderns'

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382164



SWEET CORN BALLS and spaghetti with seafood are two wholesome and satisfying main dishes made without meat. See the recipes below.

New ideas for

MEATLESS MEALS

A meatless luncheon or dinner can be delicious if dishes are carefully chosen, subtly flavored, and well served.

MEATLESS meals make a pleasant change in the menu now and again. Main dishes of hot savory vegetables, fish, or cheese may be served in place of meat without lessening the nutritive value of the meal.

Thick soup, made with vegetables, and a hot, substantial sweet are good companions for a main dish made without meat.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes refer to level spoons.

MORNAY VEGETABLE FLAN

Six ounces plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. good shortening, 1 cup diced cooked carrot, ½ cup diced cooked celery, 1 cup diced cooked parsnip (these 3 vegetables may be cooked together), ¾ cup any other cooked vegetable such as shredded cabbage, cauliflower sprigs, or peas, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1½ cups medium-thickness white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in shortening, mix to a dry dough, adding a little cold water. Roll to a thin sheet and line a flan ring or tart plate. Prick base well with a fork, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes until crisp and brown. Mix vegetables with parsley and sauce, fill into cooked pastry case. Cover thickly with grated cheese, return to oven to heat filling and melt and brown cheese on top.

SPAGHETTI WITH SEAFOOD

Half pound cooked, well-drained spaghetti, 1½ cups concentrated tomato soup, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, ¼ cup chopped onion, ½ chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups stock, ¾ cup grated cheese, ¾lb. flaked, cooked cod or haddock, parsley to garnish.

Melt butter or substitute, add onion and green pepper, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in flour until well mixed, then add stock. Continue stirring until boiling. Add tomato soup slowly, then flaked fish and half the cheese. Turn into serving dish, surround with cooked spaghetti tossed with a little extra butter and balance of cheese. Garnish with parsley.

TOMATO SAVORY

Two cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, salt, pepper, ¼ teaspoon sugar, 1 cup chopped, skinned tomatoes, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, parsley.

Place cabbage in saucepan with bacon fat, salt, pepper, and sugar. Saute 5 minutes. Remove from saucepan, add tomatoes to any remaining bacon fat, add half the butter and cook until soft. Season with salt and pepper. Place alternate layers of cabbage and tomato mixture in greased ovenware dish, sprinkling each layer with cheese and crumbs. Top with cheese and crumbs and dot with balance of butter. Reheat and brown top in hot oven. Garnish with parsley.

SOUTH AMERICAN BEAN CAKES

Two cups cooked, dried beans (haricot, lima, or navy), 1 tomato, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint, 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste, egg glazing, browned breadcrumbs.

Rub cooked beans through a strainer and mix the pulp with skinned, chopped tomato and onion cooked 5 minutes in hot butter or substitute. Stir in flour, sugar, and mustard well mixed together. Cook for 2 or 3 minutes longer, then add beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste, and mint. Turn on to flat plate and allow to become quite cold. Shape a spoonful at a time into flat cakes, using a little extra flour if necessary. Dip in egg glazing, toss in browned breadcrumbs. Stand 5 minutes, dip again in egg glazing, toss again in crumbs. Fry golden brown in deep fuming fat. Serve hot with chutney.

SCALLOPED MARROW

Two cups cubed cooked marrow (cooked until just tender, but not broken, then thoroughly drained), 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ cups white sauce, 1 tablespoon grated or scraped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, grated cheese.

Combine marrow, eggs cut into quarters, white sauce, onion, and parsley. Turn into greased scallop shells or small casserole. Top very thickly with grated cheese, bake in moderate oven until browned on top. Serve as an entree before a salad main dish.

SWEET CORN BALLS

Two cups well-drained sweet corn, or use drained whole kernel corn, ½ cup thick white sauce, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon grated or scraped onion, egg-glazing, browned breadcrumbs.

Mix corn with freshly made white sauce, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and onion. Turn on to flat plate and allow to cool. Shape a spoonful at a time into balls, dip in egg glazing, toss in browned breadcrumbs. Fry golden brown in fuming fat. Serve hot.



Now you can choose your Ovaltine flavour!

The superlative quality and nourishment of Ovaltine are beyond all question. It is the largest-selling tonic food beverage in the world. It is now available in two distinct, delicious flavours to please the palates of every member of your family. Today . . . at your grocer or chemist... choose the new Chocolate Flavoured Ovaltine or the regular Malt Flavoured Ovaltine . . . whichever you prefer. They are both the concentrated goodness of Nature's best foods ...malt, milk and eggs and are easy to prepare. They nourish, sustain and induce sound sleep. They are good for young and old alike. Buy a tin of Ovaltine today. Start drinking Ovaltine today — and note the difference.

NPS

LABORATORY TESTS PROVE—



EGGS are the perfect all-round food!

For your protection

On cuts and scratches; in the sick room from which infection may spread; for first aid and children's injuries, for feminine hygiene, use Dettol.

When you use 'Dettol' you follow the example of most doctors, hospitals and nursing homes.



DETTOL

The Modern Antiseptic

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382165

YOU'LL SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU

SERVE THIS DELICIOUS BIG MEAL!

RICHER THAN SIRLOIN BEEF IN NOURISHING PROTEIN





"Here's all you need do to make this Big Kraft Cheddar 'Hot Dish Special'!"

says **Elizabeth Cooke**, *Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.*



"Shillings cheaper than meat – but just as nourishing – that's the kind of dish you need now meat is so expensive," suggests Elizabeth Cooke.

"Dishes cooked with Kraft Cheddar are not only richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein, but they give you *additional* food values you won't find in meat – the essential Vitamins A, B_2 and D, plus calories and the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates, into the bargain."

Kraft Cheddar blends perfectly with other foods to give you meals that satisfy, without being too rich. No rind, no waste, and Kraft Cheddar is processed and pasteurized for purity.



Kraft Cheddar sold everywhere in the blue 8 oz. packet or economical 5 lb. loaf.

KFC 11A

FOR LOW-COST HIGH-PROTEIN MEALS COOK REGULARLY WITH **KRAFT CHEDDAR**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382166

PRIZE RECIPES

A meringue-topped coffee tart, decorated with chocolate peppermints, tops the list of prizewinners in this week's contest.



THE coffee cream tart, which wins the main prize of £5, may be served hot. The moment it comes from the oven, press chocolate peppermints into the meringue. They melt slightly, making a luscious topping.

Four other good recipes win consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

COFFEE CREAM TART

One 8in. pastry-case, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 cup black coffee, 1 cup milk, ¼ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 2 egg-yolks, vanilla.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, 3oz. castor sugar, pinch cream of tartar.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Add cocoa blended with milk, coffee, sugar, and coffee essence. Stir until boiling. Cool slightly, stir in beaten egg-yolks and vanilla. Fill into pastry-case, cool. Beat egg-whites and castor sugar to meringue consistency, add cream of tartar. Pile on to cold coffee mixture. Place in very moderate oven until meringue is set. Decorate with chocolate peppermints if desired.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Lock, Elgin St., East Gordon, N.S.W.



SERVED HOT OR COLD, this coffee tart is a worthy prizewinner. Use shortcrust or biscuit pastry for tart-case.

ALMOND HONEY SHORTCAKE

Six ounces flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 tablespoon milk, extra honey, 3oz. blanched shredded almonds.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Fold in eggs beaten with honey and milk, making a stiff mixture. Press into greased Swiss-roll tin, spread with extra honey, and top with almonds. Mark into squares or finger-lengths. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cut in squares or fingers when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss L. Gregory, 152 Faraday St., Melbourne.

BAKED RABBIT ROLL WITH TOMATO MUSHROOM SAUCE

Two cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, squeeze lemon juice, ½ cup milk, diced flesh from 1 cooked rabbit, ½ cup stock or water, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon diced onion, salt, pepper.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, mix to a stiff paste with milk and lemon juice. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to ¼in. thickness. Combine rabbit meat, stock or water, flour, onion, and salt and pepper to taste. Spread over pastry, glaze edge, roll up. Gash 3 times across top. Bake in hot oven 25 minutes. Serve with tomato mushroom sauce.

Tomato Mushroom Sauce: Melt 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, add 1 tablespoon flour, stir until smooth. Cook 2 to 3 minutes. Add 1½ cups tomato juice and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, stir until boiling. Add ¼lb. mushrooms, peeled, chopped, and sauteed in 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. McIvor, 22 Reynell St., West Croydon, S.A.

Winter Cookery

SAVORY CONTINENTAL, which is simple to prepare, is an appetising and effective disguise for left-over cold meat.

CHOCOLATE DATE SQUARES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon spice.

Filling: Half cup dates, ½ cup water, ½ cup icing sugar, vanilla essence.

Combine all filling ingredients, cook gently until soft, allow to cool. Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Press half mixture into greased slab-tin. Cover with filling, then add balance of mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cut into squares, allow to become cold, top with lemon icing.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. K. O. Murray, 35 East St., East Guildford, W.A.

SAVORY CONTINENTAL

One and a half cups minced cooked lamb or corned beef (or a mixture), 1 small onion, 3 eggs, 2 medium-sized tomatoes, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon dried breadcrumbs.

Beat eggs, add meat, finely minced onion, salt and pepper to taste. Melt butter in frying-pan, add egg mixture. Cook gently approximately 10 minutes. Arrange sliced tomatoes on top, cover with grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Place under griller until top is golden brown and tomato softened. Cut into wedges in pan. Serve garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Mackay, 50 Edwards St., Sth. Brighton, S.A.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382167



FOOD which can be conveniently eaten with a fork alone is best for buffet parties. Dishes illustrated above are crab and corn with peas, veal kidneys with mushrooms, and cauliflower and oyster fromage. See the recipes below, as well as the recipes for other savories and sandwiches for buffet service.

Savory dishes for buffet parties

SAVORY dishes which are prepared ahead and reheated before serving make home entertaining easy.

Dishes which may be eaten with a fork alone are the best choice. To reduce the time spent in serving and to make the reheating easier, it is a good idea to prepare individual portions in ovenware cassolettes or ramekins.

Unless the hostess is very sure of the tastes of her guests it is wise to prepare several savory dishes as well as the conventional sandwiches and trays of savory snacks.

When planning the party menu, remember those with a "sweet-tooth." Rich fruit cake, made 2 or 3 weeks ahead so that the flavor matures and the cake cuts without crumbling, is a general favorite.

Blackcurrant punch, to be served hot, and tutti-frutti punch, to be served chilled, are two recipes included in this party plan. One contains claret, the other is made from pure fruit juices.

All spoon measurements in the recipes which follow are level.

JAMBOLAYA

Two rashers bacon, ¼ cup chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup tomato pulp (fresh or tinned), ¼ cup water, pinch cayenne pepper, salt, 3 cups cooked rice, 2 cups coarsely chopped cooked tongue (or use luncheon sausage, chicken, ham, or prawns), chopped parsley.

Remove rind from bacon, chop roughly. Saute lightly in heavy pan, add onion and saute until it begins to color. Stir in flour, allow to brown. Add tomato pulp, water, cayenne pepper, salt to taste, and cooked rice; lastly fold in prepared meat or prawns. Stir lightly over low heat 10 minutes. Turn into greased cassolettes. When required for serving, stand cassolettes in a dish of boiling water and heat at least 20 minutes in moderate oven. Sprinkle with chopped parsley or garnish with parsley sprigs. Eight average servings.

CRAB AND CORN WITH PEAS

One 7oz. tin crabmeat, 1lb. prawns, 1 cup tinned asparagus soup or packaged chicken noodle soup prepared according to directions, 1 tin whole kernel corn, 1½ cups thick white sauce, salt to taste, pinch cayenne pepper, pinch nutmeg and paprika, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup cooked peas, whole prawns to garnish.

Break crabmeat into flakes, mix with shelled prawns (reserving a few whole ones to garnish). Add prepared soup, corn, and white sauce. Season to taste with salt, add cayenne pepper, nutmeg and paprika. Fold in parsley and half the peas. Fill into 4 or 5 individual ramekin dishes or into one casserole dish. Reheat in oven before serving topped with remaining peas, and garnished with whole prawns. For 4 or 5.

VEAL KIDNEY, MUSHROOM, AND ONION CASSEROLE

Four or five kidneys, or ¼lb. ox kidney, salt, paprika, 1½ cups meat or vegetable stock, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, ¼lb. peeled, sliced mushrooms, 2 tablespoons finely minced onion or ½ clove of garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 or 2 tablespoons sherry, stale bread, melted butter or substitute.

Soak kidneys ½ hour in salted water, remove skin and core, cut into dice. Drop into boiling stock, simmer 5 minutes, drain and reserve stock. Divide kidneys between 4 or five cassolettes or ramekin dishes. Melt butter, add mushrooms, onion and parsley. Stir and cook 5 minutes. Add flour, salt and paprika, mix well, then add the reserved stock and stir until boiling. Add sherry, correct seasoning, pour over kidneys in cassolettes. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Cut thin strips of bread, dip in melted butter, arrange on top of each cassolette. Bake in oven until reheated and until bread is crisp and brown, or top with pieces of bacon about 10 minutes before removing from oven to serve. For 4 or 5.

ANCHOVY ROLLS

Sandwich loaf, butter, tinned or bottled anchovy fillets, mustard, dry grated cheese.

Cut bread into thin slices, remove crust. Spread with butter and mustard, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Place a piece of anchovy on one side of each slice, roll up. Brush lightly with melted butter. Place on oven tray, bake in hot oven 5 minutes. Serve hot.

CAULIFLOWER AND OYSTER FROMAGE

One large cauliflower, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, good pinch cayenne pepper, salt, 1 dozen oysters (more if possible), breadcrumbs, grated cheese, extra butter.

Remove coarse stem of cauliflower, break into flowerets. Drop into boiling salted water, cook gently 8 to 10 minutes—no longer. Drain carefully. Place in large casserole, or divide between 7 or 8 cassolettes. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling, season with cayenne pepper and salt, add bearded oysters. Pour over cauliflower. Cover with grated cheese and breadcrumbs mixed together. Dot with extra butter. Place in hot oven until heated through and browned on top.

Winter Cookery

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382168

You can serve these party foods with pride and little effort

POTATO STICKS

(To nibble instead of cheese straws.)

Six ounces freshly cooked mashed potato, 6oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. flour, salt, pepper, small quantity beaten egg, caraway seeds.

Press potatoes through a strainer, using the back of a wooden spoon. Place in a warm bowl with the softened butter. Work sifted flour in slowly, season liberally with salt and pepper. Stand in a cool place 15 minutes. Roll to ¼in. thickness on lightly floured board. Brush lightly with beaten egg, dust with caraway seeds. Cut into thin strips, bake on flat tray in moderate oven until lightly brown and crisp.

If preferred caraway seeds may be omitted.

ROCKY ROAD CHOCOLATE CAKE

(A smooth, even-textured cake made without eggs.)

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, vanilla, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 10oz. flour, 4 tablespoons cocoa, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, scant 1½ cups milk.

Cream shortening with sugar, vanilla, and syrup. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, making a soft dropping consistency. Fill into well-greased 8in. or 9in. square or round cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 55 to 65 minutes. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes before turning out on to cake cooler. Top with rocky road icing when cold.

Rocky Road Icing: Two to three ounces milk chocolate, 2oz. to 3oz. marshmallows, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts.

Melt chocolate very slowly in basin standing in hot water. Cut marshmallows in quarters and add to chocolate. Spread quickly and roughly over cake and top with walnuts.

BLACKCURRANT PUNCH

(To be served hot.)

Half cup blackcurrant jam or jelly, thin piece lemon rind, juice of 1 lemon, ½ pint claret, ¼ cup sherry, 1½ pints hot water, sugar to taste.

Place jam or jelly (if using jam, mash to a puree with fork), lemon rind and juice, claret and sherry into a saucepan. Heat slowly, adding sugar to taste. Stir to dissolve sugar, add hot water. Remove lemon rind, serve decorated with thin lemon slices.

MINIATURE STEAK AND KIDNEY PIES

Twelve ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. to 1¼lb. minced round or topside steak, 2 or 3 sheep's kidneys or ½lb. ox kidney, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon fat, salt, pepper, 1 cup water, flour for thickening, Parisian essence, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Soak kidneys, remove cores and skin, chop finely. Melt fat, add onion, steak and kidney, brown lightly. Add water, salt, pepper, and sauce. Bring to boil, cover, simmer 1 to 1½ hours or pressure-cook 20 minutes. Thicken with flour blended with a little extra water, color with Parisian essence (or use blended gravy browning to thicken). Simmer 5 minutes, add parsley, cool. Roll pastry thinly on floured board. Cut equal numbers of circles, 3½in. diameter and 2½in. diameter. Use larger circles to line patty tins, fill with cold meat mixture, glaze edges of pastry. Place smaller circles on top, pinch around edges. Cut a slit in top of each, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Makes approximately 2½ dozen.

TUTTI-FRUTTI PUNCH

Two cups sugar, 1½ cups water, ½ cup passionfruit topping (type used for ice-cream), 1 cup freshly made strong tea, 2 cups orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 2 cups tinned pineapple pieces and syrup, 1 quart soda-water, iced water, mint sprigs, thin lemon and orange slices to decorate.

Boil sugar and water 5 minutes. Add pasisonfruit topping, tea, orange and lemon juice, pineapple pieces and syrup. Allow to cool. Just before serving add chilled soda-water and sufficient iced water to make up to 1½ gallons. Serve immediately in punchbowl or jugs. Decorate with orange and lemon slices and mint sprigs.

PINEAPPLE FRUIT CAKE

(This is a moist cake with good keeping qualities and is best made 2 or 3 weeks before cutting.)

One and a quarter pounds mixed fruit, 2oz. cherries, 2oz. shredded peel, ¼ cup cooked pineapple syrup, 1 tablespoon sherry or 1 dessertspoon rum, 5oz. butter or substitute, 5oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 eggs, ½lb. plain flour, ½ teaspoon each baking powder, spice, and nutmeg, ¼ cup shredded cooked pineapple.

Soak prepared fruit, cherries, and peel overnight with pineapple syrup and sherry or rum. Cream butter and sugar with orange rind. Add eggs one at a time; mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with soaked fruit and pineapple. Turn into paper-lined 7in. cake-tin, bake in slow oven 3 to 3½ hours. Cool in tin.

SAVORY SUGGESTIONS

CHEESE PUFF SAVORIES

Shortcrust pastry, anchovy or fish paste, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 egg, 1oz. grated cheese, salt, pepper, ½ cup milk, extra grated cheese, paprika.

Roll pastry thinly, line small patty-tins. Place a very small amount of paste in each case. Melt butter, add flour, salt and pepper. Cook 1 minute, add milk. Stir until boiling. Separate yolk from white of egg. Add egg-yolk and cheese to sauce. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Three-quarters fill pastry cases and bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Serve sprinkled with extra cheese and paprika. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

DEVILLED ALMOND CROUTES

Rounds of fried bread, ½ cup chopped blanched almonds (not too fine), salad oil, 1 tablespoon fruit chutney, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, few blanched almonds cut into spikes for decorating.

Fry almonds in salad oil until lightly browned, drain. Add to chutney and sauce, mix well. Pile on to rounds of bread. Decorate with almond spikes. Serve hot or cold.

CREAM CHEESE SAVORIES

Rounds of fried bread, cottage cheese, salt and pepper to taste, little milk, chopped celery and walnuts.

Soften cottage cheese with a little milk. Season with salt and pepper. Add celery and nuts, mix well. Chopped parboiled red pepper (with any other flavoring) may be used in place of celery and nuts. Roughly pile on to rounds of fried bread, decorate with rings of gherkin or strips of red pepper.

SANDWICHES

Bread, our basic food, always plays a large part in party fare. With a little extra trouble you can make it as interesting and attractive as any food on the party table.

Use day-old bread for rolls and sandwiches, as it is easier to cut and rolls more readily. Soften butter before attempting to spread.

As well as rolls and ribbon sandwiches, try open-faced sandwiches. Cut ¼in. slices of bread into any desired shape—circles, squares, diamonds, etc. Spread lightly with butter, spread filling on top, garnish.

Ribbon sandwiches are even more decorative when alternate slices of wholemeal and white bread are used.

SANDWICH IDEAS

SANDWICH FILLINGS

Rabbit or any cooked meat is delicious with crisp lettuce leaves and chopped parsley, mint, or celery.

Slices of crisp cooked bacon sandwiched together between thin slices of bread spread with peanut butter.

Apple and celery diced and bound together with a little salad dressing is an excellent filling, especially for wholemeal bread.

Sardines, mashed and seasoned with pepper and lemon juice, make a good filling; try them topped with thin slices of cucumber.

Scrambled egg is always popular. Flavor with finely chopped chives, or top with thin olive slices.

Salmon, mashed and lightly flavored with vinegar, is good mixed with finely diced celery.

Thin slices of tomato, topped with grated cheese and grated or finely chopped onion, are tasty and very savory.

EGG AND ANCHOVY RIBBON SANDWICHES

Half loaf bread, butter for spreading, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon butter or mayonnaise, pepper, salt, anchovy paste.

Slice bread thinly, remove crusts. Chop eggs finely, add salt and pepper, mix with butter or mayonnaise. Spread one slice of bread with butter, then thinly with chopped eggs. Butter second slice on both sides, place on egg, spread with anchovy. Butter third slice on one side, place on anchovy, buttered side down. Cut into finger-lengths 1in. wide. Serve garnished with parsley.

DATE AND ALMOND ROLLS

Half loaf white bread, butter for spreading, 4oz. dates, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons apricot jam, finely chopped almonds.

Slice bread very thinly, remove crusts, spread with softened butter. Cook dates, water and lemon rind gently until soft, beat to a pulp and cool. Spread bread with date pulp, roll each slice up. Brush rolls lightly with heated and thinned apricot jam, roll in chopped almonds.

CHEESE AND WALNUT ROLLS

Half loaf wholemeal bread, butter for spreading, 4oz. cheese, 1 tablespoon butter or thick white sauce, ¼ cup finely chopped walnuts.

Slice bread very thinly. Remove crusts, spread with butter. Grate cheese finely, mix with butter or sauce and nuts. Spread bread with cheese mixture and roll up. Serve garnished with parsley.



DRAMATIC BUFFET DECORATION. A fire creates a cosy atmosphere for a party, but has a devastating effect on flowers. Why not substitute fruit, and vegetables for flower-pieces? The arrangement above, which would give an air of tropical luxuriance to a party setting, includes gourds, corn, peppers, lillipillies, pineapple, and a spray of fragrant "ginger-lily." The island basket is a good background.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382169

FOR YOU . . . AND YOUR FRIENDS



Embroidered Sachets

TO HOLD AND PROTECT EVERY GIRL'S DAINTIEST POSSESSIONS

So simple to make and embroider—smart sachets you'll love to own and to give. Easy-to-follow instructions complete with hot iron transfer in fully illustrated leaflet. One of many listed in this grand Free Catalogue.



CLARK'S ANCHOR
Fast colours
Embroidery Cotton

POST THIS COUPON NOW
for Free Catalogue (enclose 3d. for postage)
See the wonderful range of Crochet and Embroidery designs available from your Retailer.

CENTRAL AGENCY (AUST.) LTD.
Dept.W.W., Box 2573, G.P.O., Sydney.

Name

Address

Your guests will love
HOT CHOCOLATE



SIMPLY SPRINKLE Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate on hot milk (or milk and water) for a deliciously different, exciting supper drink that has a fascinating flavour all its own. Use two teaspoonfuls for each cup. You'll love the rich, chocolaty flavour of Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate. *Half Pound Packet* 2/-.

Made in a minute—right in the cup.



CADBURY'S
DRINKING CHOCOLATE

DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

"How do I achieve a well-balanced wardrobe? Mine always has the appearance of being thrown together."

THIS problem is one that appears frequently in my fashion mail-bag — and here is the answer.

In order to be successful in anything you undertake it is necessary to have a plan, and in fashion this rule is a golden one.

It is not how much you spend; it is how much you plan.

The girl or woman who has a wardrobe full of unrelated clothes and accessories will never look smart and well-turned-out no matter how much she spends on clothes.

I consider a chic wardrobe is based on classic lines, with color and accessories to individualise the wardrobe to the wearer's own style.

The intelligent girl puts her own style before high style. A perfectly planned, balanced wardrobe has no room for passing fashion fads.

The first step in planning is to know which classics will outlast changing fashions.

This is what I consider to be the backbone for a winter daytime wardrobe: One unbelted camel-hair coat or a tweed one; one single-breasted three-button tailored suit; one long-sleeved and one short - sleeved shirtmaker blouse; a cashmere cardigan sweater; a coat-dress; a wool skirt; and one late-day dress.

The second step in being well-dressed is to plan a wardrobe as a whole. This can be done by choosing a basic color scheme.

For perfect color planning, buy coats, dresses, and suits before blouses, hats, and other accessories.

Basic colors

THE best basic colors are black, navy, brown, and beige because they are the easiest to accent with other colors.

The correct shade to flatter your eyes and hair can multiply your attractions. But don't forget that artificial light changes and will often fade out a color.

The third step in planning is to make a periodical inventory of your wardrobe and discard worn-out garments and re-plan any unrelated pieces. Clothes that can be interchanged are true wardrobe builders.

The fourth step is the careful choice of accessories, and when purchasing be sure all items are good mixers.

For a small wardrobe the classic accessory is best.

Particularly good is a classic shoe in fine leather. The same rule applies when choosing a bag. It should not be exaggerated in size, color, or shape. A beret in a becoming color is a chic and economical hat.

Gloves are important, and I can think of few occasions when a well-dressed woman is seen without them. Have at least two short pairs in white, the washable kind — and keep them spick and span.



D.S. 43. One-piece classic in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Readers' problems

HERE are some answers to readers' problems taken from this week's fashion mail.

"I am one of those unfortunate women who is above average height and who also has a heavy figure. If you would publish some fashion advice for me in your column I am sure you would be helping lots of other women with the same problem."

Don't attempt to disguise your height, because it will help to make you appear less heavy than you actually are. A woman with your proportions should wear easy-fitting clothes made in a fine, smooth material such as worsted, gabardine, or sheer wool. A single-breasted classic suit with a single-button fastening is one of your most flattering fashions.

Your most becoming coat is a semi-fitted reefer. Dresses for the larger figure should have non-fussy details — the simpler the more becoming. Avoid batwing sleeves. Other details to help your figure include: a deep neckline, a straight skirt with an easy cut, a long narrow collar, a skirt with a group of centred knife pleats, and any slanting line.

"Late this winter I will be attending several formal evening functions, and as I will be getting a new ball gown I wondered if you would advise me. I would like to wear white, but do not know if it would be suitable. Also, should the dress be made with a straight or full skirt?"

Certainly wear white. White for the ballroom has never been more popular and never has it looked more glamorous. You could choose white satin draped with a red velvet stole, white sheer glittering with white, or white crepe with silver and gold embroidery. There are several evening silhouettes this season — one has fullness swinging to the back. Then there is the extravagantly skirted silhouette with a brief top and the slim-as-a-column line.

"Could you help me with a color and material for a dress to wear at my daughter's wedding, taking place the first week in September at 3.30 p.m.? I am worried about a material because it is cold here in early spring, yet it seems too late for woollen clothes. I don't want anything that looks too young. I am nearly 50 but have a nice figure."

My suggestion is a print dress worn with a full-length coat, the coat contrasting in color and material to the dress and lined with the dress material. An ensemble of this type is one of the newest pieces of fashion for your age-group and would be perfect for an afternoon wedding. For the material and color I like the idea of a soft grey silk printed in rose for the dress and the same print used to line the coat, which could be made of grey velveteen.

No bother, giving this laxative!



Easiest for mother—nicest for the children—and prescribed by doctors! That's Laxettes . . . the chocolate laxative.

Laxettes look like chocolate, taste like chocolate—in fact, they are chocolate . . . with the single addition of phenolphthalein, the wonderful tasteless medicine that gives a soft, easy motion without griping or habit-forming.

Utterly safe—utterly reliable—and so economical, Laxettes cost only 2/6 a box, from chemists and stores. Get a box today!

If they like chocolate they like LAXETTES!

ASTHMA COUGHS GO FIRST DAY

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendaco, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaco from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

Does the MAN in YOUR LIFE
ADORE YOUR SKIN?

Here's a secret! Massage overnight with MERCOLIZED WAX instead of ordinary face cream. Next morning use Mercolized Wax as your make-up base. Your skin will lure and fascinate . . . take on a lovable loveliness.

MERCOLIZED WAX

Large jar of cream only 4/6
THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM

M.W.9-53

Banish
UGLY HAIR

VANDER HARROW is an improved wax depilatory. This really effective and world proven product removes hairs by the roots and is the only method that does not encourage regrowth.

VANDER HARROW controls the most difficult cases and often completely eliminates superfluous growth. Smart well groomed women consider this product an essential cosmetic.

Ideal for FACE, LEGS, ARMS, etc.

Large Pack 5/-.

Leading Chemists or Post Free from:
ANTINOIS CO.
Box 10, P.O., EDGECLIFF, SYDNEY.
Makers of Famous Antinois Sound Absorbing Ear Plugs.

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382170

Fashion PATTERNS



Pattern for Beginners

F2642.—Beginners' pattern for tailored jeans. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1¼yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/-.

F2637.—Infant's frock with lace trim. Sizes: Infants. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material plus 2yds. 1½in. lace edging and ½yd. ½in. lace edging. Price, 2/6.

F2638. — One-piece designed with a collarless moulded bodice and bell-shaped skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2639. — Graceful evening dress with soft chiffon bodice trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 9½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. chiffon. Price, 4/6.

F2640.—Smart, slim-line one-piece. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2641.—Chic wool suit with waisted belted jacket and slender skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2643.—Boy's pyjamas. Sizes 33in., 37in., 41in., and 45in. lengths for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 476.—GIRL'S SUIT

Girl's two-piece suit designed with a button-up jacket and pleated skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in check woollen tweed. The color choice includes brown, blue, and green. Full instructions for making are included with the suit. Sizes: 26in. length for 4 years, 31/6; 33in. length for 6 years, 86/3; 27in. length for 8 years, 90/6; 31in. length for 10 years, 95/-. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

No. 477.— GIRL'S APRON

The apron is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on British headcloth in blue, pink, natural, lemon, green, grey, and white. The bias binding for edges and finishing is not supplied. Sizes: 4-6 years 7/11; 7-8 years 8/3. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 478.— DUCHESSE SET

A pretty and unusual design for a duchesse set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on fine linen in cream, white, and blue, and on fine British cotton in blue, green, lemon, and pink. The centre mat measures 11in. x 14in., the smaller mats 8in. x 8in. Price, linen 8/11, cotton 6/11. Postage, 2d. extra.

No. 479.— HOUSE DRESS

A trim button-up design, obtainable cut out ready to make in striped "Bonnie Prince" haircord. The color choice includes red-and-white, green-and-white, yellow-and-white, blue-and-white, and pink-and-white. Sizes: 32in., 34in., and 36in. bust 37/3; 38in., 40in., and, 42in. bust, 39 - Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap Halo cannot leave dulling soap film

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!

Wonderfully mild and gentle—does not dry or irritate

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!

Leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colourful natural highlights. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

VARICOSE VEINS

Soothe away pain, itching, inflammation with

VARICOSAN CHLOROPHYLL OINTMENT

Varicosan gives rapid relief to painfully inflamed varicose veins and assists in the healing of varicose ulcers and most forms of varicose dermatitis. Varicosan can be rubbed in like vanishing cream and because it contains chlorophyll it keeps both skin and stockings fresh and sweet. **It will not harm surgical hosiery.**

and for support, wear Britain's finest . . .

SURGICAL NYLONS

★ "Lastonet" stockings now available in Australia
★ Firm, healthful support for varicose veins
★ Invisible under ordinary stockings



FREE BOOKLET on VARICOSE VEINS
Send to: R. M. GREEN MEDICAL DISTRIBUTORS Pty. Ltd., 281 Collins St., Melbourne.

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE

Lastonet two-way stretch NYLON NET GIVES comfort and coolness to every sufferer from the pains of varicose veins.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382171



Soft Loveliness

"THREE FLOWERS" BRINGS NEW SMOOTH BEAUTY!

Richard Hudnut perfected the exclusive TOP-TONE Shade Control formula of "Three Flowers" Face Powder to give a new loveliness that will look just as beautiful close up as at a distance. This fine-textured "Three Flowers" gives you a magical clinging veil of beauty that gently conceals tiny skin flaws, glorifies your own complexion tonings. It will not streak, cake or change colour.

Test this new flawless loveliness in your mirror . . . actually see and feel the difference it makes to your complexion—with just one powdering.

NEW BEAUTY—TONIGHT!

Let heavenly "Three Flowers" bring you this new romantic loveliness tonight. Your complexion smoother looking . . . with more natural colour . . . a lovelier, softer glow—even close up! Choose from the seven heavenly shades of "Three Flowers" today.

three flowers face powder

STANDARD GAY BOX, 3/11 — ECONOMICAL REFILL, 2/10

Creation of Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

TF24.82

INDIGESTION First dose relieves



A canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder, kept handy in the home, is the ever-ready answer to commonplace digestive disorders caused by too much acid in the stomach. *Just a teaspoonful of this reliable family medicine taken in a glass of water is an effective dose.*

De Witt's carefully balanced formula (printed on every canister) uses ingredients which rapidly neutralise acid excess and promptly disperse digestive pain and discomfort. Moreover, *prolonged* relief is ensured by the protective coating which De Witt's Antacid Powder spreads over the delicate stomach lining.

Ask for De Witt's Antacid Powder—*relied on in countless thousands of homes.* It benefits children as well as adults. Sold in canisters price 3/- and giant size 6/6 (2½ times the quantity of the 3/- size).



Away from home—carry a few

De WITT'S ANTACID TABLETS

No water needed *Pleasant flavour*

Easy tear-off strips

Price 1/6 & 2/9 (2½ times the quantity)

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER & TABLETS

Cover set

PARIS STYLED CAP AND GLOVES

The crocheted two-tone cap and matching streamlined gloves illustrated in color on our cover are so simply made that a beginner can attempt them.

IF the cap trimming is omitted it becomes a "cutey" for casual wear by teenagers.

Materials: 1 skein F. W. Hughes' "Twin-Prufe" 3-ply fingering wool or 3-ply crepe wool, shade No. 2388, green; 1 skein shade No. 1016, black (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 No. 1 steel crochet hook; 40in. black plastic thread or fine hat wire used double.

Measurements: To fit average head and hand measurement.

Tension: 9 sts., 1in., 8 rows, 1in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; st., stitch; rep., repeat; inc., increase; dec., decrease.

PATTERN

1st Row: Miss 2 ch. from hook, work 2 d.c. into next ch., * 1 ch., miss 2 ch., work 2 d.c. into next ch., rep. from * to end, turn.

2nd Row: 2 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 2 d.c. into next 1 ch., * 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 2 d.c. into next 1 ch., rep. from * to end. Miss 1 d.c., work 1 d.c. into end d.c., turn.

3rd Row: 1 ch., miss 1st d.c., work 2 d.c., into next 1 ch., * 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 2 d.c. into next ch., rep. from * to end, 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 2 d.c. into end ch., turn.

The 2nd and 3rd rows form the patt. and are repeated throughout.

THE CAP

Using green wool make 5 ch., for top edge. Join into a ring with a sl-st.

1st Row: 1 ch., work 7 d.c. into ring, turn.

2nd Row: 1 ch., work 2 d.c. into each d.c. (14 sts.), turn.

3rd Row: 1 ch., work 2 d.c., into each d.c. (28 sts.), turn.

4th Row: 1 ch., work 2 d.c. into 1st d.c., * 1 ch., miss 1 d.c., work 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end (41 sts.), turn. Rep. 2nd and 3rd patt. rows twice (41 sts.).

9th Row: 2 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 2 d.c. into next 1 ch., * 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., (work 2 d.c., 1 ch, 2 d.c.,) all into next 1 ch., 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 2 d.c. into next 1 ch., rep. from * to end, miss 1 d.c., work 1 d.c. into next d.c. (58 sts.), turn.

10th Row: 1 ch., miss 1st d.c., work 2 d.c., 1 ch., 2 d.c. into next 1 ch., * 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 2 d.c. into next 1 ch., 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., (work 2 d.c., 1 ch., 2 d.c., all into next 1 ch.), rep. from * working 2 d.c. into end ch. (89 sts.), turn.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd patt. rows until work measures 2½in. finishing with 2nd row of patt.

Rep. 10th row (134 sts.). Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows of patt.

Next Row: 1 ch., miss 1st d.c., (work 2 d.c., 1 ch., 2 d.c.) into next 1 ch., * 1 ch., 2 d.c. into each of the next 3 loops of 1 ch., (1 ch., 2 d.c., 1 ch., 2 d.c., 1 ch.) into next loop of 1 ch., rep. from * to end (164 sts.), turn.

Change to black wool, and commencing with 3rd patt. row, work in patt. for 2½in. Break wool and join back seam.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join wool to one end of plastic thread and encase thread in a row of d.c. until opposite edge is reached. Bend strip in half and link the 2 pieces tog., as follows: 3 ch., 1 d.c., into end d.c. of 1 piece, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into end d.c., of opposite piece, leaving 3 d.c. in each piece free. Link the 2 strips tog., with 3 ch., in every d.c., until the 2 pieces are joined tog., with a crosswise ch. Double up into bows and sew to top of cap.

STREAMLINED GLOVES

Materials: Two skeins F. W. Hughes' "Twin-Prufe" 3-ply fingering wool or 3-ply crepe wool, shade No. 2388, green; 1 skein shade No. 1016, black; 1 No. 1 steel crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit average hand measurement.

Tension: 9 sts., 1in.; 8 rows, 1in.

Pattern being reversible, both gloves are made alike. Using green wool, crochet 72 ch. for side of hand.

1st Row: Work 1st patt. row (70 sts.), turn.

2nd Row: Work 2nd patt. row (finger edge), turn.

3rd Row: Inc. as follows:—2 ch., work 2 d.c. into 1st d.c., 1 ch., work 2 d.c. into next 1 ch., cont. from 3rd row to lower edge (73 sts.), turn.

Work 2 rows in patt., finishing at wrist, turn.

6th Row: Dec. as follows:—Work to within 3 sts. of end (70 sts.), turn.

7th Row: Work to wrist edge.

8th Row: Work to within 27 sts. at end of row, leave these sts. unworked for side of finger.

9th Row: Make 32 ch. for side of 2nd finger, work 30 sts. into the 32 ch., cont. in patt. to wrist edge, turn.

10th Row: Work to finger edge, turn.

11th Row: Inc. as in 3rd row, work to wrist edge (79 sts.), turn.

Work 2 rows patt., finishing at wrist edge.

14th Row: Dec. as 6th row (76 sts.), turn.

15th Row: Work in patt. to wrist edge.

16th Row: Work to within 30 sts. at end of row, leave these sts. unworked for side of finger, turn.

17th Row: Make 29 ch. for side of 1st finger, work 27 sts. into the 29 ch., cont. to wrist edge, turn.

18th Row: Work in patt. to finger edge, turn.

19th Row: Inc. as in 3rd row, work to wrist edge (73 sts.), turn.

Work 2 rows patt., ending at wrist edge, turn.

22nd Row: Dec. as 6th row (70 sts.), turn.

23rd Row: Work to wrist edge. Break wool. Join black wool at wrist edge to beginning of the foundation ch. Work a row of crochet round all edges, including the fingers.

FOURTH FINGER

Using green wool, make 26 ch. Work 24 sts. in the 26 ch. Take up the main work. Leaving depth of 3rd finger free, work to wrist edge, turn.

Next Row: Work to finger edge and inc. at end of row, turn. Work 3 rows without alteration of sts., finishing at wrist edge, turn.



Our striking cover design: Cap and gloves in simple crochet.

FRENCH CAP AND GLOVES SET: Easily worked in simple crochet, but smart enough for luncheon and dinner dates and for cocktail wear.

Next Row: Work to finger edge and dec. at end of row, turn.

Next Row: Work to wrist edge. Break wool. Join green wool at wrist edge to end of last row. Work 6 rows of crochet in lower edge. Break wool. Join on black and work 1 row round lower edge, side edges, and round the 4th finger. Break wool.

THUMB

Using green wool, make 23 ch. for inner edge.

1st Row: Work as 1st patt. row (21 sts.), turn.

2nd Row: Inc. at each end of row, turn.

3rd Row: Inc., work to end of row (*top edge*), turn.

4th Row: Work to lower edge, inc. at end of row, turn.

Repeat the last 2 rows once (31 sts.), turn.

9th Row: Inc., work to top edge, dec. at end of row, turn.

10th Row: Work as 4th row (32 sts.). Break wool. Join black wool and work a row of crochet round thumb apart from the slanted edges. Join slanted edge to hand. Make the back of the other hand in the same manner.

PALMS

Make 77 ch. for side edge.

1st Row: Work as 1st row (75 sts.), turn.

2nd Row: Work as 2nd patt. row, turn.

3rd Row: Inc. at beg. of row, work to wrist edge (78 sts.), turn. Work 2 rows without alteration of sts., turn.

6th Row: Work to finger edge and dec. at end of row (75 sts.), turn.

7th Row: Work to wrist edge.

THIRD FINGER

8th Row: Work to end 24 sts., leave these sts. free for 4th finger. Make 29 ch. for 3rd finger, turn.

9th Row: Work 27 sts. in the 29 ch., work to wrist edge, turn.

10th Row: Work to finger edge, turn.

11th Row: Inc. at beg. of row, work to wrist edge, turn. Work 2 rows without alteration of sts., turn.

14th Row: Work to finger edge and dec. at end of row, turn.

15th Row: Work to wrist edge, turn.

SECOND FINGER

16th Row: Work to end 27 sts., leave these sts. free for 3rd finger. Make 32 ch. for side of 2nd finger, turn.

17th Row: Work 30 sts. in the 32 ch., work to wrist edge, turn.

18th Row: Work to finger edge, turn.

19th Row: Inc. at beg. of row, work to wrist edge, turn. Work 2 rows without alteration of sts., turn.

22nd Row: Work to finger edge and dec. at end of row, turn.

23rd Row: Work to wrist edge, turn.

FIRST FINGER

24th Row: Work to within 30 sts. at end of row, leave these sts. for 2nd finger. Make 29 ch. for side of 1st finger.

25th Row: Work 21 sts. in the 29 ch., work to wrist edge, turn.

26th Row: Work to finger edge, turn.

27th Row: Inc. at beg. of row, work to wrist edge, turn. Work 2 rows without alteration of sts., turn.

30th Row: Work to finger edge and dec. at end of row, turn.

31st Row: Work to wrist edge, break wool.

Make the other palm to match.

THUMB

Make 2 pieces as for thumbs in front of gloves.

TO MAKE UP

Work a row of crochet round all edges of palms with black wool. Work a row round the thumb pieces apart from the slanting edges. Sew these edges to palms. Sew backs and palms together. Press lightly.

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

- **Plant Shrubs to Save Labor and Money.**
- **Home-made Gadgets for the Garden.**
- **How to Build and Furnish a Bush House.**
- **Planting, Pruning, Spraying Fruit Trees.**

Name of leaflet (one only)

.....

Stamped (3½d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382172

never licked any man's boots in my life . . ."

Mrs. Partridge said: "But your dad's done his duty in that state of life that it pleased . . ."

". . . but when I was your age," said Joe unheeding, "I wouldn't have reckoned myself much of a man if I'd gone sneaking round after the boss' daughter without him knowing — a kid of eighteen with no mother. Or let myself be taken riding in his car." He smiled slightly. "What you reckon they'd say about you in the shop if they knew? Know what you'd be called?"

"What d'you think I care what they'd say?"

Mrs. Partridge said: "Why don't you never see Hilda now?"

Joe moved a hand to silence her. "Anyhow, what you got in mind, eh Jack? Going to marry her, eh? Or maybe you reckon her father'll do something for you, so's you can just live on the Lang's money? My Lord, you talk to me about boot licking . . ."

Jack jumped up. His whole body shook slightly. "You got something wrong," he said quietly but rather thickly. "I'm not a kid of ten. You don't keep me. I earn my living and I pay my whack. If you don't like what I do, you only got to say so and I'll get out, see? And not come back. Otherwise mind your own business."

He turned and went out. The front door slammed.

In the silence Joe Partridge sat down slowly and heavily. Mrs. Partridge said: "Joe—you don't reckon he meant that—about going away?"

"Not he," said Partridge bitterly.

"What you going to do about the other thing?"

"I don't know," he said rather helplessly. "Unless I was to see Mr. Walter."

"I don't see why you should," said Mrs. Partridge.

"Why not?"

"Well, it's putting Jack in the wrong, and I don't reckon it's all his fault. Why does she go with him? She doesn't have to. A girl like that—it's putting temptation in his way."

"She's only eighteen."

"Some of these girls of eighteen know what's what. I saw her at the party and I thought that she looked a fast little thing. I reckon she must've encouraged him. It's Mr. Walter's job to look after her, and if he doesn't do it I don't see he's got the right to blame a boy like Jack . . ."

"All right, all right," said Partridge wearily. "Your Jack couldn't be wrong, could he? But you can bet your bottom dollar if I don't tell Mr. Walter someone else will, sooner or later. If it's got back to me it'll be all round the place. Stands to reason it must, if they're going to places like dance halls. And then it'll lose him his job and maybe mine, too."

"Yours?" she said startled.

Partridge shook his head with a bitter little smile. "I know Walter. I've known him for thirty years. You're all right with him if you are all right, but if you aren't . . ."

Mrs. Partridge had gone very pale. After a moment she said: "I think I'd better try to talk to Jack. I don't reckon he understands—and of course he gets angry with you. But if I was to talk with him I think I could get him to promise to—to stop it so that there won't be any more trouble."

Continuing Sundry Creditors

from page 3

Joe Partridge slowly opened the envelope that contained his football coupon. "Ah," he said. "I reckon he'll promise you anything, Mother."

.

On his way to the Board Meeting, Lawrence was joined by Talbot-Rees. Talbot-Rees was wearing a black jacket and pin-striped trousers with a red carnation in his buttonhole. He said: "I gather that to-day we elect a new member of the Board."

"Barker? Yes. That'll add to the gaiety of the Board Meetings, won't it?"

"Between ourselves," said Talbot-Rees, "I think it's rather a mistake. Barker's a good enough chap, but these production-manager types who started at the bottom never really understand the strategy of business."

"Well, if Walter's memorandum is the strategy of business, nor do I. What d'you make of it?"

Talbot-Rees hesitated and said: "It's an interesting point of view. What do you feel?"

"I think it's crazy."

"Well, yes. Of course it's not very practical immediately. But you know our little Walter must have his visions."

The bespectacled Barker was waiting in the ante-room to the Board Room. He was wearing a new grey suit and there was perspiration on his forehead. He said: "Good morning," but did not enter with them.

Lawrence said: "Do they keep him out there till he's been elected and then bring him in?"

"It's the correct procedure," said Talbot-Rees.

"There ought to be some initiation ceremony. Couldn't we break a bottle of champagne over his bows or something? He looked as though he could do with it."

"Quite frankly," said Talbot-Rees, "I don't think he's got the drive . . ."

"All right," said Henry Spellman thankfully. "We've elected a new director as per item one and received the report of the pensions committee as per item two and reviewed the production forecast as per item three. The next item is for me to tell my secretary something I've forgotten. And after that we'll take Mr. Lang's memorandum." He rose and waddled off to the telephone.

"Have you had a copy of this memorandum of Walter's?" Lawrence said to Barker.

The spectacled young man stared slightly and said: "No, Mr. Lawrence. I understand that they couldn't give one since it was a Board document."

"But that's bunkum. It concerns you more than anybody else. Or soon will."

Barker smiled deprecatingly. "I've seen Mr. Martin's."

"Ah—I see. The correct procedure. What d'you think of it?"

Barker said: "Well . . . I've got some figures that I've given to Mr. Martin . . ."

Henry Spellman came back. "Right," he said. "Errors and omissions dealt with. Item four. The managing director's memorandum . . ."

He took off one pair of glasses, put on another, looked at the memorandum, took off the second pair of glasses, put them on the table and gave them a little push. He said: "You've all seen this. It's a memorandum on the broad future of the business. Mr. Lang's view is . . . (correct me if I've got anything wrong, Walter) . . . Mr. Lang feels that the future of the business lies—or should lie—in more concentration on our own products, and less fabricating for other people."

He grabbed suddenly at his spectacles as though they had made an attempt to escape, and put them on for safety. "I venture to suggest that nobody is going to disagree with that."

"Hear, hear!" said Talbot-Rees heartily.

"In fact," said Henry, "I can never remember anybody disagreeing with it, and it's been coming up every so often for the past thirty years. We all know that these outside fabricating jobs are a nuisance. They come in fits and starts. They mean short runs and a lot of setting-up time. The profit margin on them's usually cut to ribbons. Nobody in his senses would want them if he could do something else."

"But the principle's always been that we'd get rid of them when we could see how to make our normal turnover and profit without them. What's new in Mr. Lang's memorandum, as I understand it, is that he wants to get rid of them, anyhow, whether we can see immediately what to put in their place or not. That so, Walter?"

"More or less," said Lang smiling at him.

"All right. Well, now, gentlemen, I ask Mr. Lang to speak to his memorandum and explain what he's got in mind."

LANG looked slowly round the table. "I don't want to talk very much," he said in his curt voice—the voice that seemed to grudge every word. "It's all set out here. The Chairman's told you we've wanted to get rid of fabricating contracts for thirty-five years. I'm suggesting that we should get rid of them in the next two—that by the end of 1955 we should be working solely on our own patented products.

"I've tried to show how that might be done without much loss of profit. But the main thing is the principle that we put this through whether we lose turnover and profit or not. As long as we can go messing on with fabricating work there's no real incentive for anybody to get on and develop our own stuff. If our bread and butter depends on it, it'd be different."

Henry said: "You reckon the best way to teach us to swim is to pitch us into ten foot of water, eh?"

"That's right."

There was a long pause. Henry said: "That all you want to say, Walter?"

"Yes. The rest's all down here."

"Well, then, gentlemen, the discussion's open. I've got my own view about this, but I'd rather hear somebody else first." He looked round with raised eyebrows. Nobody seemed anxious to speak.

At last North gave the side of his nose a final polish and said: "I don't want this to be taken as—as an observation on Mr. Lang's memorandum, Mr. Chairman, and still less as a criticism. But I've taken out a few figures which might help in the discussion . . ."

There was an almost audible sigh of relief. North had an invaluable habit of taking out a few figures.

On this occasion, however, the production of the figures was followed by some lively and acrimonious debate. At length, there was a long, rather dispirited pause.

Henry caught his glasses and said: "Well, gentlemen—the sense of the meeting seems to be this. We all accept the principle behind the Managing Director's memorandum. And we admire the vision with which he has expressed his ideas—as he always does. But on the production and sales side there are a lot of question marks.

"This is too big a thing to go rushing into in the dark. We may not be altogether satisfied with the business, but it's sound and it's profitable. As directors we certainly shouldn't be justified in giving up the substance for the shadow. But that doesn't mean we want to sit and do nothing. We must get on with this changeover just as fast as is prudent."

He turned to Lang. "So I suggest that what we, as a Board, say to the Managing Director is that we support and offer every encouragement to the principle he has expressed and that we are prepared to taper off the fabricating work just as quickly as the development of the patent products side is able to replace the loss of turnover and profit, or the greater part of it." He paused. "How about that?"

Lang sat up and said curtly: "With all respect, Mr. Chairman, that's no use to me at all. It leaves us just where we were."

"But I said—"

"It's no use saying things. We've got to do something. And this is just a formula for doing nothing."

Henry said: "I don't agree."

Lawrence said: "Are you still asking the Board to accept this memorandum exactly as it stands, Walter? Because . . ."

Lang looked at him for a moment and then turned pointedly away.

"Gentlemen," he said, "my father founded this business. I think I'm right in saying that to-day I'm the largest individual shareholder in it. I've run the business for the past fifteen years and what I've done with it is there on the accounts for everybody to see. When I put up a considered memorandum like this I don't expect it to be dismissed after a quarter of an hour's amateur discussion."

Lang's face had gone a deep red. He glared round at Lawrence and said more loudly: "There are some of us here who . . ."

Henry said quietly: "I don't think we shall get anywhere like this."

Lang said furiously: "I refuse to be impeded at every step by . . ."

Nobody's trying to impede you."

"No—and they'd better not!"

To page 54



Simply Heat and Serve!

Ready cooked and always delicious, these tasty Rosella Vegetables with Sausages make a meal the whole family will enjoy.

Rosella
VEGETABLES with SAUSAGES

and now

SAFETY SEALED
Steadiflow
BABY'S FEEDING BOTTLE
IN PYREX



It's heat-resisting! Boils without breaking! Easier to handle!



Two Steadiflow bottles now at your chemist's:
Steadiflow-Pyrex 6/6; Standard 5/-

Distributed by James Hare & Co. Pty. Ltd., for Farran Co., 409 Collins St., Melb.

COMPLETE WITH THE TEAT THAT B-R-E-A-T-H-E-S



VENCATACHELLUM
Genuine Madras
CURRY POWDER
The Same Grand Curry Grandma used

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL RECIPE
MADRAS KEDGEREE

2 oz. rice, 1½ oz. butter, 2 tsp. chopped onion, 6 oz. cooked fish, 1 tsp. curry powder, salt, 2 tomatoes, 1 hard-boiled egg.

Boil the rice, drain it, then pour cold water through it to separate the grains. Fry the onion in the butter in a saucepan until tender, then peel and slice the tomatoes and add them to the onion. Sprinkle the curry powder on the onions and tomato and fry all together gently for a minute or two. Now bone, skin, and break up the fish, and add it and the rice to the mixture, season to taste and stir until heated. Serve on a hot dish and garnish with chopped hard-boiled egg, sliced lemon and parsley.

JUST ASK FOR "VENTS"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382173

Here – on the label – is **PROOF** of Marmite's vitamin goodness!



Now you can see for yourself exactly how good Marmite really is — because its vitamin content is printed right on the label! Look for it — and see why Marmite is recognised as one of the richest known food sources of niacin, riboflavin and precious Vitamin B1 — why so many mothers *prefer* this famous yeast and vegetable extract to any other other! Highly concentrated, too, so use it very sparingly on sandwiches and savouries . . . and in soups, broths and gravies! From all grocers.



Yeast plus garden vegetables is one of the secrets of Marmite's extra flavour, extra goodness and greater economy! Serve it often!

MARMITE

YEAST AND VEGETABLE EXTRACT

M71-H.P.

Continuing Sundry Creditors

from page 53

Lang pushed back his chair and walked out. There was a moment's silence.

Henry said quietly: "Well—I think we'd better adjourn."

Within minutes, however, Lang had sought a private interview with Henry.

"Frankly, Henry," he said with careful calm, "I'm not prepared to work my guts out to make a success of this place if I've got to be obstructed by wind-bags like Talbot-Rees and nonentities like Barker. They've no stake in the business. They're purely courtesy directors, and it's intolerable if they're going to meddle with major policy."

"Well," said Henry slowly, "if you appoint a man a director, you can't blame him if he acts like one."

"All right. Then we must reorganise this thing and not make these people directors."

"Being a bit old-fashioned, aren't you, Walter? Family Board and so on?"

Lang said: "Well, we can't go on like this."

"No," said Henry slowly. "We can't . . ." He leaned back in his chair, which creaked warningly. "Look, Walter," he said gently. "I took on the Chairmanship because you asked me to. But having taken it on, I've got to do the job. And as long as I'm Chairman, you mustn't treat a Board Meeting like you did that one to-day."

Lang flushed: "What d'you mean?"

"The principle's always been that in the Board Room we're all equal. You talked to-day like the boss talking to a lot of unsatisfactory office boys."

Lang shrugged his shoulders.

"I can see it must be annoying," said Henry thoughtfully. "You get an idea. You know it's good. You can't prove it but—you just know it. And then you have to try to explain it to a lot of chaps who haven't got that sort of vision."

Lang said: "If you can see that, why didn't you support me?"

"Because it isn't reasonable, Walter. Because there's no real case for it, except to satisfy you. You can visualise something that'd give you more personal satisfaction than what you've got now—that would express you better. That's fine if you're cutting a bit of stone. It's up to you to have it any shape you want it. But you're talking here about something that gives two thousand people their livings. And it's no good losing your temper if you can't do just as you like with it."

"Look here, Henry," said Lang. "If you're looking for trouble . . ."

"Heaven help us," said Spellman wearily. "I'm not looking for trouble with anybody. I'm only trying to help you. This individualist approach of yours."

"You don't like the way I behave? Well, let me tell you that I don't like the way Lawrence behaves towards me."

"Well, then you'd better tell him so," said Henry. "He's of age."

"It's no good squabbling about like this," said Lang. "I've got a proposition to put to you. I want to reorganise this business. If I do, I'd rather do it my own way and risk my own money. You've got twenty thousand shares. I'll buy them from you at five shillings over an independent valuation provided you'll also sell me twenty thousand of the Trust's shares."

Spellman said: "Walter—we've been through all this before. I've already told you that in my opinion it wouldn't be in line with Gus' intentions to sell you control."

"And why should you think that, except that it suits your book to think it?" said Lang angrily.

Spellman hesitated for a moment and then sighed: "Well, if you must know, because he told me so."

"Gus told you you weren't to sell the shares to me?" said Lang in a low voice.

"He didn't say I wasn't to sell any of them to you. He said I wasn't to sell enough to give you complete financial control. He didn't think it'd be good for the business. Or for you."

"I don't believe it."

"Please yourself about that, but it's true." Spellman spread out a hand. "I'm sorry, Walter. I didn't want to tell you that, but you left me no option."

"It'd have been straighter if you'd told me before," said Lang bitterly. "Does North know that?"

"He does not. Nobody else knows."

"Except Lawrence, eh?"

"Including Lawrence."

Lang stared at him for a moment in silence. Then he got up abruptly. "All right, Henry," he said with a slight smile. "Then I shall have to find another way. There always are other ways."

THAT was always the longest bit of the day between the tea-break and the end bell going. It was only just over an hour, but the electric drill got so that it seemed to weigh a ton.

But it hadn't been a bad day because Hilda had been doing Number Three, and Number Three was the easiest number on Pressure Tank R.B. Not like Number Two, which was too quick and Mollie kept missing.

But Hilda had been able to help her with Number Two and Mollie had had some gum sweets that her Dan had given her, and Hilda had gone on thinking about being on a switchback at the Pleasure Grounds right up till the bell went, whereas usually after the tea-break you were too tired to think about nice things.

She had been on the switchback and gone on and on, sometimes it was Robert Taylor with her and sometimes Lawrence Spellman, but younger, like he used to be in the war. And once Jack had come and asked her if he could, and she had said: "No, thank you very much," and turned her back on him.

She was so used to going to the bicycle racks that she went all the way out there before she remembered that she hadn't got her bicycle because it had a puncture that morning and she had to come by bus.

It was a nuisance having to walk right up to the bus and then walk again at the other end, but there it was, and if she walked slowly the first lot of buses would have got off and it wouldn't be so crowded, though the Greengates bus always was . . .

Lawrence said: "Well, look, Ted, whatever else you do with it, don't let them put it down in the chapel, or somebody'll come along and stack it with the rest and we shall never find it again. Put it in West Store."

He hung up the receiver and turned to his secretary. "Now, May . . .?" The tall, pale, freckled, bespectacled girl put the letters and cheques before him. ("Having May as a secretary," he had once remarked, "is the only gesture towards respectability that I have ever made.")

Lawrence scribbled his signature to the letters and looked at the thick wad of cheques. "Look, sweetheart," he said, "it is now nearly six. My union won't like it if I stay and sign all these. Bring them in to-morrow morning."

Talbot-Rees' car and Martin's car were still in the car-park, but his father's car and Lang's car had both gone. He could never before remember leaving after Lang, and decided not to let it occur again.

It took a long time for people to come in the morning, but precious little time for them to get away at night. It was only five to six, but the road outside was practically clear. He took his hands off the wheel for a moment and lit a cigarette. The question now was whether to go straight home or call in at the County for a drink.

The girl in the green coat up the road in front had uncommonly pretty legs. In fact she was an uncommonly pretty shape altogether. It was the sort of back view that nearly always went with spectacles and spots when you go abreast. Lawrence slowed slightly and glanced sideways just to confirm the guess.

Then he looked hard and pulled the car in to the pavement. "Why, hallo, 'Rene—want a lift?"

Hilda blushed and hesitated.

Lawrence leant over and opened the door. "Come on—hop in."

She said: "Thank you very much, Mr. Spellman. If you could just drop me off at the bus-stop . . ."

Lawrence said: "Where d'you live?"

"Greengates, Mr. Spellman."

"Well, that's all right. On my way home. I can take you down to Market Cross." He let the clutch in. "D'you always come by bus?"

"No, Mr. Spellman, but I had a puncture this morning."

There were a lot of people still waiting at the bus-stop. They looked at the car as it passed and Hilda blushed and didn't look out.

Ten minutes or so later quite a number of people saw Lawrence's car stop at Market Cross. Hilda got out and walked away towards Greengates and the car went on . . .

Jack was in the canteen

To page 55

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — By RUD



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382174

drinking a cup of tea and talking to Mac about the Cup Final when Fred Boxall passed on his way out. Fred said: "What-o, Jacko. How's the car running?"

He looked up and said stupidly: "What car?" Fred Boxall grinned and made a gesture with his fingers and went on. Jack felt his face go hot. He said: "What's he talking about—'car'?"

Mac said very solemnly indeed: "I don't know what he's talking about. Doesn't make any sense to me."

Later on Jack got hold of Fred Boxall and said: "What was that you said in the canteen—about a car?"

Fred Boxall said in a very refined way: "Haven't you ever heard that expression before? 'How's the car running?' It means: How are you? How's tricks? See?"

He said: "Oh—I get it," lamely.

Fred Boxall grinned and said: "What else could it mean? You haven't got a car, have you?"

"No," he said, "I haven't got a car."

"That's what I thought," said Fred. "Somebody was saying the other day you had, and I said I didn't reckon so."

"Who said so?"

Fred's forehead puckered up in an intense effort of memory. "Ah," he said with regret, "now that I can't recall."

Ted Chalmers and Harry had come up without his having noticed them. Ted chipped in and said: "What you're thinking of is I said he ought to have one."

Fred Boxall was one thing, but Ted Chalmers had a loose mouth and spots, and wasn't one of the gang. Jack turned round and said to Ted Chalmers: "An' just why d'you think that?"

Ted Chalmers took a step back and grinned nervously and said: "Well, so you ought. And all the rest of us. We should have if we was in America."

Fred and Harry burst into a roar of laughter. As Jack turned away Fred stopped laughing and said in a worried way: "We haven't said anything wrong, have we, Jacko?"

There was ten minutes before the bell would go. He went out into the road and walked along it for a few hundred yards and back. There was nothing in it. They hadn't said anything.

But he knew that game. He had played it too often himself to mistake it. They might not know it was her—most likely they didn't. But they knew something; and there was a cold, sick feeling in his belly.

.

Sir Francis' house overlooked Regent's Park. The dining-room was on the first floor and very big. It made Sir Francis look smaller and more bird-like than ever.

Sir Francis said: "I thought we'd dine here rather than go to the Club. I find the only place one can talk without being interrupted is at one's own dinner-table. You don't mind?"

"Not at all," said Lang.

They sat at one end of the huge mahogany table, which seemed to stretch away out of range of the candlelight, and was definitely not made for intimate dinners for two.

"I don't know why it is," said Sir Francis, "that no Italian food or drink ever tastes good outside Italy. The wine's notorious, of course. But why ordinary artichokes . . . ?"

Lang said: "I don't know Italy at all."

"A ridiculous country," said Sir Francis promptly. "Nothing whatever to do with real life. At least—it is important to think so . . ."

Then he turned with the watered-milk smile and said: "I'm afraid I have some rather bad news for you about steel supplies. Falk tells me that he doesn't see how he can carry on with this arrangement he made with your people."

"That's very serious from our point of view," said Lang glumly.

"Well, we shall have to see what we can do. In the meantime I wonder if you could put me straight over one or two

Continuing

Sundry Creditors

from page 54

things. What proportion of your business is affected by this steel problem?"

At half-past ten Sir Francis gave a little start, rose, and poured Lang another brandy. "That's extraordinarily interesting," he said. "Of course, between ourselves Henry Spellman, though a dear old boy in many ways, knows more about French painting than he does about business. A scheme like yours would frighten the life out of him."

Lang smiled. "Of course, with a thing like that, it's so very easy for anybody to say that what you're suggesting is airy-fairy and impractical . . ."

"Yes, yes. All the usual plain men's arguments. But plain men don't build businesses. It's the dreamers who do that." He smiled at his glass. "I've suffered a good deal from plain men with hard commonsense in my time. But I've usually contrived to be in a position to say: 'Gentlemen, I'm interested to hear your views. But here is my decision.' "

Lang said: "That's exactly the position I should like to be in. But as I say, you immediately get a cry of 'Dictator!' from all the scared sheep."

Sir Francis frowned. "Yes," he said thoughtfully. "I must confess that I hadn't realised you had that problem. When your brother died I naturally thought the controlling interest would pass to you—or at least that you would buy it from his estate."

"Frankly," said Lang, "I don't see what Henry's getting at."

Sir Francis suddenly sat forward in his chair with a mischievous grin. "Look here," he said, "this is probably a ridiculous idea, but . . . How many of these shares are there?"

"Eighty thousand. Forty per cent. of the ordinary capital."

"And you have thirty per cent.?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," said Sir Francis slowly, "what happens if I buy your brother's shares?"

"You?" said Lang startled.

"Yes. Why not? Henry's got to sell them. Presumably they'll be sold at valuation, which makes them a reasonable investment. Nobody knows of this conversation. It would look like an ordinary deal by my group."

"Ah, but if Lang's were bought up by your group . . ."

"It wouldn't be bought up. We should have no control, owning only forty per cent. of the shares. But . . ." Sir Francis smiled. "But with that forty and your thirty, then seventy per cent. of the shares would be owned by people with—shall we say—similar views about business."

There was a long silence. "Of course, you may not like the idea," said Sir Francis. "I know a lot of people have old-fashioned fears of having anything to do with a large group. But I must say I find it rather attractive. After all, your big problem is going to be how to make this change-over from mainly fabricating to your own products without going through some very difficult years.

"Now a group the size of ours has a lot of fabricating work and a number of fabricating plants. We could put just the amount into your place necessary to keep you going and withdraw it as and when it becomes less necessary."

"Yes," said Lang slowly. "I see that . . . Of course, there'll be a sizeable capital investment in plant . . ."

"Well . . .?" said Sir Francis. ". . . but I think the company could finance that itself."

"So much the better."

"The other problem's going to be raw materials. And if Falk is as tight for steel as he says . . ."

They looked at each other for a moment and both laughed.

"Falk," said Sir Francis, "is an excellent businessman who stoutly looks after my interests when he feels that I'm too easy-going to look after them myself. Do you mind touching that bell? I think this calls for a whisky and soda and a little thought."

"Mind you," said Lang, "I'm not at all sure that if Henry knew about this talk he'd sell them to you. He's bent on stopping me from doing this job."

"My dear man," said Sir Francis, "if I bought these shares, I should do so as an investment. Thereafter, how I voted them would be nothing to do with Henry. He might easily sell them to someone else and find that the man was your most ardent supporter."

He took his whisky and soda. "Nobody can stop a good man," he said gently. "People may do their best to hinder those of us with progressive ideas, but there's always a way round." He raised his glass.

They drank it in silence. Sir Francis said: "You met my man Winter, didn't you? What did you think of him?"

"I thought he was first-rate."

"How'd you like to have him for a bit?"

"You mean to work?"

"Yes. I was just thinking that if we did go through with this idea, presumably I should be allowed to nominate somebody for the Board. Now Winter's just the sort of chap you want to work with you. He's a go-getter and he really knows modern production . . ." He broke off. "But I'm going altogether too fast."

There was a moment's pause.

"I'm not at all sure that you are," said Lang thoughtfully. "I'm just losing my production director, and a chap like Winter . . ."

.

Lawrence said: "We could knock down the wall of the spare room and throw it into ours and turn the dressing-room into a bath-room."

"We could do that," said Laura. "What we couldn't do is pay for it; and anyhow it's at the other end that we need another bath-room."

"I'm very tired of this house," said Lawrence moodily. "Let's go and live in a caravan. Or on a boat. I should like to live on a boat."

Mrs. Ryle came in and said: "There's a Mr. and Mrs. Pinner to see you, Mr. Spellman."

"Pinner? Don't know any-

To page 56

Beauty in brief:

Reducing Diet

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If you have been eating too much, exercising too little, and failing to keep a check on your weight, go on a citrus-fruit diet for one day each week to bring your figure back into line.

THIS means no sugar, no starch, no sweetened juices. Cream and sweets are out, too.

Start the day with unsweetened lemon or orange juice, and drink copious draughts of juice, interspersed with plain water, during the rest of the day.

If liquid palls, you may eat an orange or grapefruit sections.

The other six days eat lean meat, fresh green vegetables, and raw fruit—no pastry and no fats.



KITTY PANTON, vivacious Sydney model (and busy housewife, too) says . . .

"STOP WORRYING about housework spoiling your hands **START WEARING** ANSELL RUBBER GLOVES"





A lovely model — and mother — Mrs. Kitty Panton, like every other busy housewife, has the dishes to wash . . . laundry to do. But she can't risk the drying, wrinkling effect that hot, soapy water has on the hands.

"I'm never without my Ansell Rubber Gloves in the kitchen and laundry", says Kitty. "They're so easy to work with, and such certain skin protection." With Ansell Rubber Gloves you can use hotter water, too — gets dishes and clothes cleaner.



"The simplest beauty secret I know", says Kitty, "is to wear Ansell Rubber Gloves for *all* housework. They protect your hands completely from the hardening, roughening effect of daily mopping, sweeping and polishing."



When a photograph calls for a close-up of beautiful hands, Sydney commercial photographers choose Kitty Panton as model . . . her hands always look so soft and youthful. "Thanks to the complete protection of Ansell Rubber Gloves", says Kitty.

Ansell all-over crepe-finished Rubber Gloves are so easy to slip on and off. They fit comfortably right to the finger-tips . . . feel so light . . . and grip like your own skin. They prevent the drying, cracking effect of scalding hot water . . . the roughening effect of daily housework and gardening . . . and they keep your nails from breaking and chipping. Enjoy the comfort and protection of Ansell Sure-Grip Rubber Gloves. They're the longest-wearing rubber gloves — the most economical of all.

(Slightly dearer in country areas)

Obtainable from all stores, chemists, hardware stores and chain stores.

AVAILABLE IN 5 SIZES — 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382175

SELLOTAPE NEWSREEL



Bringing you the latest hints on how to save time and money every day with Sellotape.

Here's a new Sellotape star—the plastic home dispenser in four gay colors. Now you can match your kitchen color scheme and keep Sellotape on show—ready to use. Still crystal-clear tape.



25% more gripping power with Sellotape—the ¾" w-i-d-e home dispenser tape. This extra grip means that Sellotape stays stuck even in humid weather—unlike other tapes.



The kids go for Sellotape, too. School-books last for years if they're edged with firm-gripping Sellotape. You'll find dozens of kitchen-uses, too.



Personalise your shop and gain extra sales. Have your business-name, slogan, trade mark colorfully PRINTED on Sellotape. Sells as it seals parcels, mail, etc. Contact your Sellotape wholesaler or Wrightcel Pty. Ltd. for details.



Save Housepainting time—and do a better job by protecting all edges and window panes with Sellotape MASKING TAPE. Make enquiries at your local hardware store.

SELLOTAPE
—the clear quality tape

Sellotape is distributed throughout Australia by Wrightcel Pty. Ltd. and wholesalers in all States.

body named Pinner. Did they say what they want?"

"No. Just said they wanted to see you."

"Well, well," said Lawrence. "They shall have audience. Pinner . . . ?"

Mr. and Mrs. Pinner were standing in the hall. Mrs. Pinner was a bulky woman with a red face. Her mouth was tremulous, and she looked as though she had been crying. Mr. Pinner was a wiry, sandy little man with a black patch over one eye.

Lawrence smiled and said: "Good evening . . ."

Mrs. Pinner sniffed and looked nervously at her husband. Mr. Pinner said: "Mr. Spellman — you're Mr. Spellman? Want to talk to you—my wife and I want to talk you."

"Well, certainly," said Lawrence with his best working-class cordiality. "What about?"

"Private," said Mr. Pinner.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Private. My wife and me want to talk to you private."

"Oh—I see. All right, then, let's go in here, shall we?" Lawrence led them into the morning-room. "Do sit down. Cigarette?"

"No. I don't smoke. We come for an explanation." In the brighter light of the morning-room Mr. Pinner appeared to be rather pale.

"Explanation," said Lawrence, startled. "What about?"

"About my daughter Hilda. Hilda Pinner. My daughter."

Lawrence frowned. "I'm sorry," he said politely. "But I don't think I know anybody named Hilda Pinner . . ."

"Oh, don't you . . . !" said Mr. Pinner dangerously.

"Unless she's at the Works—at Lang's . . . ?"

"Yes, she is, and you took her in your car. Two days ago it was."

"Oh I know," said Lawrence. "I didn't know her name was Hilda. I thought . . . Yes. That's right. I gave her a lift from the Works to Market Cross."

"He gave her a lift," said Mrs. Pinner bitterly.

"Well, what about it?" said Lawrence shortly.

"What I want's your explanation. That's what I want."

"He knows," said Mrs. Pinner.

Mr. Pinner said: "I want your explanation. Your explanation of what you did to my daughter."

There was a moment's pause. "Oh," said Lawrence softly. "I see. Why? Does she say I did something to her?"

"What's the use of his denying it?" said Mrs. Pinner.

"Come home like that after a day's work," said Mr. Pinner trembling, "and find the girl and my wife all upset. After a day's work. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Lawrence said politely: "Will you excuse me for just a moment?" He went quickly back to the drawing-room. Laura was fiddling with the radio. He said: "Darling, d'you mind coming? I think you'd better be in on this."

"On what?"

"I'm not absolutely sure. They're a bit incoherent. But I rather think I'm being accused of rape."

"Rape?" said Laura. "Well, well."

They went back to the morning-room. The Pinners were talking in low voices. Lawrence said: "Mr. and Mrs. Pinner. My wife. Now please go on, Mr. Pinner. I gather your daughter Hilda had told you I did something to her when I gave her a lift the other day?"

Mr. Pinner said: "D'you deny it?"

"You haven't told me yet what I'm supposed to have done."

"He knows," said Mrs. Pinner.

"Interfered with her," said Mr. Pinner reluctantly. "A bit of a girl like that. I've come for your explanation. That's what I want."

Laura said: "When is all this supposed to have happened?"

"A couple of days ago, darling. I gave her a lift from the Works down to town." Lawrence picked up a cigarette and lit it. His hands were usually very shaky, but they were steady now.

"Look, Mr. Pinner," he said gently, "I can only assure you that nothing of the sort happened. Your daughter was walking home from the Works. I passed with the car, and as I frequently do with anybody I see walking home, gave her a lift. I think she said her bicycle had a puncture or something. I drove her in to Market Cross, which is more or less on my way home. On the way we chattered about this and that, but she's a shy girl and we didn't even talk much. At Market Cross I stopped and she thanked me and got out. That's all."

Mrs. Pinner snorted slightly and looked at her husband.

Mr. Pinner said quickly: "You don't deny that you took her in the car with you?"—

"Of course not."

"Because there's witnesses that you did," said Mr. Pinner triumphantly. "Her Aunt Marjorie, or what we call her aunt, saw her get out."

"Very likely. I've told you I gave her a lift."

"And you say you never did anything?"

"Certainly I didn't."

Mr. Pinner said: "Then why should she say you did? I want your explanation of that."

Mrs. Pinner said: "Of course he'd say . . ."

"You be quiet," said Mr. Pinner sharply. "I want his explanation."

LAWRENCE shrugged his shoulders. "There you have me. I can only tell you what happened. Young girls do sometimes say these things, but I must say I'm surprised if your daughter's done so. She seemed a very nice, quiet girl."

Mrs. Pinner suddenly said very loudly: "She's a decent girl that's been properly brought up to fear God," and burst into tears.

"Just a minute," said Laura. "When did your daughter tell you about this?"

Mr. Pinner hesitated. "This evening," he said reluctantly.

"What? Two whole days after it's supposed to have happened? Why didn't she tell you at once?"

Mr. Pinner said: "She was afraid."

"What of?"

"She wasn't afraid for herself," said Mrs. Pinner chokily. "She was afraid for him—that he'd get into trouble. And it played on her mind knowing it was wrong and then she came and told her mother . . ." she wept again.

Mr. Pinner said: "Come home after a day's work and find that. After a day's work . . ." The thought that it was after a day's work or the sight of his wife's tears made him angrier than ever. He said: "I want your explanation, and if I don't get it, then it'll have to be reported. Reported. I'll show you up. Report it."

"It's no good keeping on saying you want my explanation," said Lawrence irritably. "I've given you the only explanation I can, which is that it's all nonsense and no such thing ever happened."

Mrs. Pinner said, "Of course he'd say that."

"The only thing that I can think of," said Lawrence, "is for me to see the girl with you and make her repeat what she said in front of me."

The Pinners exchanged glances.

Continuing Sundry Creditors

from page 55

"She's not fit for any games of that sort," said Mrs. Pinner. "She's all upset. Bit of a girl like that . . ."

"Then I'm very sorry," said Lawrence shortly, "but I can't do any more to help you. If your daughter wants to accuse *me*, then she must do it to my face and in front of witnesses, and I must be allowed to question her about it. Otherwise I shall ignore the whole thing."

Mr. Pinner said: "Oh, you'll ignore it, will you?" and said: "Come on," to his wife and went out.

Laura and Lawrence walked slowly back to the drawing-room in silence. Laura said: "I want your explanation . . ." They looked at each other and suddenly burst into a simultaneous giggle.

"I dare say," said Lawrence, "but this is awkward . . ."

"It certainly is, darling."

"But why on earth should the little fool go and say a thing like that? And why pick on me?"

Laura said: "Do I know her?"

"I shouldn't think so. Pretty thing. I danced with her at the party."

"Ah, yes," said Laura. She turned away and lit a cigarette. "You know," she said staring at him thoughtfully, "you know, I think you'd better take some action about this, darling. Those characters are out for blood."

Lawrence said: "I know. But what can I do?"

"Think they'll go to the police?"

"Heaven knows. It rather depends what she's accusing me of. Pa and Ma were so modest I still don't know whether I'm supposed to have kissed her or to have raped her."

Laura said: "I don't think they notice little distinctions like that. There was a case the other day where a girl complained that somebody whistled at her in the street. Did you stop the car at any point?"

"Only when I dropped her."

"It was moving all the time she was in it?"

"Of course."

Laura said: "Well, then, there isn't such a lot you could have done. Even so I think I'd ring Tony Lampard up in the morning. Solicitors like to be in on things early."

"Yes. I'll do that." He went across to a cupboard. "What I need at the moment is a drink. For you?"

"Yes, please." Laura gazed thoughtfully at his back. "The other person I should certainly get hold of," she said, "is your papa."

"Why Papa?"

"Because if they don't go to the police—and I doubt if they will—they'll certainly go and kick up a fuss at Lang's. Which might be almost equally awkward."

"It would certainly give pleasure in some quarters," said Lawrence bitterly.

"If it's coming to Papa at all it would be better if it came from you."

"Yes." Lawrence sipped his drink. "It's unfair this, you know," he said moodily. "I've often thought so when I've seen cases in the papers. Some hysterical kid has only to say a thing like that about a man and, whether it's true or not, he's got no defence. The law won't usually convict him just on a girl's say so. But everybody else will say what those people did: 'Why should she say it if it isn't true?' "

"Moreover," said Laura slowly, "let's face it, darling—you haven't exactly got a reputation for . . ."

Lawrence said: "I have a reputation as a skirt-chaser that it has taken me years to cultivate."

"Quite."

"That's what's so irritating, to be quite frank. As a man with no particular morals and rather low tastes, it's maddening if on one of the few occasions when you do act in pure good nature . . ."

"Yes," said Laura gently, staring at her cigarette end. "It's very hard."

Lawrence looked at her sharply. After a moment's pause he leant forward and said: "Look, darling . . . just let's be clear about one thing. You don't by any chance believe this kid's telling the truth, do you? Because . . ."

Laura raised the lovely green eyes and smiled at him brightly. "Darling," she said, "I don't think you're a paragon of virtue, but I don't imagine you've reached the stage of 'interfering' with little factory girls in motor-cars. At least I trust not."

Lawrence grinned. "Not quite, anyhow."

Laura stubbed out her cigarette. She said: "I think if I were you I should go and ring up your father right away . . ."

Miss Bell looked at her notes and said: "There was just the question of whether it ought to be the Works Committee on the platform, or just the Directors, and Mr. Ryan representing the works side. You see, there are the two presentations, Mr. Walter. One from the Directors and one from the rest of us."

Lang said: "Does it matter?"

"Works Committee," said Ryan briefly. "Makes it more representative of everybody."

"Anyhow, is there anybody on the Board who's not on the Works Committee?"

Miss Bell hesitated. "Only Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Talbot-Rees."

"Oh well," said Lang, "make it the Works Committee. I don't suppose Mr. Lawrence or Mr. Talbot-Rees will mind not sitting on the platform."

Miss Bell said: "Then I thought if you were to say a few words about Mr. Martin's services . . ."

"Why me? Why not the Chairman?"

"The Chairman's going to make the presentation on behalf of the Directors. After you, I thought Mr. Martin might reply. Then the Chairman makes the Directors' presentation and Mr. Ryan the Works presentation. Then perhaps Mr. Martin will want to say a few words of thanks . . ."

Lang shifted impatiently and said: "Oh draw it mild. We don't want this to go on all night. Why not let George speak after the presentations?"

"It won't really take long, Mr. Walter. Then I'd asked Mr. Gage to have a few members of the Choral Society sitting together so that they could lead in singing 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' because it's so awful if it's just ragged . . ."

"And after that," said Lang moodily, "George Martin can go home and we have to manage without him."

Miss Bell said: "I've put down a few notes on—on Mr.

To page 57

She's found the NEW trouble-free Home Perm!



NO NEUTRALIZER NEEDED—

Prom perms perfectly in one easy operation

JUST WET YOUR HAIR WITH

With Prom, your perm "takes" as your hair dries on curlers. Curl up your hair with Prom—water rinse after 30 minutes and leave it to dry naturally on curlers. Overnight if you prefer. *No neutralizer needed* for this glorious fail-proof perm.

USE WITH ANY HOME-PERM CURLERS

Prom is a **Gillette** product

Prom

AND CURL IT UP

Rinse after 30 minutes. Hair perms as it dries naturally on the curlers.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382176

Martin's career with the company if you'd like to have them . . ."

"Good," said Lang. He took the sheet of paper and glanced at it. It was headed:

"Retirement of Mr. Martin"

George Martin joined the company as an apprentice in 1904.

Lang said, almost to himself: "I wonder what he'll do with his time? He'll be miserable . . ." He got up and said, "Well, that's that. Five o'clock?"

"That's right, Mr. Walter." Ryan and Miss Bell exchanged glances. Neither rose. Ryan said: "There's one other thing, Mr. Walter . . ."

"Oh," said Lang. "Go ahead."

"Rather unpleasant thing, but we reckoned you ought to know." Ryan hesitated. "There's a girl in Assembly named Hilda Pinner. Well, her father came up here while you were away asking for Miss Bell, and Miss Bell sent for me . . ."

.

North put the letter down and rubbed his nose. Henry Spellman said: "What d'you think of that?"

North said: "Well, it's a bolt from the blue, isn't it, Mr. Spellman?"

"I suppose there's no legal reason why we shouldn't sell to him?"

"Not that I can see."

"Question is whether we want to. Any ideas about that?"

North considered. "Well, there's a lot to be said on both sides, isn't there?"

Henry sighed: "You're a helpful chap, aren't you, North?"

North smiled. "You see, Mr. Spellman, I was only appointed an executor because of—of the legal side and so on. I mean I don't want to sway your mind . . ." He paused and cocked an eye at Spellman from over his glasses. "I don't know what — what Mr. Walter'll think . . ."

"It doesn't matter what Mr. Walter'll think," said Henry curtly. "Our job is to do the best for the estate and for the business. Here's a straight offer for the shares, and a good one. But it means tying up with a very big organisation. Do we want to do that?"

"That's really the question, isn't it?"

"As Proudfoot says, it might be to our mutual advantage. But . . ." Henry paused and shook his head.

North said: "I understand how you feel, Mr. Spellman."

"If it meant selling him control I wouldn't look at it. But it doesn't."

"Of course," North said thoughtfully. "It would overcome one problem wouldn't it?"

"You mean about Walter getting control?"

"Well, Mr. Spellman . . ."

Henry frowned. "Yes. But we don't want to jump out of the frying pan into the fire. Because we don't want to sell to Walter, it doesn't mean that we've got to sell to Proudfoot."

"Of course not, Mr. Spellman."

.

Lang sat for a while in silence staring straight in front of him. "Have you talked to anybody about this?"

Ryan said: "No. Not anybody."

Miss Bell said: "I thought perhaps we ought to go to the Chairman, but Mr. Ryan . . ."

"Well, it struck me," said Ryan, "that this was a thing you'd got to be mighty careful about."

Lang nodded. "Agreed."

"After all, it could be a pretty serious thing. And if there was a court case . . ."

Lang said: "What sort of girl is she?"

"Very decent girl, I should say, wouldn't you, Miss Bell?"

"Yes, Mr. Walter. Very nice, quiet girl. Not at all the sort . . . well, you know . . ."

"Only their having come to see us," said Ryan, "and my having been brought in officially, as it were, I don't see how we can just take no notice. Besides, as you know, Mr. Walter, a thing like that—you can't keep it quiet."

"Oh, we can't possibly just let it go," said Lang with finality. "It wouldn't be fair to anybody, including Lawrence. You say her parents saw him?"

"Yes, Mr. Walter."

"And he denied it?"

"Just said he gave her a lift and that the rest was all lies."

"Well, we can't leave it at that." Lang said curtly. "I'd better have a word with the Chairman—and probably with Mr. Lawrence. Thank you for telling me."

As they rose Ryan said: "There's just one thing, Mr. Walter . . ."

"Yes?"

"If there's going to be some sort of inquiry, I reckon I shall have to come into it somewhere—as Chief Shop Steward. See, a thing like this that's been brought to my notice officially . . . Otherwise what's going to be said is that it'll be hushed up, and because he's a director and the Chairman's son and she's only a girl out of Assembly . . ."

Lang hesitated and said: "We don't want to shout it around the place, of course. But I see what you mean. Anyhow—I'll have a talk with the Chairman."

George Martin had sat through the flattering speeches and the presentations, but it was too much to go on sitting

Continuing

Sundry Creditors

from page 56

"Quite. But I thought you ought to see it."

"Yes. I appreciate that. Well—it's a good offer. The only person likely to make you a better one was me, and if I'm excluded because of some private talk between you and Gustavus . . ."

Henry said: "What I wanted to know was whether you were opposed in principle to selling the shares to a big outfit like that . . ."

"Look, Henry," said Lang curtly, "I told you what I thought might be done with these shares and made you an offer. You wouldn't have it. You told me I'd got no standing in the matter at all. After that, you can't expect me to advise you."

Henry said rather coldly: "That's fair enough."

Lang watched with enjoyment as Henry replaced the letter in the file. "Now then—what I wanted a word with you about. Has anybody told you about this girl?" said Henry heavily.

"Yes. He told me about it."

.

The inscribed gold watch and the rod and reel lay on Martin's desk. It was after seven, and they had all been and gone. Miss Bell had cried and Lawrence and Talbot-Rees had brought in a bottle of champagne and drunk it while he was drinking his first half glass, and North had offered a damp, limp



"Nice try, Mum."

on the platform right through "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." He made a dive for the wings, and only Henry Spellman's touch on the arm reminded him to take the gold presentation watch and the rod and reel with him.

As the platform party rose to follow him, Lang said to Henry Spellman: "You can spare a minute now?"

Henry said: "Surely. Your office or mine? Make it mine. Got something to show you."

When they reached the building Henry jerked his head towards Martin's office. "D'you want to go and have a word with George before he goes off?"

"George?" said Lang abstractedly. "Oh . . . no . . . I wont bother him now."

Henry sat down at his desk and said: "Before we talk about anything else . . ." He took a letter out of a file, looked at it for a moment and handed it to Lang. "What d'you make of that? Francis Proudfoot wanting to buy the Trust shares."

Lang read the letter slowly. When he looked up his face was quite expressionless. "Well," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know yet. What d'you say, Walter?"

"Nothing to do with me," said Lang coldly. "It's up to you and North."

Henry shifted uneasily.

handshake, and Ryan a much too firm one.

There was only one thing to wait for, and even that didn't really matter, of course. Martin took up the telephone and dialled Lang's office again; Lang's secretary said: "I'm sorry, Mr. Martin. I think he's still with Mr. Spellman. Shall I take a note in to him and tell him . . .?"

Martin said: "No, no. It doesn't matter. It's not important . . ."

He put the receiver down and looked slowly round the room.

He took the gold hunter watch out of its leather fob. The inscription said: "Presented to George Martin by the Directors of William Lang Sons & Horseman Ltd., 1904-1953." He put it back in its fob and put it carefully in his waistcoat pocket, put on his hat and raincoat and picked up the rod.

He looked round for the last time. There was a tobacco tin on the mantelpiece, but when he shook it it was empty. He pitched it into the wastepaper basket and went out, closing the door behind him.

.

Henry said: "I took the view that it's nothing to do with the company at all."

"How do you make that out?"

"It didn't happen on the company's premises or in the company's time."

Lang frowned irritably. "Oh come! He's a director here and the girl works here. That's how he knows her. It's just splitting hairs to say it's no concern of ours."

"That was my opinion," said Henry doggedly.

"Then you really mean you think we could just let it go? After her parents have come and complained to Miss Bell and Ryan?"

"As far as I can see it's up to the girl and her parents to go to the police if they've got a complaint. Not to come babbling to people here."

"But don't you see, Henry—Ryan was saying to-day—this is bound to get round the place. If we don't do something it'll be said that we wanted to hush it up . . ."

"Well, you certainly don't seem to want to, Walter," said Spellman.

Lang said: "No, I don't. Not if Lawrence is going to go on working here."

There was a moment's pause. Henry said: "What do you want then? A sort of court martial?"

"I think Lawrence has to be given a chance to explain."

"How can he explain?" said Henry. "The girl says one thing. He says she's a liar. If you're going to take the word of some hysterical kid against one of our own directors . . ."

"It's not a question of taking anybody's word. What I want's the truth."

"Well, I can tell you the truth," said Henry angrily. "Lawrence is a young fool in some ways, but he's not such a fool as that. And you know it. If it were anybody else you'd be all for keeping out of it. But because you happen to dislike Lawrence, you think you see a way of working him out."

"Well, if we're going to talk like that," said Lang very calmly, "I don't mind telling you that if Lawrence hadn't been your son, he would have been out of this business years ago."

Henry hesitated for a moment, and then nodded. "All right," he said. "I see. Then if that's how you want it, we'd better get him in and talk to him." He picked up the telephone.

Lang said: "He'll have gone an hour ago."

"Then he can come back," said Henry calmly . . .

Lawrence took out a cigarette, patted his pockets, smiled round at Lang and Henry, and said: "Has anyone a match?"

His father took a box of matches out of his pocket and tossed it across in silence. Lawrence lit the cigarette and carefully removed a shred of tobacco from his tongue. His face was very pale. "In principle," he said, "I agree with Walter. A Royal Commission is obviously desirable." He smiled at Lang. "In the interests of justice, purity, decency, and all the other virtues."

"I'm thinking of your own interests," said Lang calmly.

"I know you are, Walter, and I'm grateful. What form do you think it ought to take? A public trial in the canteen?"

Henry frowned. "I think we'd better get a legal opinion on the whole thing," he said.

"The same thought occurred to me," said Lawrence gently. "You see, Walter, if, in safeguarding my interests, your Royal Commission happened to say or imply something about me that it couldn't prove, then that might be slander or libel or something else fruity. If she takes the thing to Court, then there's no need for your inquiry. If she doesn't, I think

To page 58



For growth . . . for resistance.

I give her Scott's two-fold nourishment

Children use up energy very fast. They have to grow too! That's why they need special nutriment in addition to ordinary foods. Scott's Emulsion is made for this purpose. It contains pure cod liver oil, *natural* vitamins A and D and tonic hypophosphites. It's so pleasant to take, so easy to digest, that children readily take it.

Build your family's health and resistance to coughs and colds with Scott's Emulsion. Start them with Scott's to-day.



SCOTT'S Emulsion

NATURE'S OWN FOOD TONIC

58i



Meds Meds Meds Meds

a message about

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

"Is it really safe to use Meds?" Once this was a common question from single girls.

To-day it is not so often asked because more and yet more girls know that the answer is yes!

Here are the facts: A recent American national survey of 900 leading gynaecologists and obstetricians indicates that medical specialists overwhelmingly find Meds safe for normal women. Medical literature shows that any normal fully grown girl can use Meds. Invented by a physician, tampons are regularly worn by thousands of registered nurses. Meds completely do away with the need for sanitary belts. Chafing, uncomfortable bulk and a revealing line are all eliminated.

You, too, can have the new freedom, the self-assurance, the poise that only Meds can give. "Next time" try Meds. In fact, buy a packet now and be ready!

Don't deprive yourself of this wonderful Meds freedom any longer. If you want any further information, cut out and post the coupon below to Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney, for this FREE Meds booklet—it will help you towards greater comfort—and tells all about safe internal sanitary protection.

Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please post me, in plain wrapper, the FREE Meds booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

WW1.7.52E JJ8/2

Meds Meds Meds Meds Meds Meds Meds

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382177

Continuing Sundry Creditors

from page 57

you've got to be rather careful over trying the case yourself."

Henry said: "You think they'll take it to Court?"

"I've no idea. I sincerely hope so."

Lang frowned and shifted irritably in his chair. "This is all very fine and large," he said, "but neither of you seems to understand what I'm after. Nobody here's got the right to 'try' you. You can just tell us to mind our own business. But in that case I think the Board would be justified in asking for your resignation. I'm not interested in your morals. But I am interested in what's being said about a director of this company and his behaviour to a young employee. This girl's accused you. Either she's a dirty little liar, in which case we must get rid of her, or else she's telling the truth . . ."

"In which case you must get rid of me?"

"Yes. You know as well as I do that if a story like this gets about, everybody will believe it unless it is nailed. If you and your father think I'm using this as an excuse to get rid of you, I can't stop you. But what I'm really offering you is a chance to clear yourself—you don't have to take it if you don't want to."

Lawrence said: "In other words, ask for an inquiry or resign, eh?"

"Well, is that unfair? After all, you've got nothing to hide if the girl's a liar."

Lawrence smiled slightly. Old Henry said: "I think you'd better have a word with your solicitor before . . ."

"What for?" said Lawrence wearily. "Anyhow, I'd rather like to be told what I did to her. I'm interested." He turned to Lang. "All right, Walter. Who's going to do the inquiring? You?"

Lang said: "No. I don't want to have anything to do with it. I should think we want Ryan to represent the Works side, and perhaps Miss Bell and somebody from the Board."

Lawrence said: "Well, if isn't either of you two or me, it leaves North and Jim Talbot-Rees and Barker. I shouldn't think it's a job for Barker, and if it's all the same to everybody I'd rather not Jim, Amy being a weeny bit talkative."

Henry said: "If you must have somebody, North's the obvious man."

"Agree, Walter?"

Lang nodded in silence.

"Right," said Lawrence briskly. "Then if one of you will tell those three, I'm ready to answer any questions they like. Whom do they report to?"

"The Board," said Lang briefly.

Lawrence glanced at his watch. "Well," he said with his brightest smile, "having been committed for trial, can I go now? I've got a date . . ."

Rosamund tied a piece of cotton round the stems of the bunch of primroses and said: "I never know why one picks them. They look so much prettier just growing."

Jack said: "Stop doing that and lie back comfortable." He threw his cigarette end away and stretched out an arm. Rosamund leaned back and wriggled her head into a comfortable position against his shoulder.

She said: "I'm surprised you don't know this place, Mummy and I always used to come here primroseing." She gave a slight giggle. "I remember once we had a great argument before we came, about whether we should bunch them as we picked, or take them back in a basket and bunch them up at home. When we got here there were hardly any. We only got about half a dozen. After that 'bunching them up' was always a family joke."

He chuckled, then leant over so that his face was against her hair, and closed his eyes. "Darling Rosey," he said sleepily.

After a while Rosamund sat up and clasped her hands round her knees. She said: "I don't know why there aren't any people about. Usually on Sunday this place is swarming."

"I can do without them." He sat up too and lit another cigarette, frowning.

After a while Rosamund said: "You're very quiet. Anything up?"

"No," he said slowly, "I wouldn't say there was anything up. But there's something I reckon I ought to tell you about . . ." He hesitated. "Some of the boys—Mac and Fred Boxall and some of them—they know I been going out with you. Least, I don't reckon they know it's you, but they know I've been going out with a girl with a car. Getting my leg pulled about it, all right."

Rosamund continued to gaze straight ahead in silence.

"See, somebody saw us that night when we went to the Birdwood, and you know how things get round . . ."

She said: "Do you mind?"

"Me?" he said stoutly. "Why should I? But I reckon you'd get a spanking if your father ever heard."

There was a long pause. Rosamund said in a low voice: "I never think about it. I don't know why, but I just never do."

"Where does he think you are?"

"To-day? Oh—I told him I was going over to some friends of ours at Charfont . . ." She shook her head. "I just tell him lies," she said simply. "And I don't mind that, either, for some reason. It—it just feels all right."

Jack took her hand and gazed at it rather moodily. "Still," he said, "I reckon we ought to be careful. I mean he would be mad with you, wouldn't he?"

"Oh, yes. I should think so. I don't really see why, but I'm sure he would."

"Well, that's easy," said Jack with a bitter little smile. "He wouldn't want his daughter going round with one of his press hands."

"That's what's so silly," said Rosamund crossly. She thought for a moment and then added: "Though I don't think it would only be that. I don't believe he'd like me to—to have anybody, really. He's always very frightened that I — I should want to go away."

"Anyhow, if he didn't do anything else he'd stop you seeing me."

She looked at him for a moment in silence, and then slowly turned her eyes away. "What frightens me," she said slowly, "is how it's ever going to get any better. We can't go on and on not being able to see each other because of . . ."

Jack said: "That'll settle itself, Rosey."

"How?"

He smiled wryly. "You'll go away and fall in love, and marry somebody of your own sort and . . ."

She turned angrily. "I shan't! I don't want anybody else. You know I don't . . ."

Her eyes filled with tears. He said: "Ah, Rosey . . ." and put his arms round her.

"I hate it when you say that," she said in a low voice. "It frightens me. I . . ."

"Look, girl," he said gently, "don't let's be kidding ourselves. I've told you—I never meant to fall for you like this, nor you for me. It just happened. But I wouldn't do for you, not in the long run."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I can't give you the things you'd want."

"I don't want anything except to be with you."

He shook his head. "Maybe not now, Rosey. But you would."

She suddenly threw her arms round his neck and began to kiss him passionately. After a moment he said: "All right," rather breathlessly. "All right, Rosey darling . . ."

Usually Hilda's assembly team made a noise like the parrot-house, because 'Rene and Jean never stopped talking even if others did. But it was very quiet now, and nobody talked at all except for a word every now and again. It got on her nerves that they didn't talk, because she knew why. It was because they wanted to talk about that, and couldn't because she was there.

She knew everybody was talking about it, because several times when she passed other groups at the dinner-break, or went through to the shop, she would hear them, and hear what they were saying. And then they would stop when they saw her and she could feel their eyes on her.

She was doing Number Four and that wasn't an accident, either, because Number Four on that job was the easiest; and yesterday she had done Number Two and that was the easiest on that job.

They were giving her all the easiest jobs ever since it got about, and everyone was calling her "Duck," and even Miss Carter, who was a terror, said: "Hilda, dear," when they were teaming up in the morning. And it was why Jack had smiled like that . . .

The Judge was wearing a red robe and a wig, but she was all in black with a veil. They asked her to lift her veil and as she did so, revealing the lovely face lined with suffering, a murmur of sympathy went through the courtroom.

Lawrence was standing there handcuffed to two policemen, only younger and in uniform like he'd been that time in the war. She looked across at him and there was no anger in the lovely eyes. Only pity. His eyes met hers for a moment and then his head slowly sank in shame. He said in a low voice: "I cannot look her in the face. I am guilty . . ."

There was a buzz of excitement in court, but she held up her hand and there was instant silence. She turned to the Judge and said: "Judge—I don't want this man punished. He has done me wrong, but I forgive him as I hope to be forgiven . . ."

"Whereupon," said Lang, "I get this from Henry." He handed Rosamund the memorandum sheet and sat back and watched her with a grin.

The memorandum said: "W.L.—Following our talk, I

To page 59

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

A few 'ASPRO's in the home are worth thousands in the shop

—1953 PROVERB



. . . and speaking of proverbs, the large, ever-ready family size 'ASPRO' "kills two birds with the one stone"—not only are you sure of having 'ASPRO' ready in emergency but by buying this way you save money as well.

EVER-READY, ECONOMICAL FAMILY SIZE 4/9

A 15/52

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382178

went up to London over the week-end and saw Proudfoot. After some discussions, I told him that the trustees were inclined to accept his offer, viz. £2/5/- a share for eighty thousand shares, legal charges to be apportioned between vendor and purchaser as set out in his letter.

"He asks to be allowed to nominate one director to represent his interests on the Board and suggests Winter, whom I think you met when they came here. I said I thought this was reasonable and that I should be prepared to recommend the Board to agree to co-opt Winter or some other nominee.—H.S."

Rosamund said: "So he's sold Uncle Gus' shares to Sir Francis?"

"Well, if he hasn't, he's going to. Thereby thinking that he's bypassed me."

"But surely you . . .?"

Lang smiled: "That's the cream of the joke. He doesn't know that Proudfoot and I fixed up the whole thing."

Rosamund frowned. "Uncle Henry is being very silly. And rather beastly. Supposing you hadn't known about it and — had minded?"

Lang shrugged. "I don't think he would have worried much about that." He got up and walked to the window.

"You've got to realise, Roz, that the Spellman family have been doing all they can to spike my guns for a long time. This is all part of the scrap —and this is Henry thinking he's being clever." Lang lowered his head in the curious bull-like gesture. "Well, we'll see what happens now—and whose guns get spiked."

He pushed the french window open and for a moment she hoped that he was going out in the garden. But he swung round and said: "I made Henry chairman, and ever since then he's done nothing but obstruct me. I took Lawrence on because nobody else would give him a job, and he's been nothing but a nuisance. It's time the whole lot were cleared out. And I'll clear them out. I'll break the pair of them . . ."

His voice had risen and his face was dark and angry. This was the thing she hated most —that look and that harsh, domineering voice.

She said: "Is Winter the one who came to dinner?"

"Yes."

"I didn't like him much. At least, I thought he was a bit heavy in the hand. I liked Sir Francis, though."

Lang said: "Winter's a good man. If I get him here we'll scare the pants off some of these people." He pointed a warning finger. "Mind you, Roz, you mustn't say a word of this to anyone outside — and particularly not to any of the Spellman lot, Laura or any of them."

"Of course I shan't," said Rosamund wearily. "I never see any of them now, anyhow."

"Yes, but you know how it is. You go there to tea or something and . . ."

"But I don't," she said shortly. "You told me not to. She asked me twice and I didn't go, so now she's given up." Rosamund's lips trembled slightly. "It's a pity you've got to quarrel with them," she said rather bitterly. "I like Uncle Henry and I like Lawrence, and Laura's always been very nice to me. After all, they were about the only friends we'd got . . ."

"I dare say," said Lang, "but it's not my fault if they try to do me dirt, is it?"

"But what have they done to you?" she said with a sudden flash of rebellion. "You're always against Lawrence, but I don't see that he's done anything . . ."

Lang looked at her for a moment in startled silence. "Lawrence?" he said. "The least said about him the better, my dear."

"But why?"

"Never you mind. But I can tell you for your private information that I don't think he'll be with us much longer, and it'll be nobody's fault but his own."

"You mean you're going to sack him?" she said.

"If he's asked to resign it'll be nothing to do with me. It'll be a decision made by people who are quite impartial." He saw her face and added quietly: "Look, Roz — Lawrence has been riding for a fall for a long while. This time he's gone too far."

"I suppose he's got drunk or something," she said drearily.

"That's beside the point. But I don't want you to think that if he does have to go, it's something that I've engineered. I've put up with more from Lawrence than you know—partly for his father's sake and partly because you and your mother liked him. I don't want to be told now that I've been unfair to him."

She turned her head away and said: "I didn't say you had, Daddy. I don't know anything about it."

There was a long silence. Lang was fiddling with a matchbox. Once or twice he glanced in a worried way at her averted face. "I'm sorry, my dear," he said in a low voice. "I ought to tell you about these things. I can't tell you the whole story and if I don't you — you're bound to get the wrong impressions. Anyhow, it must be very boring for you."

"It isn't," said Rosamund with an attempt at a smile. "It's just . . ."

"But there comes a time," he said with quiet bitterness, "when you've got to talk to somebody. Or go off your head." He got up, went through the open french window, and walked across the lawn.

When he had gone Rosamund took out her handkerchief and allowed herself to cry for a few moments, without troubling to decide what she was crying about. Then she blew her nose vigorously, went up to her room.

For a while she seriously considered ringing up Laura and warning her. But it would be a fantastically disloyal thing to do, and, anyhow, what could the warning be about? "I don't know if Lawrence knows, but Daddy's very angry about something he's done and thinks he may have to resign and—and, well, look out in case Lawrence doesn't know . . ."

She gave a sudden little sob of misery and anger and then threw herself on the bed. Oh, if only there were still somebody to smile at him and say: "Don't be an old silly, Walter . . ." And he would whip round looking angry and then slowly the anger would go out of his face and he would grin that rather sheepish, charming grin . . .

But one couldn't do it—one couldn't. Because one wasn't really his person. Not like she had been.

.

The Honorable Amy Talbot-Rees' horse-like face became even more horse-like when she ate, so that Laura found herself resisting an impulse to put a lump of sugar flat on the palm of her hand and offer it to her.

The Honorable Amy said: "The general idea is to fly the car over, stay a few days with the Legreurs in Paris and then go on to the Chateau at leisure. The Prince is a dear old thing, but one can have too much of him. And of the Loire. At least, so I always feel."

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Continuing . . . Sundry Creditors

from page 58

Laura said: "I've never had enough of it to feel like that. Have a bun?" The Honorable Amy bit deeply into a piece of puff pastry. "Of course, all this is dependent on there being no major crisis to prevent Jim from getting away."

"As far as I can see," said Laura, "there's always a crisis at Lang's. At least, in Walter's view."

"I gather from Jim that the little boys are squabbling among themselves as usual?"

"I expect they are."

"When you come to think of it," said the Honorable Amy, "men are impossible creatures. I can't think why sane women like you and me put up with them. I mean—take Jim. I realise that I've much to be thankful for compared with some poor devils of women. He doesn't . . . well, he doesn't do the ultimately humiliating things. But . . ."

Laura said: "I should have thought Jim was the ideal husband."

"Oh, Jim's all right," said the Honorable Amy shortly.

Laura looked at her with slightly raised eyebrows. "Only you said men were impossible creatures . . .?" she said invitingly.

"Well, don't you agree, my dear?"

"Oh, in general, yes," said Laura smiling. "But I was hoping perhaps Jim had done something awful. I'm always agog for a nice bit of scandal."

By a quarter-past five the Honorable Amy's wrist was beginning to tire perceptibly. She was an enthusiastic rather than skilful fencer. At half-past five she finally laid down her foil and picked up the sabre.

"Laura, dear, I haven't known whether to mention this or not, but what is this ridiculous story that's going round about Lawrence? Jim's frightfully worried about it. Of course he didn't tell me any details. He's always very discreet. But as soon as I heard I thought: "Well if anything like that's happening I must go round and see Laura and see if there's anything one can do."

Laura said: "That was very kind of you."

"But what I heard was a nonsensical yarn . . ."

"Well," said Laura calmly, "it depends what you heard, of course . . ."

"Well, my dear—frankly—it was that some girl from the factory was accusing Lawrence of messing her about in a car."

"I don't think the actual expression was 'messing her about' . . ." said Laura.

"Well, you know what I mean, Laura. I've never heard anything so ridiculous in my life."

"Oh, I don't know," said Laura quite calmly. "Men have been known to make passes at girls in motor-cars."

"They may in the Sunday papers, my dear," said the Honorable Amy firmly. "But surely not among people like ourselves?"

"I shouldn't think so."

"But what a horrible thing for Lawrence — and for you. A man's so defenceless against a charge like that. I mean—how can he possibly prove it's a lie?"

"I don't see how he can," said Laura. She smiled slightly. "But normally, of course, when people make accusations they have to prove that they are true."

"Exactly. It's mainly a question of Lawrence's friends standing by him and refusing to believe it. As of course any real friend will do." The Honorable Amy frowned. "Who is this girl? Is it that rather pretty blonde that Lawrence danced with at the party?"

"I believe so."

"Then that'll be what put it into her mind." The Honorable Amy shook her head.

There was a moment's silence. "But the thing that puzzles me," said the Honorable Amy, "is what can have induced her to tell this story? Mad? Blackmail? Or what?"

"I don't know," said Laura. "People do these things at times. See 'A Passage to India'."

"I don't quite understand, dear?"

"A book," said Laura, "in which something rather similar happens." She stood up, glancing at her watch. "Sorry, but I'm going to have to throw you out," she said shortly. "I've got to go and meet Lawrence in the town."

The Honorable Amy got up rather reluctantly. "Ah," she said, "he's not coming straight here? Well—give him my love. And if you get a chance, do make him realise that people like Jim and I are all behind him."

Laura opened the door. "I think he can feel that you are," she said with a smile.

.

Mr. Herbert Winter's eyebrows seemed blacker and his nose more pugilistic than ever. As he took the place Lang indicated on his right, Lawrence murmured under his breath to Talbot-Rees: "Quite a pair, aren't they? And not what you'd like to meet on a dark night."

Henry Spellman changed his spectacles and said: "I think you all know the circumstances in which Mr. Winter has come to join us, gentlemen. It only remains for me to welcome him on your behalf and my own. Mr. Winter has had wide experience of the problems of businesses like our own, and I know we are all looking forward to—to getting a lot of help from him."

"Hear, hear," said Talbot-Rees. Lang grunted.

There was a great murmur of approval.

"The general idea," said Henry, "is that Mr. Winter will work as a director without portfolio, so to speak, immediately under the Managing Director, on—on certain special problems; leaving Mr. Barker free to concentrate on the day-to-day running of the factory."

"May I take it, Mr. Chairman," said Talbot-Rees with flowing courtesy, "that I shall be free to ask Mr. Winter's advice on certain sales problems of which he may have knowledge?"

"Anybody's free to ask him anything," said Henry. "As long as it doesn't interfere with—with the usual chain of responsibility."

Barker suddenly swallowed hard, raised his head, and said: "I hope nobody will misunderstand me, Mr. Spellman, but will Mr. Winter have any—any executive responsibility on the production side?"

There was a moment's pause. Lang was frowning. Barker said apologetically: "I only want the position to be clear. Only it isn't easy to—to separate everyday work from development work. Not entirely."

Henry hesitated. "Well, as I understand it," he said, "the answer is 'No'. For the present, at least. After all, it's bound to take Mr. Winter a little while to—to find his feet . . ."

Lang said: "I shall be issuing a notice in a few days setting out Mr. Winter's responsibilities. Hadn't we better leave it till then, Mr. Chairman?"

"I think so," said Henry with relief. He picked up his Agenda paper. "Right, then—

To page 60



Haliborange

The nicest way of taking Vitamins A and D

Allenburys

Yippeeee! Bang! Bang!

Such is the outlet for the sturdy, healthy play of vigorous childhood . . . especially when protected by Haliborange . . . the famous FOOD tonic. Haliborange contains standardised doses of the anti-germ and growth factor Vitamin A; and Vitamin D which protects against coughs, colds, croup, influenza . . . promotes sound formation of teeth and bones. Haliborange is processed from Halibut Livers—over 50 times more potent in Vitamin A and 35 times more potent in Vitamin D than pure cod-liver oil—and *pure* orange juice. Children love it . . . there is *no oily taste whatever* . . . Recommended for regular, daily use from one year old till puberty.



7/6 from chemists only. An Allenburys Product.

MANUFACTURED BY ALLEN & HANBURYS (AUSTRALASIA) LTD.

3060



Spoons in your life

You may not have been born with a silver spoon in your mouth, but you probably cut your teeth on one. Later it was a spoon, remember, that enabled you to take jam with those nasty powders. And ever since, and every day and many times a day, you have depended upon a spoon. Isn't that proof enough that spoons are meant to last a lifetime! And so they will, even plated spoons, with a little kindness and the proper care.

Silvo

LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Silver's best friend

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382179

Continuing . . . Sundry Creditors

from page 59

Item one: Profit Statement for Period Four. Will you go ahead, Walter?"

Under cover of the general rustle of papers, Lawrence murmured: "Not exactly the worm turning, but it gave a definite wriggle, didn't it?"

Lang and Winter walked back from the board-room to Lang's office in silence. "Well," Lang said with a wry smile, "you see the sort of thing we're up against."

Winter bent his head slightly in silence.

"I don't want to say anything against my colleagues, but nobody could pretend they're a very impressive bunch. By far the best of the lot was George Martin, the Production Director, and he's just retired. Now he's gone and we've got his lad Barker . . ." Lang spread out his fingers. "Well—of course . . ."

Winter nodded again. After a moment he said: "He's right about what he says. He'll have to know where he stands with me."

Lang smiled. "Well, from what I can see of you and from what I know of Barker, I should think that'll work itself out pretty quickly."

Winter's mouth gave a slight twitch, which was the movement that he used instead of a smile.

"Of course if we'd known you were coming we should never have put him on the Board," Lang said. "And now," he said briskly, "what I thought I'd better do is to give you an outline of what I've got in mind to do with the place, and then I'll give you a memorandum I wrote not long ago which puts the thing out in more detail, and you can take it away and mull it over and let me have your ideas."

"My information," said North, "is that there will be no police action. So that leaves us free to go ahead, doesn't it?"

"I don't know about anybody else," said Miss Bell, "but I feel, when I heard that, that it puts us in—in a rather awkward position. If the police aren't going to act, it rather suggests that—that they don't believe he's guilty and . . ."

"No, no," said North through his chronic catarrh. "If you'll pardon me, Miss Bell—not at all. It's more likely that they feel there's no corroboration, and so they wouldn't be likely to get a conviction."

"But doesn't it come to the same thing? If there's no proof . . . ?"

"It's a different thing," said Ryan impatiently. "We haven't got to prove anything. All we've got to do is to form an honest opinion and report to the Board."

North said: "Perhaps I'd better read out terms of reference . . ."

"We've all got them in front of us. Thing is—how are we going to work it? Hear the girl first and then Lawrence?"

"I should think so."

"Are we all going to ask questions?" said Miss Bell. "Or are we to leave it to Mr. North?"

"Let anybody ask," said Ryan decisively.

North said: "I don't know how well we're all acquainted with the rules of evidence. But there are certain questions that are usually considered . . ."

"You mean leading and so on?" said Miss Bell briskly. "Well, you must stop us if we do that. Who's going to take notes? Somebody ought to."

"I'll deal with that," said North. He looked round. "I think if we were to sit on this side of the table, and the examinee were to sit there . . ."

She could feel her legs shaking under her as they went along the corridor. Miss Bell said gently: "There's nothing to be afraid of, dear. Just answer the questions you're asked, and if you don't know or can't remember anything, just say so."

Miss Bell opened the door and they went into the office. Mr. North and Ryan were there. They stopped talking. Miss Bell smiled and said: "Here's Hilda." Mr. North said: "Good morning," and Ryan said: "Hallo, Hilda," rather gruffly.

Miss Bell said: "Now if you sit there, dear . . ." and then went round and sat on the other side of the desk, beside Mr. North, so that she was left alone, facing all three of them.

MR. NORTH made a sniffing noise and took his handkerchief out, but instead of blowing his nose he put his handkerchief back and said: "Well, Miss Pinner, I think you know why we've sent for you?"

She said: "Yes," with her lips, without making a sound.

"What we want you to do," said Mr. North, "is just tell us in your own words what happened that evening when Mr. Lawrence gave you a lift in his car. Now you just tell us what happened and we'll stop you if there's anything we want to ask."

They were waiting for her to say something, so she clutched her handkerchief in a ball in her right hand and said: "He asked me if I wanted a lift—"

Mr. North said: "Just a moment. What day was it?"

"Friday, sir."

"A fortnight ago last Friday?"

"Yes."

Mr. North wrote something down and said: "That'll have been the third. What time was it?"

"When I was leaving in the evening."

Ryan said: "So there'll have been a lot of people about going home?"

"Well, no, Mr. Ryan, because I hadn't got my bicycle because it had a puncture, but I'd forgotten I hadn't got it and I went all out to the shed before I remembered I hadn't got it because of the puncture and I'd been a bit late, anyhow, so when I got out there weren't many people, not like it is just after the bell."

Miss Bell said: "It does clear very quickly."

"Very well," said Mr. North. "And you started to walk home?"

"No, sir. Only up to the bus-stop."

"Yes, of course. And then what happened?"

She pushed the hard ball of the handkerchief into the palm of her left hand and said: "Well, I was walking along the road and Mr. Lawrence came behind in his car and went just past me and then stopped and called to me—" She hesitated.

"What did he call?"

"He called . . . 'Hallo, 'Rene.'"

Ryan frowned and said: "'Rene? Why did he call you that? You're not called 'Rene, are you?"

"No, Mr. Ryan."

"Did he think you were somebody else?"

"I don't think so, Mr. Ryan. He—he does call me 'Rene."

"Does call you 'Rene?" said Ryan sharply. "You mean you've talked to Mr. Lawrence before?"

"Once or twice I have. In the works."

Miss Bell said: "And he danced with you at the party, didn't he?"

She said: "That's right, Miss Bell." She had gone very red.

Mr. North said: "So you know Mr. Lawrence to talk to?"

"Not really. But I had talked to him once or twice."

Ryan said curtly: "Have you been in his car before?"

"No, Mr. Ryan."

Mr. North said: "Well, now—he called 'Hallo, 'Rene.' Then what happened?"

"Well, I stopped and he asked me if I wanted a lift—and I said up to the bus-stop and then he asked me where I lived and I said Greengates and he said that that was on his way home at least that Market Cross was and he'd take me." Hilda paused.

"Yes?" Mr. North waited and then said: "So you got into his car . . ."

Her lips said: "Yes," silently.

After a moment Miss Bell said gently: "Tell us what happened in the car, Hilda. Don't be frightened."

She turned her eyes to Miss Bell, but her lips were quivering and they wouldn't form any words.

Ryan frowned and said rather impatiently: "Well, come on. What happened? Did he kiss you or something?"

Mr. North turned to Ryan and said: "I don't think perhaps we should—"

Ryan said: "Well, we can't get any further unless she can tell us . . ."

Hilda said: "No. He didn't." Her eyes were full of tears so that the faces were all blurred.

Miss Bell said quickly: "It is difficult for her, Mr. North—I wonder?" She leant over and the three of them talked together in low voices for a bit and then Mr. North nodded and Miss Bell got up and smiled at her and said: "Look, Hilda—let you and me go into my room for a minute. That'll be easier, won't it?"

After they had gone out, Ryan said: "I'd forgotten about that, but I remember now seeing them at the party. Of course by then he'd got a few drinks in him and he was dancing with her." He shook his head. "That's the trouble, see. He goes round being familiar with these girls and they don't know any better, or don't want to, and—"

North took out his handkerchief, brought it to within an inch of his nose, put it

To page 61



"I don't know, Henry. I'm going steady with three fellows already."



Enjoy this nut-sweet breakfast cereal and

BE REGULAR WITHIN 10 DAYS!

Your health and regularity depend on what you *eat*. Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran* is a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic all in one. Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you strength and energy as it restores regularity, instead of leaving you drained and washed out — as harsh purgatives do. Sprinkle it over your favourite breakfast cereal or enjoy it straight from the packet with stewed fruit, milk and sugar. Begin now—and never lose the wonderful glow of health that All-Bran brings.

* Registered Trade Mark

ACCEPT THIS FRIENDLY OFFER.

COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

This is all you need do . . . enjoy tasty, toasty Kellogg's All-Bran for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you're not *completely* satisfied, just send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you'll get *double* your money back.



A853-1

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382180

away again and gave a loud sniff. He said: "It's difficult to judge, but she doesn't seem the sort of girl who'd encourage that sort of thing, does she?"

"No," said Ryan dryly. "But I've known plenty who couldn't say boo to a goose who were little devils."

Miss Bell came in and said: "I think I've got all she can tell me. You don't want her again, do you?"

Ryan said: "Might want to ask her some questions."

"We can do that to-morrow if you go. I've sent her off now. She's a bit upset."

Miss Bell sat down and glanced at some notes. Ryan said: "What did she say in the end?"

"Legally, of course," said North doubtfully, "this is all quite irregular, taking her evidence like this. But perhaps . . ."

"Well," said Miss Bell with a half-sigh, "there isn't really much to it, for all the fuss. But of course if it's true it's serious in the circumstances. Hilda says that after they'd been driving for a few minutes he started to talk to her in a familiar way — a way he shouldn't — and to pass remarks about her legs—and her figure. And then apparently he put his hand over while he was still driving and—and started to touch her . . ." Miss Bell looked up with a wry smile. "It's rather awkward to put into words," she said, "even for me. I will if you like, but I don't think it's necessary, is it?"

"Not for me," said Ryan, with a sort of embarrassed contempt. "As long as you know it wasn't decent behaviour."

"Well, it certainly wasn't the way a gentleman and a married gentleman ought to act towards a young girl."

"All right. Well, what did she do?"

"She says she asked him to stop and pulled away as far as she could, and he just laughed and said she was—Miss Bell frowned at her notes—said she was prissy. It's a slang word for prudish. Anyhow, he wouldn't stop, though she tried to push his hand away. Then they began to get into town and he stopped doing it. Just before they got to Market Cross he asked her if she'd come out with him one night and she said no, and he just laughed and said she wasn't half a girl, and that when she was his age she'd have learned that—"

Miss Bell peered again. "Oh, she couldn't remember this properly. It was something about kissing something as it flies. Or so she thought. Then he stopped and she got out."

North said: "And apparently said nothing to anybody for several days. Did you ask her why?"

"Yes. She says she was frightened that her father would be angry. She seems very scared of her father. And she didn't want to get Mr. Lawrence into trouble."

"Then why did she tell her mother in the end?"

"She went to church," said Miss Bell simply.

"Church?" said Ryan. "What's that got — Oh — I see."

Continuing Sundry Creditors

from page 60

They sat in silence for a moment and then Ryan said moodily: "Well, it's a lot of fuss about not much, isn't it? If she'd given him a good slap across the face and kept her mouth shut, it would have saved everybody a lot of trouble."

Miss Bell said: "Well, yes. But I'm afraid we can't very well look at it like that, can we? If it had been some boy out of the factory—well, we're all people of the world and we know these things happen. But with a director of the company and—"

North gave a loud sniff and said: "If I might be allowed to say so, the view to be taken of the offence, if offence there was, is nothing to do with us. Nothing at all. All we have to do is report to the Board what, in our opinion, took place. Isn't it?"

"Well, there doesn't seem to me much doubt about that," said Ryan shortly.

North held up a hand. "Oh, wait a minute, Mr. Ryan. We've only heard one side yet. It's quite astonishing sometimes how different a case sounds when you hear both sides of it."

Ryan said: "Let's get Lawrence in and hear what he says."

In the long, rather dispirited pause, Lawrence leant back and lit a cigarette.

North said: "Then really, Mr. Lawrence, there's no dispute about the facts except the—the actual words and actions between the time you picked her up and put her down at Market Cross?"

"No," said Lawrence. "There never has been. I've always agreed that I gave her a lift. I'm always giving people lifts."

"Girls out of the factory?"

"Certainly. Anybody I know. And sometimes people that I don't."

Ryan said: "Mr. Lawrence—the girl says you told her you'd take her to Market Cross instead of putting her on the bus, because it was on your way home. I wouldn't have thought it is on your way, is it?"

"It's not directly on my way home, but it's directly on my way to the County Hotel, where I was going." He smiled. "It's only fair to say that I may have said 'on my way home.'"

"As far as you know, the girl'd got nothing against you?"

"Certainly not. As I've told you, I'd only spoken to her a couple of times before. I didn't even know her name."

"See, what I'm trying to get at," said Ryan, "is why she should make up a story like that?"

Lawrence smiled wryly. "I wish I knew." There was another long pause. Lawrence said: "I'm afraid you're in the difficulty that—that you were always bound to be in. The girl tells this story. I say it's completely untrue. Nobody can prove which of us is telling the truth, because nobody else was there."

He moved a hand towards North. "If somebody made the same charge against you, you couldn't prove it wasn't true. You could only appeal to people's commonsense . . ."

He glanced at their faces and smiled slightly. "You probably don't think that's a very good parallel, because North's a more respectable citizen than I am. That's quite true. I don't suggest for a moment that I'm quite incapable of—of making a fool of myself. But I'm not mad and I wasn't drunk. And I should have to have been one or the other to act like that in those circumstances."

"But why should she say so, Mr. Lawrence?" said Ryan doggedly.

"I tell you I don't know—except that there are cases in the papers every day of girls making charges of that sort against men. If it comes to that, why didn't she complain until several days after?"

Miss Bell said: "I think I can understand that, Mr. Lawrence."

Lawrence shrugged: "So can I, Miss Bell. But then if it comes to that, I can understand, in a way, how girls come to make these things up. Can't you?"

She hesitated. "I suppose so really. Of course girls of that age are very imaginative . . ."

North interposed: "And you don't feel, Mr. Lawrence, that it's possible that she might have misunderstood anything you said or did?"

"I suppose it's possible. But I don't see how. I can't remember every word we said, but it was certainly a very ordinary conversation. And as for actions, I don't think I ever touched her, even when she got in and out of the car."

MISS Bell shook her head and said decidedly: "No—this wasn't anything she'd misunderstood like that."

"Well, there we are at a dead end, then," Ryan said shortly.

Miss Bell looked up from her notes and said: "Mr. Lawrence, does kissing something as it flies bring anything to your mind?"

Lawrence frowned. "Kissing something as it flies? Yes. Kissing the joy as it flies. Blake. It—" He paused.

"Is it a quotation or something?"

Lawrence hesitated. "Yes," he said slowly. "It's a quotation from Blake."

"Kissing the joy as it flies?"

"No.

"'But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sun rise'."

He paused. "Why, Miss Bell?"

"Because you see Hilda said that just before she got out you asked her to go out with you and when she said no, you said she wasn't half a girl and—and something about kissing something as it flies. So I wondered?"

"What does it mean, anyhow," said Ryan without much interest.

Lawrence was still looking at Miss Bell. "It means," he said slowly "roughly speaking, that you shouldn't try to keep your pleasures in cages.

"'He who binds to himself a joy,
Does the winged life destroy'."

He smiled at Miss Bell rather wryly. "But that isn't quite the point, is it?"

Miss Bell hesitated. "No . . ."

She turned to the others. "You see, Mr. North, it's not a—a thing she could have made up and—"

"What Miss Bell's trying to say," said Lawrence quickly, "is that Hilda pretty certainly doesn't know her Blake and couldn't very well have made that up. Whereas it's a perfectly probable thing for me to have said if her story is true."

North said: "Yes. Yes. I quite see . . ." He turned to Ryan. "You get Mr. Lawrence's point?"

"Yes," said Ryan briefly.

North said: "Well—do you remember saying it, Mr. Lawrence?"

Lawrence shook his head. "No. I don't. It's quite likely that I did, though, because it's rather a favorite quotation of mine. But I can't for the life of me think what I can have said it about."

Miss Bell said: "Only you see, it fits in with her story."

"I do, indeed," said Lawrence.

There was a long silence. North looked round and said: "Well . . . is there anything else anybody would like to ask . . . ?"

Ryan said: "I'd like to ask one thing . . . Mr. Lawrence, would you agree with me that Hilda Pinner's a decent, respectable sort of girl?"

"Completely, as far as I can judge. Rather shyer than most."

"Not the sort of girl that'd give a man encouragement to—to make advances to her?"

"Certainly not." Lawrence frowned. "I don't think anybody's suggested that she is or that she did."

"No," said Ryan in his dogged way. "But I just wanted to ask . . . And you'd agree that any man who assaulted a girl like that was a pretty rotten sort of man?"

Lawrence's lips tightened. "I'm not really very good at moral judgment," he said with a cold little smile. "But I shouldn't think it's a thing anyone would be very proud of . . . Why?"

Ryan said: "I just wanted to ask, that's all." He waved a hand to dismiss the matter and then, throwing back his head, gazed up at the ceiling.

North said rather helplessly: "And there's nothing else you can think of that might—might clear this unfortunate business up, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Certainly. I think I should see the girl in the presence of all of you. So far all this has come to me at second-hand, first from her parents and now from you. I want her to say it to my face, so that I can ask her questions. Surely that's only reasonable?"

North hesitated, and Miss Bell said doubtfully, "She's a very shy girl and of course this is all very painful to her . . ."

Lawrence said: "Well, it isn't so very much fun for me, is it?"

"I think Mr. Lawrence is right," said Ryan unexpectedly. "It's all very well to say she's shy, but she's not so shy she can't answer questions if he wants to ask her anything."

"Is she available?" said North.

Miss Bell said: "I've sent her home. She was in rather a state. But of course we could see her to-morrow if you like."

"That suits me," said Lawrence. "I don't want to embarrass the girl. But I do want to be able to talk to her, if only to see if I can get any idea why she's telling this yarn."

North said: "Then shall we adjourn until to-morrow? Thank you very much, Mr. Lawrence . . ."

When Lawrence had gone, Miss Bell said: "I rather doubt if she will be able to answer questions. I'm afraid she'll just break down."

"Doesn't matter if she does," said Ryan grimly. "Let's see them together. I reckon you'll see who's telling the truth fast enough then — if you don't know now."

North looked at his notes and said: "I just want to be sure I've got this right: 'But he who kisses joy as it flies . . .'"

"The joy," said Miss Bell. "Ah, yes. The joy."

To be concluded



"Don't worry, Emily. It says here it's not poisonous."

Growing up on Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa



BOURNVILLE KIDDIES
are husky, healthy . . . always on the go!

Wonderful, warming cocoa that tastes so good; that keeps active children feeling warm and well. They love it for breakfast; many a small eye will kindle at the sight of a steaming cup of rich, hot Bournville Cocoa—and no wonder; it's the most delicious winter drink of all. Most economical too; it's sky-high in value, with 120 cups of health building cocoa in every pound packet.



You have cocoa in the kitchen — use it regularly; use it for drinking and for cooking too. 2/9d. half pound—5/3d. pound.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA
makes you feel warm and well

B 25/16/3

Air-wick quickly kills unpleasant indoor smells. Cooking cabbage, fish or onions. Tobacco fug. Sick room, laundry or animal smells.



Air-wick
KILLS UNPLEASANT INDOOR SMELLS
Costs less than one penny per day to use
ONLY AIR-WICK CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLL
Sold at all chemists, grocers, general and hardware stores.
Manufactured and Distributed by Horlicks Pty. Ltd. AWS1.7

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382181

Two Healing "EM-CEE" Mantels . .

FOUR VALVE

FIVE VALVE





. . the one popular cabinet design

Some radio buyers want a 4-valve Healing Receiver in our popular "Em-Cee" cabinet. Others ask, "Why can't I have a 5-valve set in the 'Em-Cee' cabinet?" We have re-designed a 5-valve Golden Voice circuit. Now you may have a choice of either 4 or 5-valve receivers in the most popular of all mantel radio cabinets — the "Em-Cee".

4-VALVE -with-rectifier model, in green, walnut or ivory, bringing you "tone that belongs to Golden Voice alone" for 23 guineas.

5-VALVE model for country users or town dwellers who want to bring in hard-to-get stations, in pastel green, walnut or ivory, for 25 guineas.

Either model on easy terms from your Healing Dealer.

HEALING "Party Gram"

All you need for an evening in the home is a few friends and a "Party-Gram". It plays microgroove or standard records, and its 5-valve Healing circuit re-creates broadcast programmes with "tone that belongs to Golden Voice alone". It is designed and leatherette-covered for real portability. 55 guineas or easy terms.



For the Finest in Radio

See your HEALING DEALER

A. G. HEALING LIMITED

Melbourne - - - Sydney - - - Adelaide - - - Brisbane - - - Launceston

Cloaks Pty. Ltd., Perth

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with
PRINCESS NARDA: Investigate a strange metallic dome in a field. Mandrake and Lothar are trapped inside and the dome hurtles into space. It lands against the side of a huge mother-craft. Mandrake believes they are being taken to another planet. Meanwhile, on earth, no one believes Narda's story, and she begs to see her friend the astronomer. NOW READ ON:

















National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382182



Fashion

FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"RUTH." — A smart button-up coat-dress in wool crepe, with a white pique collar. The color choice includes strawberry, green, blue, copper-brown, mid-grey, and cocoa-brown.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 117/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 119/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 91/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 94/6.



"DOROTHY."—Trimly tailored tennis dress is obtainable in white pique or cream cesora. **Ready To Wear:** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, pique, 63/-; cesora, 85/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, pique, 66/6, cesora, 89/3. **Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, pique, 48/11; cesora, 67/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, pique, 52/9, cesora, 69/11.

* NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 51. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 845 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

When a dentist finds MOUTH ODOUR

...here's what he does!

I CLEAN MY PATIENTS' TEETH WITH MENTASOL TOOTHPASTE BEFORE STARTING TREATMENT AND RECOMMEND ITS DAILY USE TO DESTROY ALL MOUTH ODOURS



This leading Sydney dentist has proved it . . . follow his advice!

(Name withheld for professional reasons but original letter held on our files)

WHO SHOULD KNOW more than a dentist about getting rid of stale mouth odours caused by strong-tasting foods, tobacco and alcohol! When this leading Sydney dentist read of a chlorophyll toothpaste, 50% more effective in destroying mouth odours than ordinary toothpastes, he wondered if it could be true. But, constantly working over people with bad breath, he found that Mentasol Chlorophyll Toothpaste fulfilled every claim. "*Today, I strongly advise my patients to clean their teeth with Mentasol*", he says, "*it makes teeth beautifully clean and deodorises the mouth better than any other toothpaste*".



7 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS THINK MENTASOL BETTER THAN ANY OTHER TOOTHPASTE

Questioned on what they thought of Mentasol, 7 out of 10 answers from Australian dentists said "*Better than any other toothpaste we've ever used*". We're so sure you'll agree that we make this unconditional guarantee.

Mentasol will do more for you than any other dentifrice—white or chlorophyll—to give you a cleaner, fresher, healthier mouth—or your money back. Try a tube of spearmint-flavoured Mentasol today.

The world's original
CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE



M6. WW.143

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382183

"We make short work of winter Coughs and Colds in OUR Family"...





Positive relief from coughing

NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE

NYAL Bronchitis Mixture acts in three ways in "breaking" stubborn coughs. The medication penetrates into congested bronchial tubes, cuts phlegm, makes breathing easier . . . soothes inflamed membranes of throat and chest . . . brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. 3/9, 6/3.



Soothing relief for baby's cough

NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP

NYAL Baby Cough Syrup is designed to give quick, soothing relief from coughs and colds. NYAL Baby Cough Syrup is pleasant tasting, wholesome and dependable. Contains no opiates. Can safely be given to babies from 3 months old. 2/9, 3/9.



Specially formulated for children

NYAL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE

NYAL Children's Cough Mixture is specially formulated for children between the ages of 5 and 14 years. This pleasant-tasting syrup contains only the purest ingredients, which help to soothe the throat and chest and stop constant coughing. 2/9, 3/9.

After coughs and 'flu — a tonic



NYAL CREOPHOS

After the weakening effects of coughs and 'flu, you need a good tonic to rebuild strength and energy. NYAL Creophos is a reliable restorative tonic containing nine body-building ingredients. Creophos helps to clear up stubborn coughs that so often follow 'flu. 3/9, 6/3, 7/6.



Prompt relief from chest congestion

NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR

A new type of cough treatment for stubborn coughs accompanied by heavy congestion. NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir reduces swelling in the bronchial tubes, making breathing easier; stops constant coughing and gives torn tissues a chance to heal; cuts phlegm. 5/6, 9/6.

The ideal family laxative



NYAL FIGSEN

NYAL Figsen now comes in two forms—*Regular* (for children and adults); *Double Strength* for those who prefer a slightly more positive laxative action. Figsen is mild, pleasant-tasting and gentle acting. Regular, 2/3; Double Strength, 3/6.

A valuable tonic for nervous and anaemic conditions



NYAL VITAMIN & MINERAL TONIC

NYAL Vitamin and Mineral Tonic is a palatable general tonic, valuable for all nervous and anaemic conditions. It is a balanced formula of B Complex vitamins and essential minerals. Builds strength, improves appetite. 6/-; 11/-.

Instant relief from head colds



NYAL DECONGESTANT NASAL DROPS

NYAL Decongestant Nasal Drops give *immediate* relief from nasal congestion, head colds and catarrh, without sting or burn. NYAL Decongestant Nasal Drops quickly restore inflamed mucous membranes to normal, and make breathing easier. Effective on repeated use. 4/-.



For coughs in infants and children

NYAL HONEY COUGH ELIXIR

Specially formulated for infants and children, NYAL Honey Cough Elixir contains Ipecacuanha, Squill, and Eucalyptus in a pleasant-tasting honey base. Soothes the throat, eases coughing cuts phlegm, makes breathing easier. 4 oz. 3/6.

NYAL

Sold only by Chemists



NYAL Medicines are manufactured in these ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. Only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL Medicines.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4382184